The History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast

John Collinsworth Simmons

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J. C. Simmons.

THE HISTORY

OF

Southern Methodism

ON THE

PACIFIC COAST.

BY THE REV. J. C. SIMMONS, D.D.,
Of the Pacific Annual Conference.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
THE REV. O. P. FITZGERALD, D.D.

NASHVILLE, TENN.:
SOUTHERN METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.
1886

DEDICATION.

To the dear band of preachers who answered to the *First Roll-call* of the Pacific Conference—half of whom have answered to the roll-call above—

J. BORING, D.D,
A. M. WYNN,
C GRIDLEY,
W. R. GOBER,
J. S. MALONE,
J. M. FULTON,
J F. BLYTHE,
A. M. BAILEY,
M. EVANS,
W. A. SIMMONS,
D. B. LEYNE,
E. B LOCKLEY,
S. W. DAVIES,
J. W KELLY,

—these pages are lovingly and tearfully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

AT the Conference held in Santa Rosa, October, 1877, my brethren of the Pacific Conference, by formal resolution, requested me to prepare the material for a History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific. I was, even then, the only effective member of the Conference who was present at the organization of the body, and who had been intimately and actively connected with it in all of its history.

I accepted the duty with no high estimate of my ability to meet the demands of the Conference. I had read much of Church history, some of it contemporary history, and from personal observation I knew it to be an exceedingly difficult task to be a correct, faithful historian. I knew there were currents of fact and thought into which a historian is liable to drift, sometimes unduly magnifying the actions of men, sometimes giving too great prominence to certain events, sometimes overlooking the true heroes and neglecting the record of events best calculated to reveal the truth.

Notwithstanding this, at the call of my brethren I undertook the work, and to me it has been "a labor of love." I have lived over again the scenes of other years, and have held communion with the beloved companions whose voices have long since been hushed in death.

I have sought in all directions for facts and incidents illustrating the history of the important period of which I was to write; I have called publicly through the press, both in California and in the Eastern States, for facts connected with our history; I have

written innumerable letters to all parts of the country—in a word, I have left no stone unturned to get at the truth.

Many of my brethren have responded to these calls, and have helped me much. Others from whom I expected much have sent me only a few lines, or neglected to respond to my requests. I have tried to be accurate in all I have written, and feel assured that more fault will be found with me for what I have *not* written than for what I have written.

In looking over my manuscript, I am not satisfied with my work. The names and deeds of a whole host of laymen—the rank and file of our sacramental army—men whose names are in the book of life as those who have done much for the planting and maintaining Southern Methodism on this coast—are not recorded in these pages. Had it been possible, I would have embalmed each name in grateful acknowledgment, and recorded each deed with gladness; but I could not.

I have done what I could. Some future historian may again go over the field and gather what I have left.

I thank God that I have been spared to finish this work, and with an earnest prayer for his blessing upon this humble child of my love and toil, I submit it to the public.

J. C. SIMMONS.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE were good reasons why this book should be written, and that Dr. SIMMONS should be the writer. The History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast possesses extraordinary interest as a record of Christian propagandism under new and peculiar conditions, and of Christian heroism demonstrative of the fact that the love of Christ is still a constraining power, and that it endues his servants with supernatural energy, fortitude, and self-abnegation, as in the first ages.

This history exhibits in a remarkable manner the vitality of the true principles of the gospel of Christ. Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, tried in the fires, has come forth as gold. Its history is a record of trial and disaster on the one hand, and of unconquerable zeal and hard-won success on the other. The opposition of enemies, many of whom verily believed they were doing God service in the effort to destroy it, the misconceptions of friends; the misfortunes of good men; the blunders of novices, the pressure of special antagonism during the dark days of the Civil War—these obstacles to success, together with the intrinsic difficulties that all evangelical religious organizations have had to en-

counter in that field, could have been met and overcome only in the strength of Him who is head over all things to the Church, and who hath promised to be with his people alway, even unto the end of the world. These pages detail those struggles and triumphs with truth-loving fidelity, and with the glow that kindled anew in the author's soul as he recalled the times, scenes, and the actors of those early days. This history furnishes a fresh demonstration of the indestructibility of the truth as it is in Jesus, and I doubt not will strengthen many in their adherence to the principles for which Southern Methodism has stood on the Pacific Coast and everywhere during the stormy times that are now, as we may hope, happily passing away as the Church and the Nation enter upon a new era of peace and prosperity.

It was time that this book should be written and printed. The peculiar phases of the early life on the Pacific Coast, social and religious, are vanishing rapidly. The actors, too, are passing off the stage. The pathos of this book is found largely in its record of the heroism, the sufferings, the trials, and triumphs of the holy dead. A little while longer, and all the voices that could have told the story will be mute forever, and the testimony of eye-witnesses and participants no longer accessible. Posthumous historians have the advantage of the mellowing and harmonizing perspective, but they lack the vivid touch and the inside view of the contemporaneous author. No man of the next generation could be the writer of this work. With it, some future historian will have the ma-

terial that will enable him to assign to Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast its proper place in the annals of this century.

Dr. SIMMONS was the proper person to perform this task —to him a labor of love. The unanimous request of the Pacific Conference was to him tantamount to a command to undertake it. The honor was his by right of seniority in the service of the Church on the Pacific Coast. He had understanding of all these things from the beginning. The earlier chapters give the reader an inside view of the thrilling scenes of that early period He was present at the birth of the Pacific Conference, the mother of Conferences in all that region; he helped to nurse it in its infancy; he has watched its growth through all its history. He possesses the prime qualifications of a historian—knowledge of the facts, and genuine love for his subject.

The method of the author is his own. The current of the narrative flows on in a continuous stream, but the biographical sketches, usually short and graphic, come in in proper chronological order, relieving the tension of the reader, and giving the page before him a pictorial interest. The humor and pathos of the book are characteristic. Not every one will be touched with its pathetic side as was the writer of this Introduction in passing it through the press—but few will be able to read it through with dry eyes. The humor has the flavor both of the old Georgia hills and of the new life of our farthest West. In the judgment of the author, fidelity to

the truth of history demanded that he should not omit the statement of the facts concerning the differences that agitated Church and State during the troublous times from which we are now emerging. He tells us how inter-Methodistic relationship was interrupted, and illustrates those unhappy times by detailing incidents that furnish a true view of the situation.

His tone is that of a man of honest and earnest conviction, not that of a partisan. He would be unlike himself if he wrote in any other than a fraternal, broadly Christian spirit.

It is perhaps proper to say here, that if any friendly reader should think that too little space is given to some men and matters, and too much to others, the explanation may be found in the fact that the author was furnished with the facts in some cases, and was unable to obtain them in others. His impartial, irenic, brotherly spirit is everywhere apparent.

The book meets a want. The author is entitled to the thanks of his brethren for the faithfulness with which he has discharged the duty imposed upon him by them. I commend his work to their favor, and invoke upon it the blessing of God.

O. P. FITZGERALD.

Nashville, Tenn., May, 1886.

CHAPTER I.

THE History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, if faithfully written, will reveal the fact that the work has been difficult and peculiar. No one who has not been engaged in it can appreciate it. Even a visitor to our coast could form but a partial idea of the many difficulties to be met and overcome.

Though California, with all its wealth of minerals, and its mightier agricultural resources, had been in the possession of the Spaniards for more than one hundred and fifty years, yet no discovery of either gold or silver had been made, nor had the soil of her rich valleys ever been turned by the plowshare of the diligent husbandman.

Tens of thousands of wild cattle and immense bands of horses roamed through the valleys, while now and then some vessel would glide in through the Golden Gate and slowly take in a cargo of hides and tallow. Sometimes a hardy trapper would pitch his camp on the bank of one of its limpid rivers, and stir, by barter for pelts, some of the inhabitants to a little activity.

The coast of California had been explored as early 1602. Roman Catholic missions had been established at many points, and the old Catholic fathers became possessors of untold wealth. The Rev. Calvin Colton tells us that in 1825 the possessions of these fathers were estimated at 1,200,000 cattle, 100,000 horses, 12,000 or 15,000 mules, 1,000,000 sheep, many thousand

hogs, and not less than $1,000,000 in specie and bullion; while there were not less than twenty thousand Indians, who were the most abject slaves to these ecclesiastical tyrants. They made them work without compensation, save their living, and punished them at will. They gave them but little, if any, religious instruction, and no education whatever.

As early as 1840 the salubrity of the climate of California began to be made known, and a few hardy, restless spirits crossed the plains and came to this coast; and by 1845 there were about five thousand Americans and foreigners who had braved the dangers of the long and arduous journey, and had located here.

By the year 1846 there were two thousand Americans and three thousand foreigners, who were friendly to the United States Government, and about three thousand more who were either hostile to it or neutral.

At the conclusion of the Mexican war, on February 2, 1848, a treaty was made, ceding to the United States the present States of California and Nevada, the Territories of Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico, part of Colorado, and part of Texas.

During the same month the first gold was discovered by a man named Marshall, near Coloma, while engaged, with others, in digging a mill-race for General Sutter. Prospectors immediately commenced searching the adjacent gulches, and finding gold in great abundance, the news flew like wild-fire, and soon almost every man in California went to the mining region. Not only so, but the news reaching all parts of the world, vast crowds began to collect from all parts of the civilized world, and by the year 1852 there were in California two hundred and fifty thousand men. Many of these

men were of the most daring and reckless character. Mad in their pursuit for gold, they were capable of almost any crime. The abundant yield of the mines kindled in all hearts a desire for sudden wealth; and as the rapidity with which the country had been filled up prevented the possibility of proper organization as citizens, or the enforcement of law, men became reckless to the last degree. The restraining influence of woman being absent, many who would have acted differently gave way to a lawless spirit to an appalling degree. Gambling was the order of the day. Men who had been looked upon as the most exemplary Christians in the older States, and even some ministers of the gospel, were caught in the swelling tide and borne away into this vice. Whole blocks in the city of San Francisco were given up entirely to gamblers, and every form of this vice was practiced. Vast piles of glittering gold lay in the greatest abundance on the tables of these gamblers. Men who had been a few months in the mines, and had dug out thousands of dollars, went thither and lost the whole in a few hours. Crowds went surging from place to place in the mines, as rich diggings were announced from time to time by lucky prospectors.

Perhaps in the history of the world there never was seen just such a sight—the whole population of a State, with scarcely an exception, rushing from place to place in search of gold, all hoping and expecting to get rich in a few months at least, many of them having thrown off the restraints of law and society.

Now, it was to this surging, seething mass of gold-hunters that the Church proposed to send the preachers of the gospel. These men must not be wholly

abandoned to evil influences. Many of them had been taught the truths of Christianity in the homes of their childhood, and it would not do to let them drift forever from their moorings. Therefore, at the meeting of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in May, 1849, they determined to establish a Mission in California. It was to be classed as a foreign mission, and put under the immediate supervision of Bishop Robert Paine. The work could not have been put into better hands. From that memorable day to the day of his death Bishop Paine manifested the liveliest interest in the work on this coast; and although it was never his privilege to visit the field to which he sent the first preachers, yet not a movement of the Church here ever escaped his notice. A short while before his death he gave expression to his deep love to all who were engaged in the work, and to the lively interest he felt in its success.

In July, 1849, after correspondence with the Rev. Jesse Boring, D.D., of the Georgia Conference, Bishop Paine appointed him Superintendent of the Mission. In August, the Rev. D. W. Pollock, of the St. Louis Conference, and the Rev. A. M. Wynn, of the Georgia Conference, were appointed to accompany Dr. Boring. They at once commenced making preparations for the voyage. They were ready to leave early in 1850, on the first steamer that was to sail for the Isthmus of Panama. In the meantime they were ordered to take collections in their respective Conferences to assist in bearing their expenses to their distant field of labor. Dr. Boring canvassed Georgia, the Rev. A. M. Wynn, South Carolina, his native State, and the Rev. D. W. Pollock, Missouri.

California came into the Union at a time when Free Soil doctrine was at fever heat: all saw that when it was admitted, it would come in as a Free State; and hence many of the leading men of the Church, South, thought we could never successfully occupy it, and were therefore bitterly opposed to the mission. Others were very lukewarm in the cause, and it required a great deal of persistence and energy to stem the tide. Especially was this so in Georgia and South Carolina. In Missouri the case was somewhat different. This State being the point from which the vast majority of emigrants to California overland started, more of her sons came to California than those of any other Southern State; therefore the people had a personal interest in sending ministers to California. They were sending them to their sons and brethren. Missouri has ever played an important part in California Methodism. There are, and ever have been, more Missourians in the Church on this coast than any others.

One reason why the brethren met with such opposition, or indifference, in their efforts in Georgia and South Carolina, was that the memory of the fierce conflict through which the Church had passed in reaching a division, and the organization of two separate bodies of Methodists in the United States, were fresh in the minds of many. We had found peace in a separate ecclesiastical life, and they thought to enter territory other than that South of Mason and Dixon's Line was but to invite strife and re-open trouble. Their tutelage in the grand school in which God by his providence had placed them was too meager for them to see that by this division the shackles of sectionalism that had long bound us were stricken off, that

now the world was indeed "our parish," and that we must fulfill our destiny in giving a Methodism to the world that knew no North, no South, no East, no West. It was our misfortune that the name that had been given us seemed to make us sectional, but it was only in appearance. It was ours to preach a Christ whose kingdom was not of this world—the Christ of all nations. We bear in our hands no thongs with which to bind men to this or that political party. Those who seek admission into our Societies will be required to frame no shibboleth to escape the sword of politics.

But Dr. Boring and his brother missionaries met difficulties right at the door of their enterprise. Men who should have thrown all the weight of their influence in their favor did every thing to hinder them in their work. Not only so, but after they had been commissioned and sailed, a majority of the Church settled down not only into a feeling of apathy and indifference toward them and the work, but a good deal was said and written at home about the *abandonment* of the field on the Pacific Coast. These things, of course, reached the ears of these devoted men, and it may be that it was overruled for the good of the work. It caused them to rely more upon God, and it also fired them with a determination to succeed, if success were in the bounds of possibility. Their very isolation exerted its influence in causing them to rely more upon themselves than they otherwise would have done. It required six months for letters to leave San Francisco for Georgia and an answer to return; and six months in California at that time were equal to two or three years in the older States in the movements and changes

of men. And withal, their enemies on the Pacific Coast (and their name was legion) taunted them with the fact that the "Church at home had forsaken them." These men were seriously pressed to give up the forlorn hope, and to take what they were assured was a far better chance, which, had money been the consideration, was true. It was a dark day when these two men, both feeble ones (for Wynn was an invalid, and but for his *will* power, sustained by the great Head of the Church, would have given up—Pollock had returned), stood alone against such fearful odds; and we feel assured that no one can ever fully appreciate their situation. More than three thousand miles stretched out between them and home. After a year of unparalleled toil and suffering, and the announcement of their inevitable failure, with not a word of re-inforcements coming, all seemed to be lost. But thanks to God and those indomitable men, *the mission lived*, and three Annual Conferences are, in part, the result.

The eyes of these men were on the *fields waving white to the harvest*, and not on their *resources and the meager support they were receiving from the Church at home.* San Francisco, Sacramento, Stockton, San Jose, Marysville, Nevada City, Sonora, and numerous other cities, towns, and thickly-settled agricultural regions of the country, were open to them. Every local preacher who could be found and utilized was put into the field—perhaps at one time six or eight. These men were meeting with success. But we will not anticipate.

Despite all opposition, these three faithful ministers reported themselves ready to sail early in 1850. Accordingly they met in the city of New Orleans in Jan-

uary, expecting to sail the first of February. On the way to New Orleans, the Rev. A. M. Wynn married a sister of Dr. Boring's wife.

When they reached New Orleans, they found that every ticket on the steamer had been sold, and great crowds were waiting for the next one. They at once purchased their tickets for the steamer that was to sail the first of March. For one month they waited as patiently as they could, and on the first day of March they set sail, and after a long and perilous voyage of forty-five days they landed in San Francisco, April 15, 1850.

They found the Bay of San Francisco, like a mighty forest, bristling with the masts of vessels from almost every nation under heaven. The surging multitudes they met in the city rivaled the babbling hosts of Babel. Among the first things that arrested their attention upon landing was a multitude of houses that seemed all doors, filled with great crowds of men, drinking, smoking, cursing and gambling. On tables set here and there were vast piles of gold-dust, as well as of gold and silver coin. Old and young were betting recklessly on the turn of a card or the revolution of a wheel of fortune. Occasionally, seated at a table, would be a woman, set, as it were, to lure men to more freely and foolishly stake their money on the issues of a game of chance.

This was the place to which the Church had sent them, and these were the men to whom they were to preach the gospel of purity and peace.

In the new, the strange, the anomalous circumstances in which the gold-hunters of California were placed, far away from home and its influences, without even

the restraints of law, much less the hallowed associations of social and family bonds, it was but natural that they should give way to the intoxicating excitement of the hour and plunge recklessly into any vice that might suggest itself to their minds. Then they were thrown into intimate association with men who had made crime and law-breaking the habit of their lives. For of all men, these were the most readily drawn to such a place as California then was. They were ever ready to present what might not suggest itself to the minds of the more innocent.

When once the barriers that hedge about our moral natures are broken down, it seems next to impossible to restore them to their former strength. The soul, once exposed to the scorching simoom of sin, is ever afterward less strong to resist evil. So those who came first to California, and giving way to the demoralizing influences that surrounded them, found themselves ever afterward weaker than before and harder to influence for good, while those who had once been religious, and had in their greed and grasping for gold let go their hold on Christ, drifted so far away that it was next to impossible to restore them.

At this time not one man in ten thousand intended to make California his home. Men had come to "make their pile," and return to the home of their childhood and enjoy it. They cared nothing for the well-being and prosperity of this land. They would sacrifice any of its interests to make money. As money-making was the one grand object had in view in coming to California, covetousness might be said to be the ruling passion and desire of all hearts; and if, as Paul says, "covetousness is idolatry," this was at this early period a

land of idolaters. It is true that they were not ignorant idolaters; they had most of them been reared in Christian lands, and many of them had been professors of Christianity; but they were allowing the desire for gold to drown all the religious elements of their nature. Gold in sight, and gold in reach in such unusual quantities, had a tendency to kindle the passion for gain into a more intense flame. Then the manner in which fortunes were lost and won—mining being in some sense a chance game—created a very unhealthy state of mind in those engaged in it.

The cosmopolitan character of the population—being composed of men from every nation under heaven, each bringing with him his peculiar customs, manners, and religion—kept all more or less excited in a manner different from any experience of their former lives.

We mention these as a few of the difficulties that were in the way of the first missionaries who came to California; and some of these difficulties, or their effects, linger after a third of a century has wrought its changes on the moral face of this new State.

These brethren, taken from appreciative Churches and people in the older States, found themselves standing in the midst of the surging throngs of San Francisco with scarcely a man who cared whether they returned or remained—with scarcely a man who would stop long enough to answer a question, much less to help them or their families. They stood alone. They must find their own homes and form their own plans. The land was before them, and they were left to the dictates of their own judgment as to what and how they should proceed.

Steamers that had been brought round the Horn

stood puffing at the rude wharf ready to carry the eager crowds up either of the two grand rivers that drained the vast San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys. Sacramento, Marysville, and Stockton were the three most important points from which men went to the mines. The two former were on the way to the northern and the latter to the southern mines.

These missionaries, immediately upon their arrival, held a consultation as to what was best to be done. They decided that Dr. Boring should remain in San Francisco, as he was the Superintendent of the Mission; D. W. Pollock should go to Sacramento, and A. M. Wynn to Stockton.

Brother Pollock went at once to his field of labor, but Dr. Boring's wife being in delicate health, he determined to take her to San Jose for four months, during which time A. M. Wynn remained in San Francisco.

Brother Wynn secured the old original court-house of the city in which to preach, and in May, 1850, organized the first Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in California, consisting of eleven members. We can find no record of this organization, and can give no names.

In the latter part of July, 1850, the Rev. A. M. Wynn went to Stockton (Dr. Boring having returned to San Francisco and taken charge of that work), and in a few weeks thereafter organized a Church there in a hired room.

About the same time the Rev. D. W. Pollock organized in Sacramento. Soon after this organization he procured a lot on Seventh, between J and K Streets, upon which a small wooden chapel was erected. D. W. Pollock was said to be a very brilliant preacher,

Frail of body, his physical man could scarcely bear the strain of the mind when in full play. His flights of fancy and the gorgeous beauty with which he arrayed his thoughts would at times remind one of his celebrated namesake, author of "The Course of Time." He was well calculated mentally and spiritually to arrest the attention of California's excitable population. But his health began rapidly to decline, and before many months, while the fields were waving white to the harvest, with a heavy heart he turned his face homeward, a confirmed consumptive. Reaching Alabama, he tarried a few months among her sunny scenes and hospitable people, when he ended his career in triumph. He was with us but a brief season, but no doubt his delicately-strung spirit echoed many a time to the gorgeous scenery of our enchanting State. His hands, however eager, were not to bind the sheaves; but doubtless in his happy Eden home his ear has often caught the shout of the reapers as they bent to the stroke in the field he loved so well.

The charge in Sacramento, made vacant by the return of Brother Pollock, was supplied with a Brother Pennman, a local preacher sent by Dr. Boring, the Superintendent. He took charge in the spring of 1851. His labors were of short duration. During his pastorate the congregations were very small, and the outlook not at all encouraging.

We have been enabled to preserve a few of the names of those who composed the first class in Sacramento; they were: Dr. J. S. Curtis, as class-leader; Sister A. M. Winn, wife of Gen. Winn; Sister Alexander, Louis E. Brook, William Shoemaker, Judge McGrew, and W. W. Stovall.

Dr. Curtis lived in the vicinity of Sacramento for many years. He was ardently attached to the Church, South, and ever strove to sustain and honor it. We are not informed as to whether his wife was a member at its first organization, but we know that in subsequent years she was one of its brightest ornaments. She was one of the most sweet-spirited women of the age, ever ready to minister to the wants and comforts of the ministers of Jesus. While Dr. Curtis was upright, consistent, and pious, yet a cloud hung over his sky. As he often confessed, when a young man he felt a call of God to preach his gospel, but he refused obedience to his will, and the memory of this disobedience gave a dash of bitterness to all his after-life. Time and again have we seen him point with sorrow at this, the great mistake of his life, and warn young men not to follow his example. In the evening of his life his reason became clouded; but from frequent expressions of his confidence in God, we cannot but believe that the great Shepherd was with him as his spirit entered the dark valley and shadow.

Sister A. M. Winn was from Mississippi, and was a consistent member of the Church. Like the women who ministered to Jesus and his disciples of their substance, Sister Winn was ever ready to give of her means to those who were engaged in the same Master's service. Quiet and unassuming in her manner, her life was her greatest praise. She died in Sacramento in 1862, full of faith and hope.

Sister Alexander, at this writing, is still a member of the Sacramento charge, perhaps the only one of the original number who is still connected with the Church in that city.

W. W. Stovall, though an upright, good man, yet he left the communion of our Church to engage in undenominational evangelistic work. In this we believe he made a great mistake. Every man who does work for Christ should hold allegiance to, and be under the immediate direction of, some recognized evangelical denomination. There should be some recognized body to give him authority, some home to which he can invite those who are brought to Christ through his labors, and some power to whom he will be responsible for his actions. There never was a time when the authority of the Church was more needed than now, never when there were stronger influences brought to bear to injure the cause of Christ in the eyes of the world. Thousands of young people are loath to give up the pleasures of the world and take upon them the restraints and vows of the Church—vows by which they renounce the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same. And if the man who is used as an instrument in the hands of God in bringing such to Christ is himself not a member of the Church, they will make his example an excuse for not uniting with a Church that requires such self-renunciation.

We give a brief history of the Church in Sacramento, taken from an early history of Sacramento City, written by Barber and Baker in 1846. Also another taken from Thompson and West's History of Sacramento County, 1880.

ASBURY CHAPEL; or, M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

This Church has been subject to the same mutations that have characterized every thing else in Sacramento. The building was erected in August, 1850—a neat frame structure about thirty-four by sixty feet in its dimensions. The parsonage was situated in its rear, as at present. The Rev. Mr. Pollock was the missionary, under whose direction and by whose exertions it was planned and built. The Society which worshiped in it was small, and the ability of the membership by no means commensurate with the outlays necessary to free it from debt. In fact, a large portion of the money paid for it was raised among those not connected with any Church. The minister was a man beloved by all who knew him—one who combined all those rare traits of character which make the truly good and great minister of the gospel. Early in the fall of 1850 his failing health compelled him to forsake his field of labor and return to his home in the South, where, in 1851, the disease contracted during the ever-memorable fall of 1850 terminated his earthly career. The recollection of his many virtues will ever remain fresh in the minds of those who knew him under the trying circumstances which surrounded him during his brief stay in Sacramento. With his departure departed the prosperity, present and prospective, of Asbury Chapel—for the Rev Mr. Pennman, who succeeded him, soon engaged in secular pursuits, and then returned home. For several months the voice of a preacher was not heard in the deserted chapel—till the appointment in the summer of 1851 of the Rev. W. R. Gober (late member of the Assembly from Santa Clara) to its charge. The debt of the Church had now increased to over $2,000; the members, few in number, and scattered through the country, those who remained were backsliders and lukewarm—giving altogether a doubtful aspect to the successful accomplishment of the enterprise. Notwithstanding these discouragements he went to work, and by his example infused new life and strength in that which remained. The whole of the interest and part of the principal was paid, the church newly pewed, painted, and curtained, and prosperity again began to mark her career. Of an exalted standard of Christian and moral excellence, and great dignity of bearing, Mr. Gober had to be known to be appreciated, to a casual observer he would

sometimes seem supercilious, but a nearer acquaintance with him would dissipate any such preconceived notions.

In the spring of 1852 he was succeeded by the Rev. John Matthews, from Tennessee, whose ministry was attended with some success, and was highly acceptable to his congregation. Again the Church-debt increased to an amount sufficient to make it a matter of doubt whether or not it could ever be overcome. It was thought to be easier to raise money to build in a different part of the city than the amount requisite to release the mortgage on this. An attempt was made, several thousand dollars subscribed, but not enough to purchase a lot and build. In this dilemma the mortgager notified the trustees that a week would be given to redeem it. The time arrived, and not a dollar had been raised, when one of the trustees, from his private funds, paid the entire debt, amounting to two thousand six hundred and fifty dollars. In three weeks after, the memorable fire of November 2d occurred, by which all the churches, except Mr. Benton's, were destroyed. The thought of building again was scarcely entertained, in view of the financial enervation caused by the fire. The Society obtained permission to worship in the County Court room, which continued for about eight months.

At the second session of the Pacific Annual Conference Mr. Matthews was returned to Sacramento, but in a few weeks abandoned the charge and went home. Bishop Soule immediately appointed the Rev. B. T. Crouch, who accompanied him to California, to succeed him. But little time elapsed before active measures were taken to rebuild on the site of the old church, the lot having been given the trustees for that purpose. With the assistance of the trustees, a sufficient amount was subscribed to guarantee the successful accomplishment of the work. A neat brick basement, thirty-seven and a half by sixty-five feet, was erected at a cost of between $6,000 and $7,000—$2,000 of which remained unprovided for at its completion. To raise this the Home Missionary Board was memorialized, the response to which was a draft on its Treasurer for $2,000, to be paid in yearly installments of $500 each. There is no legal claim on the Society for the original debt—hence it is altogether unincumbered. If ever finished as the plan contemplates, it will be second only to

Mr. Benton's church in size and appearance. The Rev. B. T. Crouch deserves much credit for his activity and energy in prosecuting the work and raising the means to pay the debt contracted in building, as well as for the able manner in which he filled his position as resident minister. With more than ordinary ability, combined with a noble impulse of doing good, his friends hope for him a career of much usefulness to the Church. He is now President of the Female Institute at San Jose, and stationed preacher of that place.

The Rev. A. Graham, an able and deeply pious minister, was appointed by the Conference which recently held its session here, pastor of Asbury Chapel. The Society was almost unanimous in its request for his appointment, and the writer doubts not that it will result in great good to the Church and community. The membership, though numbering only thirty-five, were never in a higher state of prosperity, spiritually, than at present. The clouds and gloom of the past have been dissipated, and a fine prospect is presented for the future.

Thompson and West say:

In April, 1850, the Rev. D. W. Pollock organized this Church, holding the first meeting on Seventh Street, between J and K Streets.

Mr. Pollock was a remarkably earnest and energetic man. It is said that he himself planned and mainly built the first church-edifice of this denomination in Sacramento. This, a wooden building, stood on the same site as the present brick church, and was completed during the first year of Mr. Pollock's ministry.

The fire of November, 1852, destroyed the house of worship, and what was intended as the basement of another house was erected on the same spot in 1853 at a cost of $5,000. This was of brick. Afterward the plan was changed, and the present edifice was the result. This house was dedicated July 10, 1859, Bishop Pierce, then recently from Georgia, conducting the service.

In the fall of 1850 Mr. Pollock, on account of ill health, returned to Alabama, where he died in the following year. His successor at Sacramento was a Rev. Mr. Pennman, who remained

only a short time, when he abandoned the ministry and engaged in other pursuits.

In this connection it is fact worthy of mention that, in addition to other efforts made to save our Church property in 1852 in Sacramento, those put forth by Sister W. R. Gober, the wife of the preacher in charge, stand forth prominently.

She was a young and inexperienced Southern girl, and while the duties of her household, in which she then had but little skill, were pressing upon her, she took the streets and collected from business-men, and miners from the mountains, few of whom she had ever seen before, over one thousand dollars. This was done in a few days.

This is but one of the many instances which have marked the energy and devotion of the preachers' wives and other women of California. In fact, the Church in California, in every period of its history, owes more to the women than to any other human agency. They have ever stood by the ministers of God, and encouraged and helped them in their work.

During this time Dr. Boring, who was acting pastor in San Francisco, was not idle as superintendent of the Mission, but labored with great zeal, earnestness, and ability. From time to time he visited Sacramento, Stockton, and many other places in the interior, everywhere strengthening and encouraging the preachers and people.

In the fall of 1850 A. M. Wynn visited Sonora, then the most flourishing town in the southern mines, having a population of three thousand, while there were ten thousand miners in the immediate vicinity, who purchased their supplies and got their mail there. There

was not a single white woman in or around the town. Prior to this visit there had never been a sermon preached or a prayer offered in public, either in the town or the surrounding country. The rich mines found in and around the town kept the people constantly stirring with excitement. No time was given to any thing else but the accumulation of gold, with its concomitant results and labors.

With the assistance of a Rev. Mr. Annis, a local preacher from Arkansas, who was then merchandising in Sonora, Brother Wynn secured the use of the largest gambling-house in town in which to preach. Notice was given to the miners that there would be preaching in this house, and about seven hundred assembled. The great majority of them were men of intelligence and culture; for, as a rule, the early comers to California were men of more than ordinary energy, and many of them were men of fine education. These men, for the time being, donned the miner's garb, and with pick and shovel toiled day after day in the mines. Most of them had been reared under gospel privileges. While they were here, far away from the homes and scenes of their childhood, their mothers, wives, and children were then surrounded by these hallowed influences. A call to worship once more, met with a ready and hearty response from them. Quietly they seated themselves, and earnestly they listened to the familiar notes of the gospel message. In the company before him there were those who had once been members of the Church. The service was of the most solemn and impressive character. The audience was deeply moved. Memory awoke from her enforced slumbers, and clothed the scene with unwonted interest. In that company there were affec-

tionate husbands, far away from their wives—fathers who had not seen their children for years.

These men, in their eager search for gold, had thrown themselves into the midst of the wildest scenes of excitement, and after months of voluntary exile from the altars where their fathers worshiped, lived, and died, and where their precious ones bowed even then to pray for them, were aroused by the sweet songs of Zion, and the pathetic preaching of this man of God, who had tracked them to their wilds to tell them of Jesus and his love. Their feelings overcame them, and with an emotion that swept that vast assemblage, they bowed and wept in convulsive sobs. The preacher rose with the tide; he caught a mightier inspiration, his voice trembling with an emotion deeper than ever felt before. Again and again, as with a master hand, he swept their heart-strings. Taking advantage of the occasion, he at once organized a Church of thirteen members.

He preached again in the afternoon, and the next morning secured a lot on which to build a church, and opened a subscription for means to build it—two or three of the members agreeing to hold services and look after the affairs of the Church until a missionary could be sent to them. No doubt but that most if not all these thirteen had been members of the Church before. There were hundreds of men all through the mines that had been members of the various Christian denominations in the older States, some few of them holding on to their integrity as Christians; while many others, yielding to the pressure to sin that had been brought to bear on them here, had renounced their religion and become openly profane. Out from under the eye of those who knew of their professions, they

neglected their religious duties, and followed the multitude to do evil. This state of affairs made the work in California exceedingly difficult.

Of the three original missionaries of our Church, A. M. Wynn seems to have been the Evangelist; for soon after this visit to Sonora, we find him going to Sonoma, Napa, and Benicia, and preaching in each place. He organized a Church in the town of Sonoma.

Although the city of Stockton is reached by the trade winds that sweep up through the Straits of Carquinez from the bay, yet it lies so low, the tides from the ocean affecting the slough upon which it is built, and is so near to the swamp and overflowed lands that border the San Joaquin and Mokelumne Rivers, as well as the intervening sloughs, that the climate is trying to those who are easily affected by heat and malaria. In crossing the Isthmus, both Brother Wynn and his wife took what is known as Panama fever, which is nothing less than a malarial fever of a persistent, malignant type. Once in the system, it is exceedingly hard to eradicate, and is easily aroused to renewed action when circumstances favor its development. After some months of sojourn in Stockton it was found necessary to make a change of climate. Not only so, but as San Jose was then the capital of the State, it was thought by Dr. Boring and others that it was much more important to occupy and hold this point than Stockton. Therefore Brother Wynn was sent to this place in the spring of 1851.

On April 16, 1851, the anniversary of their landing in California, Dr. Boring and Brother Wynn met in San Francisco to consult about the interests of the work and to plan for future operations.

When they came to the Mission it was expected that the following year at least double the number of preachers were to be sent out. But a year had passed, and not one had come. Nor did they know of any movement on the part of the Church at home by which they were to be strengthened. Pollock had gone back, Wynn was himself in feeble health, and the work was developing and enlarging under their hands. What were they to do? It looked like a sin to give it up, and like folly to prosecute it by themselves. They saw that California was destined to become one of the leading States of the Union; that it was the gateway to the great West, and perhaps would be, at no distant day, the point from which all the great mission-fields of the Orient were to be reached. For our Church to abandon the field in view of such prospects and possibilities as these, was more than they were willing to consent to. They stood alone, almost beyond the reach and sympathy of the Church at home, surrounded by new and strange difficulties; struggling on, in spite of ill health, embarrassments, discouragements, and meager missionary appropriations, they felt as none but those in like circumstances could feel.

Another source of embarrassment lay in the fact that no other Christian organization on the coast sympathized with them. The name—Methodist Episcopal Church, South—to the minds and hearts of all from north of Mason and Dixon's Line, meant not only sectionalism, but *slavery*. They linked their Church, naturally, with that institution; and no declaration to the contrary, and no explanation would, or could, convince them to the contrary. They were looked upon as slavery propagandists, who formed the vanguard of that

power that intended, after all, to make California a slave State. But these men knew theirs to be a righteous cause. They knew that the policy of our Church was non-interference with political matters; that while our name might, to the unthinking or the uninformed, make us appear to be sectional, yet we were the least sectional of all the Churches in the land.

Having once planted the standard of our Church on the coast, they determined not only not to abandon it, but to do all in their power to gather about it those who would make its principles a success. Their reliance was upon God. They saw vast fields waving and white to the harvest; they knew that these fields were the heritage of our Lord, and felt that as servants of the Lord they must not only enter, but abide in them.

They kneeled and prayed together to the Lord of the harvest to send them help, and after committing themselves to divine guidance and direction, they determined to make one more appeal to the whole Church at home. The Rev. C. Gridley, formerly a member of the Louisiana Conference, was employed by Dr. Boring to take charge of the Church in Stockton upon the removal of Brother Wynn. He was present on this memorable occasion, and assented to the plans formed.

They requested each one of the Annual Conferences to raise $1,000 within its bounds, independent of their regular missionary collections, and that the Bishop appoint a missionary from said Conference until twenty men should be sent out, the $1,000 paying the necessary expenses of each respectively—all to be done within the next twelve months—so that on April 15, 1852, we might organize a regular Annual Conference

of twenty or more members. This was a grand conception. God was evidently in it, and it was to bring forth abundant fruit.

The appeal was made to all the Bishops and through the several papers of the Church. It was a desperate venture, but it was to take that risk or die; and it was adopted, and succeeded—so said even Dr. Stevens, the historian of Methodism. He pronounced the movement wise and forecasting. The original suggestion came from Dr. Boring.

But even this last grand struggle for life was assailed by a high dignitary of the Church—Dr. C. B. Parsons—who was at the time a member of the Parent Board of Missions, then located at Louisville, Ky. He not only censured the plan, but influenced the Board to change it by allowing the Annual Conferences within whose bounds the extra $1,000 might be raised under this plan *to elect* its own missionaries instead of leaving the selection and appointment to the Bishops, where it belonged. As simple as this change seemed, it did great harm to the Mission by sending to it some men that we would have been far better off without. There is ever a class of men who, if they do not succeed in their own Conferences, think they can do better elsewhere; and if opportunity offers, they are ever ready to go. But, as a general rule, men who are unfit for the work in one place will do but little good if sent elsewhere. And, above all things, a work like this, at this time, needed the best men the Church had to give. Another fact: It is often the case that men are willing to let an objectionable man go from them, though they may be convinced his going will be an injury to the work to which he goes. The work in California suf-

fered as much from men not adapted to it as from almost any other cause.

After this meeting, Brother Wynn returned to San Jose and Brother Gridley to Stockton. Brother Wynn secured the Assembly Chamber as a place of preaching. He soon had a fine congregation, and organized with a membership of sixteen. We are enabled to procure only the names of the following of this first class: The Rev. Charles Campbell, wife and two daughters, Mrs. Dr. F. G. Ray, Miss M. R. Campbell, Marcus Williams and wife, Dr. L. H. Bascom and wife, A. Hatler and wife, and J. W. Powell

The Rev. Charles Campbell was a local preacher from the State of Kentucky. He came to California in 1849 with the first great rush to these golden shores. He entered heartily into this organization, and exerted all his influence for its promotion. He was a man of strong mind. His sermons were always original and logical. In an early day in Kentucky he posted himself on the immersion controversy, and was frequently called upon to defend Methodist views on that subject, in which he was ever successful. He lived for a time in San Francisco, where he identified himself with the Methodist Church, South, in that city. Subsequently he moved to Oakland, and was, I believe, elected its second mayor. In early life he had studied law, and resuming his study of that profession, he began its practice. From Oakland he removed to Stockton, where he was elected District Attorney of San Joaquin County. He afterward removed to Yolo County, where he ended his career in 1862. Wherever he lived he exerted a good religious influence, preaching whenever opportunity offered. He was licensed to preach about the time

Bishop Kavanaugh was, and was successful in his ministry in Kentucky. But instead of turning all his thoughts and energies to the one grand theme, as did the Bishop, he filled his hands with secular business, and hence he did not accomplish as much for God and his fellow-men as he would otherwise have done. Whenever we heard his clear and forcible expositions of Scripture we grudged such powers to the world.

His wife was a sweet-spirited, devoted member of the Church, and while she was not demonstrative, yet she ever felt a deep and abiding interest in the cause of Christ. She survived her husband some four years A little more than two years before her death she was stricken with paralysis, that destroyed her power of speech, and no doubt weakened her mind. But during all her illness, whenever the name of Jesus was spoken of to her, her eye would kindle, and with her well hand she would point heavenward, as much as to say, "All is well, and soon I shall pass to my home above, where I shall be free from life's ills and sorrows." She died at the residence of her son-in-law, the Rev. J. C. Simmons, in Vacaville, in 1866, and was laid to rest beside her husband in the quiet cemetery in Woodland, to await the resurrection trump that shall call all God's people to glory, immortality, and eternal life.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ray, wife of Dr. F. G. Ray, soon after she united with the Church in San Jose, removed to Georgetown, in El Dorado County. There was no organization of our Church there for a number of years, but she remained faithful to the Church of her fathers, and although denied the religious privileges and associations that were vouchsafed to many, yet she was faithful to her duties, and never for a moment lost her reli-

gious enjoyment. Her reverence and love for the Bible was most remarkable. She never could bear to see one use it for a profane purpose, nor would she place another book on it as it lay on the table. She lived a consistent Christian life, loved and honored by her family and friends, and died in great peace at the little town of Liberty, in San Joaquin County, in 1868.

Miss Margaret R. Campbell, the second daughter of the Rev. Charles Campbell, married the Rev. J. C. Simmons, June 28, 1853, and has shared the fortunes of an itinerant's life to the present writing. She has ever encouraged her husband to devote his whole life to the work of the Christian ministry, has shared his travels and privations, and assisted in rearing their five children, by diligence and economy, to the estate of manhood and womanhood.

Marcus Williams was a member of the Methodist Church, South, before coming to California. He united with the Church at the first organization, glad once more to be associated with the people of his choice. He acted as steward of the San Jose Charge to the day of his death. He was ever faithful to his Christian duties, and the savor of his influence was good. His house was the preacher's home. His end was peace. His wife was also a devoted Southern Methodist. It was ever her delight to have the preachers at her home, and to minister to their wants.

Dr. L. H. Bascom was a half-brother of Bishop Bascom, and shared in the intellect that distinguished that family. He came to California at an early day, crossing the plains with his family. For a time he practiced his profession in Santa Clara County. His mind was far-reaching in its movements, and the plans he laid for

his beloved Church were always on a large scale. It was largely through his influence that two entire blocks, located in what is now the heart of San Jose, were secured to our Church for educational purposes. He was exceedingly dignified in his carriage, and seemed as one born to move in the higher circles of society. His hospitality was proverbial. It was ever his delight to have his friends around his board, and especially did he rejoice to have the company of the preachers of his Church. In his latter years he was greatly afflicted with asthma. He was ready when the summons came for his passage to the Church above. His wife, who still survives him, is one of the most remarkable women we have ever known. Possessed of great vivacity, and remarkable for her humor and wit, it is ever a delight to be in her company. In an early day she met the strange surroundings of the new order of things that obtained in California with the utmost tact, making every thing minister to her humor. Drawing from the greatest hardships and the most unexpected and unforeseen difficulties the most amusing incidents, she laid them away in memory's casket, and with them regaled and delighted her friends ever afterward. Her fund of personal adventure and amusing trials seemed inexhaustible. During the memorable first Legislature, when San Jose was the capital of the State, many of the legislators boarded with her, when she lived in a rude shanty. It is said that frequently, when these statesmen would come in to their meals, and she was hurried with her work, she would set them to turning "flap-jacks," toasting bread, or stirring "frijoles," and no one ever felt it other than a privilege to do what she bade him. Could some short-hand reporter, without

her knowledge, catch some of the numerous incidents related by her in one of her happy moods, and give them to the world with the life and flavor with which she relates them, it would make one of the most amusing books ever written. Her devotion to her Church has been life-long and ardent. Like Lydia, she ever "constrained" the servants of Jesus to make her house their home. That home has been the resting-place of many a weary itinerant.

Of J. W. Powell we can learn nothing.

While Wynn was pushing the work in San Jose, and Gridley in Stockton, Dr. Boring was laboring with equal zeal in San Francisco. Up to this time no steps had been taken to build a house of worship in this city. But now Dr. Boring, hearing of a house that had been framed in the east, and had been brought round Cape Horn, made arrangements for its purchase. The building had been originally intended for a warehouse, but it was thought by certain changes and modifications it could be made to subserve the purposes of a church. It was forty by sixty feet in dimensions. It was erected on a lot fronting on Powell Street, near Clay, and called Wesley Chapel.

About the same time C. Gridley began to consummate the plans, already inaugurated by A. M. Wynn, for building a church in Stockton, while Wynn began the erection of a large brick church in the city of San Jose.

After the one in San Francisco, the church in San Jose was the first completed. The building of such a house at this early period was attended with no small difficulty. The labor, toil, and expense were immense. Those engaged in the enterprise met with many discouragements. Every man was intent on his own busi-

ness, and business was then transacted on the high-pressure system; hence the preacher had almost every thing to do. He had to order and look after materials, make contracts, make and collect subscriptions, pay bills, superintend the work, and keep ends together generally. But in San Jose he had such men as Bascom, Langhorne, Hicks, Hoppie, Basham, Hammond, and Charles and Thomas Campbell. These men, with their noble families, seconded all the efforts of the preacher, and, so far as time would allow, gave material aid: but "time was money" then, and every hour spent outside of business was like so much gold lost. However, this indefatigable missionary threw his whole soul into the work, and by incessant begging, toiling, and perseverance, often working with his own hands, and giving very largely of his own private means, the church was at last completed.

Dr. Boring, who preached the dedication sermon, says, as copied from the *Christian Observer*, of Oct. 27, 1852:

On Sunday, the 17th instant, according to previous notice, the church recently erected by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in the city of San Jose, was dedicated to Almighty God.

The building is thirty-six by fifty feet, built of bricks, well plastered, having a hard finish, and is fitted up in handsome style, with carpets, lights, etc. Altogether, this is the best church-edifice we have seen in the State, and does honor to its pastor and the citizens of San Jose. But the best is yet to be told. The house, though a fine one, and of course costly, was entirely paid for before the dedicatory prayer was offered up. The preacher, the Rev. A. M. Wynn, under whose untiring efforts the enterprise has been thus far carried on, reported to us at the close of the sermon that the whole property (lot, building, and fixtures) had cost $5,350, of which $1,750 had been paid, leaving a debt of $3,600 to be provided for. This was a formidable sum to parade

before an audience of three hundred persons; but knowing the liberality of Californians, and the indomitable energy of San Jose Californians, we presented the debt and asked that it should be met before the house was offered to God. No undue means were used, no excitement created, and yet in a short time the whole was consummated by the presentation of the very handsome sum of $3,600. It should be noted, too, that owing to some unexpected delays, the church was not yet completed by so much as a week's work. This is a rare example—a church not only not left in debt, but paid for before it is finished. We feel no hesitation in saying that this is the best, the very best, contribution we have ever known, in proportion to the number of persons present.

Wicked as California is supposed to be by our Atlantic friends and brethren, and little worth the "*vast expenditure of money*" in the missionary enterprise of the Pacific, we challenge them to present a parallel to the example of these worthy San Jose friends. We note with great pleasure the fact that this extraordinary contribution was led off promptly and encouraged at every step by young men who were not members of the Church, and that the men of the world generally, with remarkable liberality and promptness, undertook and carried out the enterprise.

There are some whose names we should like to announce but for the appearance of invidious distinctions, and the fact that all, both old and young, in the Church and out of it, seemed determined alike to blot out the debt.

One case we cannot, in justice to our feelings, omit. There was one present, a lady, a lone woman with whom we had met and tarried a night near three years ago at the Half-way House on the Isthmus, between Chagres and Panama, when on our way to this country. We shared her hospitalities, read the word of God, and sung and prayed in her tent in that strange land. She was on her way to the land of gold, as she said, "to make money to give to God and his cause." She has prospered in her labor of love, and being present at the dedication, was amongst the first to give one hundred dollars We had not seen her since parting at the door of her tent on the Isthmus and under her blessings until her name broke upon our ears as the contributor of the above

sum. The recollections and emotions awakened at the moment were of an inexpressible sort. God bless Miss ——! and wherever the influences of Pacific Methodism are felt may this worthy example be spoken of as a memorial.

We avail ourselves and brethren of San Jose of the occasion to express the pleasure experienced from the kind example of the Rev. Mr. Corwin, pastor of the Congregational Church in that city, and his congregation, as also those of the members of other Churches, in assembling with us and contributing to the interest of the occasion. Mr. Corwin, being present, was requested, in conclusion of the service, to lead in the dedicatory prayer, in which God was eminently nigh to hear the cry of his servant and people Long may the sweet savor of this memorable occasion rest upon the people of the beautiful plains of San Jose.

We cannot forbear the expression of our strong conviction that God will bless and prosper the people who thus contribute to his cause. We shall expect to hear of his goings forth among them to salvation

This was the first Southern Methodist Church wholly built and dedicated in California. It was kept in constant use until 1875, when it was torn down and a new and beautiful wooden building was erected in its place. For nearly a quarter of a century around its altar gathered our people. There all our Bishops who have visited our coast, from the venerable Bishop Soule to the sainted Marvin, have preached the word of life. There our people have dedicated their children to God. There the blushing bride and manly groom have assumed the solemn vows that have made them one. From it the silent dust of God's saints, from the pilgrim of fourscore years to the infant of a day, have been borne to their last resting-place in the quiet city of the dead. Many an angel has shaken out his pinions and sped from the throng of her worshipers to bear to his home of light the glad news that lost sinners were coming

with tears of penitence back to God and the fold of his flock.

Not long after the church in San Jose was completed Dr. Boring was called to Stockton to dedicate one there. This church had been completed under the labors of C. Gridley. As already said, he was a local preacher from Louisiana who had been employed by Dr. Boring and put in charge of the Church in Stockton. While a man of sterling integrity and undoubted piety, yet he was lacking in that mature judgment that would have made him a safe financier. He was exceedingly sanguine; and as money was plenty everywhere, as fortunes were being made as by magic, and there seemed to be money in every thing, Brother Gridley took obligations and risks that were disastrous in their results. He made contracts, giving his personal obligations for their payment. When he saw the disaster that was coming upon him and the whole enterprise, he concluded to go to work and meet his obligations with what he could make by personal labor and speculation. Hay was held at an enormous figure. There were thousands of acres of land covered with the finest grasses, and he hired men and teams, at enormous prices, and went to mowing. This only involved him more. He then borrowed $1,000 and went to San Francisco and obtained the name of Brother Jesse Boring, the Superintendent of the Mission, as indorser. This note was to bear interest at the rate of *eight per cent. per month*, and to be compounded when not paid. The understanding was that this note was to be paid as soon as the money on the church could be raised. At last the building was finished, and Dr. Boring called on to dedicate it. The $1,000 bor-

rowed, with Dr. Boring as indorser, was to be used in finishing the church. But when Dr. Boring reached Stockton, and inquired into the state of affairs, he found the note unpaid and the Church otherwise hopelessly in debt and under mortgage. This note proved the utter financial ruin of Dr. Boring. It was to him the "Old Man of the Sea," whose relentless limbs were never unclasped from his neck.

In justice to this great and good man, as a faithful historian we will at this point give the facts as we knew them to exist. When the revelation was made to him of the state of affairs into which this transaction had thrown him, he made a desperate effort to pay this note and free himself from debt. He toiled and planned, made money and paid thousands of dollars, but the magnitude of the debt was too great, and he was crushed. The parties who held the note waited and worried long, but finally sued the Doctor at San Francisco. He was advised to "confess judgment," and, as he says, knowing little or nothing about law, and believing the lawyer to be his friend, did so. This confessing judgment covered every thing he had in the world. This simply, but immutably, bound him hand and foot. At the time he had property enough to pay his own debts, but this judgment stood like an iron wall between him and his own creditors.

At the third annual session of the Pacific Conference, held in Stockton, Bishop Soule presiding, the parties who held the mortgage against the church came forward and offered to release the mortgage if the friends of the Church would raise a certain amount of said mortgage. The effort was made with success. When the amount necessary had been raised within

$1,000, Bishop Soule stated that he held a certain fund in trust from the late Bishop McKendree, to be applied as he (Bishop Soule) should see proper to any Church purpose. He said he was willing to apply $1,000 of it to the payment of this debt, provided Dr. Boring would not suffer his claim to deprive the people of Stockton of the Church property. He said he was unwilling to give it without this provision. Dr. Boring, who was breaking down under the weight of the burden that this Church had laid upon him, saw that if he stood in the way now the whole thing would be irrecoverably lost to the Church, and that if he did not get relief from this source he must go down individually. So, with the spirit of a martyr, he stepped out of the way of the Church, and it was saved to us. As to the righteousness of suffering a brother thus to stand under the load while the Church is free, is a question that is referred to a higher tribunal than any on earth.

At this Conference Dr. Boring was elected a delegate to the General Conference to convene in Columbus, Ga.; and while at that Conference attending to the work of the Church, the Sheriff of San Francisco sold under execution for this debt his last acre of land, with all his personal property and household goods, and left him and family penniless.

With his financial credit ruined, with honest debts unpaid and disappointed creditors suffering, it is not strange that there should have been whispers of his want of integrity and uprightness as a Christian minister. But for more than a quarter of a century God has spared him to vindicate, by an undeviating devotion to the grand interests of the Church for which he has

suffered and labored so long, the integrity of his heart and purpose.

Since his return to his native State and Conference his brethren who have known him from the beginning of his ministry have honored him with many preferments, and by their acts of trust have shown their utmost confidence in his fidelity. No man in Georgia occupies a more enviable place in the esteem and confidence of his brethren than does this prince of pulpit orators, the Rev. Jesse Boring, D.D.

Sacramento was the next point at which a church-building was erected. Nor was it exempt from troubles and disasters. It had been built by D. W. Pollock. Upon his return home to die—as before stated—the Rev. Mr. Pennman, a local preacher, had been put in charge. He was a mere adventurer, with more brains than piety. He remained but a short time. His after history was not good, and his end sad. Under this state of affairs the little band that had been gathered by Pollock had become disorganized. In September, 1851, the Rev W. R. Gober reached California, and was immediately put in charge of Sacramento. The church had been closed for months This church-building was only a shell, not even lined or papered, with a debt and mortgage of over $2,000, drawing interest at three per cent. per month. W. R. Gober was never able to find any record of the organization, or the names of the members who composed it. He at once organized a class of seventeen members. The Sunday-school at the beginning of his administration was composed of two little girls—Maggie Jamison being one of them—with the pastor and his wife as the superintendent, officers, and teachers

In the fall of 1852 the parties holding the mortgage against the church-building determined to foreclose by a certain day in the near future if the debt was not paid. At length the mortgage was foreclosed, the property sold, and the last day for redemption was near at hand.

Judge McGrew proposed to W. W. Stovall that they should raise the money on a joint note. They made the effort, but could find no one who would loan the money on those terms. Affairs were growing desperate. We had one of the most eligible lots for a church in the city of Sacramento, and if we suffered it to pass from our hands now, the chances were against our ever securing such an one again. W. W. Stovall had some $1,600 in his possession of his own money. He borrowed $950 more from J. B Brewton, and paid $2,650 to the man who held the debt, and thus saved the church. He afterward paid Mr. Brewton the amount he had borrowed of him and the interest, at the rate of five per cent. per month for the time he had it. Two weeks after this occurred the disastrous November fire that laid the whole city of Sacramento in ashes. Our church went down with the rest, leaving us only a naked lot for all the expenditures that had been made. Our brethren of the Methodist Episcopal Church lost a fine brick church they had just completed. In fact, there was but one church-building left standing when the smoke cleared away, and that was the Congregational church on Sixth Street.

The next church was the one built in Sonora. It was found that the title to the lot on Powell Street, San Francisco, on which our church was built, was defective, and the building was sold. Another lot was purchased, and, after a substantial brick basement was

erected on it, it was discovered that this lot was public school property, and the trustees of the school gave us just what our improvements cost us for them, and we had to seek a home elsewhere in the city.

Dr. Boring could not answer all the calls that were being made upon him to visit places and preach. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. His sagacity saw but a single remedy, and that was to issue a weekly paper—a silent preacher that might deliver messages of peace and hope in hundreds of homes in a single day. The thought grew upon him. It is true that every thing connected with printing at that time was exceedingly costly. But the people could be reached with a paper. Not only so, but it would serve as an engine for defense against the attacks of numerous enemies. The matter was settled, and on Jan. 5, 1852, the first number of the *Christian Observer* was issued. It supplied, in part, the lack of ministerial service.

About this time two or three more missionaries arrived. The paper did well for a time, being ably edited by Dr. Boring himself. In the meantime, one of the new arrivals, the Rev. J. S. Malone, studied the Spanish language with all the fervor of his ardent nature, and soon introduced several columns in the Spanish language in the *Observer*. This was intended to reach the Spanish population, which at the time was very numerous in certain sections of the State.

The paper did well until, finding it only partially sustained, it was thought best to suspend its publication; and so at the San Jose Conference, in 1853, Dr. Boring made a full report before the Conference, and requested the Conference to appoint an auditing committee to examine the books; whereupon, Messrs. Breeden and

Horn, both laymen, and expert book-keepers, were appointed. They examined the books and pronounced them correct. By order of the Conference, Dr. Boring issued one more copy, so as to publish a list of the appointments and the principal reports.

We cannot refrain in this connection from giving in full a letter from the pen of Bishop James O. Andrew upon the receipt of the first number. His letter was written for the *Southern Christian Advocate.*

SAN FRANCISCO CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

Mr Editor:—A few days since I was very agreeably surprised to receive from the post-office the first number of the *San Francisco Christian Observer.* Quite a clever affair: paper good; typographical execution superior—indeed, in all respects, it may compare very creditably with any of its older sisters of the Advocate family. This, in itself, is matter of great gratification, for I hold whenever a good religious paper is put forth into circulation we are sending forth an efficient missionary of the cause of truth and peace. But I regard this publication as peculiarly full of promise, and hail its appearance as the indication of a state of things in California which justifies the hope of the most cheering results from our missionary efforts in that quarter. I could not look upon this new missionary without indulging a long train of reflections. What a world is this! what a country is ours! and what an age is this in which our lots have been cast! What was California twenty years ago? What was its population, and what its prospects? The country was almost a *terra incognita*, regarded almost valueless in an agricultural point of light, its mineral treasure undreamed of, and the whole land looked upon as too uninviting ever to attract much population. And so it would probably have continued, but the providence of God ordered otherwise. Under Mexican rule it would probably have remained a comparative waste. But He who sitteth King above the water-floods, and guideth the affairs of nations even when they acknowledge Him not, and who overrules the folly and the madness of individuals and of nations to the advancement of His

own grand designs, threw these mountains and valleys, with all their treasures, into the hands of the very people of all others best qualified to develop and improve their resources.

California became ours, and straightway her hills and valleys yielded their wealth to the hands of enterprising industry; and while her rocks and mountains, previously regarded bleak and sterile, were pouring forth gold in tenfold amounts, and attracting population by the ten thousand, the industrious farmer who turned from digging the shining ore to seek in the peaceful and honest employment of agriculture remuneration for his toils, was astonished to find himself reaping literally a hundred-fold.

The discovery is now made that this land, once esteemed nearly worthless, and then regarded as only a land famous for gold-dust, is destined to occupy a leading position among the agricultural States of the world. This fact, I think, affords ample pledge of the perpetuity of its prosperity. It seems but yesterday that our gallant troops were sweeping all before them on the battle-fields of Mexico, and dictating peace from the halls of the Montezumas, and then there was the usual amount of diplomacy before the treaty was signed which made California ours; and yet though all these events seem but as a dream of yesterday, the stars and stripes have for more than a year waved over California as a State of our glorious confederacy. Our laws, our language, our institutions triumph throughout a long line of sea-coast on the grand ocean of oceans. Our commerce whitens the seas and harbors, and our majestic steamers, in rapidly augmenting numbers, are constantly plowing not only the ocean wave, but are threading numerous bays, rivers, and inlets, and opening constantly new channels for trade and intercourse to the adventurous population which is so rapidly spreading over the whole land. Survey the map of California as it was ten or five years ago, and then compare the past with the present. See cities spring up in a week, and every thing else going forward in the same ratio, and then rub your eyes and look again, and ask, Is all this real, or is it enchantment?

Bless your heart, my friend, it is all reality. Here is a nation almost literally born in a day; and as it is in California, a month is quite enough to build a city.

But we turn now to another view of the subject—one, in our judgment, of paramount importance. The question arises, Has the Church kept pace with the movements of the enterprising gold-seekers? Has she made efficient arrangements to send along with the overwhelming tide of emigration the Bible, the ministry, and the sacraments of religion? Indeed, if she had not, California would be a sad abode, a sort of depository of all that was vile and reckless in human character. Of what avail would laws be in a community thus circumstanced? Government would be a nullity, and law a mockery; for where there is no recognition of the authority and claims of the divine law in the minds and consciences of a community, human laws, however good, will only be sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. The prosperity and the perpetuity of the civil and political institutions of the country depend upon the hold which religion has upon the public mind and conscience. We are glad to be authorized to say that the Church has recognized the importance of these views. The Bible, and missionaries, and teachers have kept pace with the advancing wave of population. The inhabitants of the rising cities and the dwellers at the mines have been cared for—perhaps not to the extent which was desirable, but still the Church has done much, and has given an earnest that she designs to attempt yet greater things. I rejoice in the efforts and the success of every evangelical Church to spread the knowledge of the Saviour's name in California; good luck to them all in the name of the Lord.

The Protestant Churches of this country have all, we believe, been active in this great work; but as we are not specially advised of what others have done, we cannot, of course, make any distinct references. Our Northern brethren preceded us in the attempt to build up the house of the Lord in California, and God has crowned their labors with marked success. It is not quite two years since our beloved Boring, Pollock, and Wynn landed in San Francisco. They entered promptly upon their work, and earnestly begged for more laborers. Unfortunately, that appeal was responded to very slowly and imperfectly, and we left them for a time to struggle with discouragements and despondency; but they nobly stood to their posts till help came, and their hearts

were cheered by the strong assurance of a large additional reinforcement to aid them in their great work. In a few days they will organize the Pacific Conference. This Conference will number probably about twenty preachers, some of them probationers, but all ordained ministers, and men of some experience. May we not hope that, under God, they will reap a rich harvest? Thus in two years a thriving Annual Conference has sprung up, announcing its ability and its willingness to sustain itself, and I confidently anticipate the time is not far distant when the Pacific Conference will be ahead of her sisters in hearing and responding to the Macedonian cry which shall come up from the countless islands of the Pacific, as well as from China, and all the lands adjacent. Indeed, I am more persuaded that the Church in California is, under God, the destined nursery for missionaries who are to carry the gospel to half the heathen world. A brief glance at the map will convince us that San Francisco is the grand point of departure for operations in the regions indicated above. Commercial intercourse, which is already so extensively operating, is daily advancing with giant strides, and is destined to herald to people yet scarcely known the principles, and customs, and laws of the most energetic and enterprising nation on the globe New lines of steam communication are in contemplation, some of them destined to bring within a few years nations the most diverse and remote into neighborhood and friendly intercourse. At the rate things are now moving on, the next ten years will develop the most astounding results of the enterprise of American Protestant Christianity. I know not that we shall ever annex Central America or Mexico, but we shall certainly Anglo-Americanize them. Our trade, our literature, our laws will have the public mind and heart. Education will gradually diffuse itself among the people. Freedom of the press will be established. Ecclesiastical despotism and sacerdotal corruption will have to yield to the decision of an enlightened and purified public sentiment. Liberty of conscience, the great fundamental principle of all free government, will be established. The gospel, in purity and power, shall claim its subjects in all these lands, and upon them all shall the Lord of hosts turn a pure language.

Now, the position of California gives it a most prominent and influential part to enact in the future pages of the world's history. It must be so; and it becomes the Church to apply herself sedulously to the task of preparing the proper instrumentalities for the accomplishment of purposes grand and lofty, in conception far-reaching, and, possibly, as the world may deem, daring in its operations. The fact is, the heathen world must have the Bible and the preachers. More than two-thirds of the world's heathenism can be more directly affected from California than from any other point. The enterprising dwellers there are the very men for the work—bold, adventurous—the men for hardships and privations. Let them be soundly converted to God, and you have such an army of missionaries as can be produced nowhere else. And then, too, almost all these nations have more or less representatives in the land of gold. Will not some of these be converted to God? Certainly, if they are properly cared for, they will. O let the Church in California be so deeply imbued with the spirit of the gospel that these pagans may see the true type of Christianity in the conduct of California Christians! But, Mr. Editor, I have given you a long ramble over the continents and islands, and must not tire your readers with any thing farther for the present, except to say, Take the *Christian Observer*, and if the cost is too much for one, let two or three unite and order a copy. It will be a pleasant visitor, and you will be aiding in a most important enterprise. James O. Andrew.

The price of the *Observer* was five dollars.

CHAPTER II.

IN September, 1851, the Rev. J. S. Malone and W. R. Gober, the former from Tennessee, the latter from Louisiana, reached California, sent out by the Missionary Board. These were the first-fruits of what was known as the "Thousand-Dollar Proposition."

Malone was sent to Sonora, and Gober to Sacramento. Soon after this the proposition made on the 15th of April, 1851, began to bring forth more fruit. Many of the Conferences acted upon it, raised the $1,000, and sent out the man. The next to arrive was the Rev. J. F. Blythe, of the Memphis Conference. He was followed by the Rev. A. M. Bailey, of the Kentucky; the Rev. J. M. Fulton, of the North Carolina; the Rev. Morris Evans, of the Kentucky; the Rev. W. A. Simmons and the Rev. J. C. Simmons, of the Georgia; the Rev. D. B. Leyne and the Rev. E. B. Lockley, of the Alabama; the Rev. S. W. Davies and the Rev. J. W. Kelly, of the South Carolina; and the Rev. John Matthews, of the Tennessee Conferences. These all reached California before the organization of the Pacific Conference, except the last mentioned. A number of these came in time to do several months' work before Conference. Such were sent on their arrival by Dr. Boring to the places he saw proper.

On the 15th day of April, 1852, at 10 o'clock A.M., at the call of Dr. Boring, the brethren above named met in Wesley Chapel, Powell Street, San Francisco.

Dr. Jesse Boring, Superintendent of the Mission, opened the meeting by reading the 91st Psalm and singing the hymn so familiar to us all, "And are we yet alive?" at the close of which prayer was offered by W. R. Gober and A. M. Bailey.

The Superintendent then appointed W. R. Gober Secretary *pro tem.*, who proceeded to call the roll, whereupon the following brethren answered to their names—viz.: Jesse Boring, A. M. Wynn, Cyprian Gridley, W. R. Gober, J. S. Malone, J. F. Blythe, A. M. Bailey, J. M. Fulton, Morris Evans, W. A. Simmons, J. C. Simmons, D. B. Leyne, E. B. Lockley, S. W. Davies, J. W. Kelly.

The Superintendent announced the action of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, held in the city of St. Louis, Mo., May, 1850, in which it was provided that an Annual Conference, in case the Bishop thought it best, should be organized in California, and instructions from Bishop Paine to proceed, at the meeting of the missionaries in Wesley Chapel on the 15th of April, 1852, to the organization under said provisions; whereupon the Conference was declared duly organized, and composed of the following members—viz.: Jesse Boring, D. W. Pollock, A. M. Wynn, W. R. Gober, J. S. Malone, J. F. Blythe, A M Bailey, J. M. Fulton, Morris Evans, W. A. Simmons, J. C. Simmons, D. B. Leyne, E. B. Lockley, S. W. Davies, J. W. Kelly, A. Graham, J. M. Jones, John Matthews.

A. M. Wynn was elected Secretary, and W. R. Gober, Assistant Secretary

The President made some remarks upon the past history of the Mission, when Morris Evans and J. F.

Blythe offered a resolution that "our Conference shall assume and be known by the name of the Pacific Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South," which was unanimously adopted

We at once went forward with the regular work of a full-fledged Annual Conference. Committees on Education, Books and Periodicals, Finance, Preachers' Aid Society, Missions, Sunday-schools, Bible Cause, and Public Worship, were appointed. Provision was also made for a Pastoral Address.

Thus was organized the first Methodist Annual Conference west of the Rocky Mountains. Our organization preceded that of the Methodist Episcopal Church (North) by several months. Although this Conference was composed of men from so many of the States, men that had never seen each other before, yet so homogeneous is the system of Methodism that from the moment of organization no one could have known but that they had been always together in Conference work.

One of the first acts of the Conference, when it entered upon that distinctive work peculiar to Methodism, was to investigate a case in which a member of the Conference had hopelessly involved himself and the Church in debt—the Rev. C. Gridley. A committee was appointed in his case, and after careful investigation as to acts and motives, they could find no deliberate wrong-doing, but a very great lack of judgment in the management of his affairs; and that he might have an opportunity to redeem himself and save the credit of the Church, a resolution was passed that "C. Gridley be left without an appointment, at his own request, that he may employ his time in liquidating the

debts incurred by him in building a church in Stockton." Thus these brethren, while jealous of the honor and purity of the Church, were tenderly considerate of their brother, and every opportunity was given him to remove any blot that might seem to attach either to himself or the Church.

This Conference seemed to be fully alive to the educational wants of the State, and their plans were large and far-reaching. Provision was made for a college and *four* high-schools.

It is a matter of deep regret that the report on education, as well as all other reports, was "placed on file," and is lost. We are therefore left to draw upon memory for the preservation of these facts.

Their plans laid were broad and far-reaching. They stood on the borders of the field that lay with inviting whiteness before them. The ringing call of their Divine Master that had thrust them out from their homes of ease and luxury to this, the hardest field in the Church, was still resounding in their ears, and it fired their hearts to undertake all that they could possibly hope to accomplish. They felt called of God to this work, and they planned accordingly. In the report full Boards of Trustees were provided for, and the Conference proceeded to fill them. Nine were elected for the college, nine for each of the high-schools, to be located at San Francisco, San Jose, Sacramento, and Stockton. Two of the latter were already in operation—the one at San Jose and the one at Sacramento. Two whole blocks in what is now the heart of the city of San Jose had been donated by James Reed, one of them on condition that a perpetual scholarship in music be secured to his family. This school was called Bas-

com Institute, and for many years was under the management of Mrs. Ruth C. Hammond, a very accomplished and able teacher. We shall have more to say of this school in future pages of this history.

The Rev. W. R. Gober, who had been placed in charge of Sacramento Station the year before the organization of our Conference, had started a school in that city, and it was at this time in successful operation. This school, by formal resolution, was received and provided for by the Conference.

When the regular disciplinary questions were called, the preachers who had been at work in the various fields to which they had been appointed were ready to respond.

J. S. Malone had been laboring on the Columbia Mission, near Sonora, in Tuolumne County. He was a man of great energy, and had found several men within the bounds of his work who were preachers, and he had secured their recommendations to the Annual Conference; and when Question 1 was called—"What preachers are admitted on trial?"—he first "presented the recommendation from the Quarterly Conference of the Columbia Mission of W. H. Long, to be received into the traveling connection of the Pacific Annual Conference. Brother Long's credentials from the Congregational Church, of which he had been a member and a minister, and from which he comes, were then read to the Conference, as also were two letters of recommendation. And he, after satisfactorily answering before the body the disciplinary questions propounded, made some remarks appropriate to his case, and on motion of Brother Gober he was by a rising vote unanimously received as an Elder of the Meth-

odist Episcopal Church, South, in good standing. Brother Malone moved to receive Brother Long into the traveling connection on trial in the Pacific Conference, which was carried. It was then moved by Brother Gober to reconsider the vote by which Brother Long was admitted on trial into the Conference, and it was carried. And on motion of Brother D. B. Leyne, W. H. Long was admitted as a traveling preacher in full connection in the Pacific Conference."

We have quoted these items and motions from the Minutes of the Conference just as we find them.

This case reveals a strange chapter in our early history. And while in the end this matter amounted to very little, yet it is necessary to bring out these facts to show the estimate put upon the labors and designs of our Church at that early day. The history of this case stands out as prominently in our memory as any other fact connected with that memorable Conference. And no other man of our Conference ever got at the secret history of this man as did the writer of this.

W. H. Long came to us with credentials ostensibly from the Congregational Church in Pennsylvania. He sought out J. S. Malone, and proposed to him to unite with our Church and take work among us. As shown, he was regularly recommended to the Conference, and the first action was to receive him "on trial into the traveling connection." When the vote was taken, Long objected to it. He wanted to be received into full connection. He claimed that he was "in full connection" in his own Church, and that he was entitled to occupy the same position when he came to us. We explained to him that he would be in the same orders among us—that of an elder—but that even our elders,

when they joined the traveling connection, had to remain two years "on trial:" that this was not giving him a lower position in the Church, but that the rules of our Discipline required this of every man that joined the itinerancy. He gave us clearly to understand that unless we received him into full connection he would withdraw his application entirely. What were we to do? We were greatly in need of men, and here was one that seemed peculiarly adapted to our work—a man of intelligence and culture, who was ready to enter the field with us. Should we reject him on what seemed to some a technicality? Some were for standing by the law at all hazards. Just then Judge D. O. Shattuck, an old preacher and a lawyer besides, explained the matter in this way: We had an itinerant system, the Congregationalists had not. In his own Church Brother Long could work anywhere the Church required Now, when he came to us, he ought to be received and placed by us in the same relation to our Church that he sustained in his own—that is, in "full connection." This speech determined the Conference, and he was taken into full connection. This relation did not last long. At the next session of the Conference, in answer to the question, Who have been expelled from the Connection this year? the record is: "By a subsequent action of the Conference, W. H. Long was expelled from all connection with the Conference, and from the communion of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South." He claimed to have a wife in the East for whom he wished to go, and he not only got the permission of the Conference to do so, but got an appropriation of several hundred dollars with which to defray his expenses. But early in the year he was

overtaken in unministerial and unchristian conduct, and was expelled.

Some eight years after we were on our way to a camp-meeting in the lower end of the San Francisco District, when we overtook him on his way to the same meeting. He was introduced to us as Dr. Ives. He expressed himself as desirous of joining the Church. During the meeting we took him aside and asked him the question: "Do you think we do not know you?"

His answer was: "I know you are not a fool."

"Now, what is your name?"

"W. H. Ives."

"Then W. H. Long was an assumed name, was it?"

"It was."

"Were you a minister in good standing in the Congregational Church when you came to us?"

"I was."

"Were your credentials genuine?"

"They were."

"Then if your name is Ives, how was it that the name of Long was attached to your credentials?"

For a moment his self-possession seemed to forsake him. He abandoned hope of farther deception, and after admitting that these credentials were supplied to him for a purpose, and that that purpose was connected with the great question of Abolitionism that was stirring society to its center, he referred me to a mutual friend, who, he said, would explain the whole matter to me.

The secret of his whole movement was this: It was thought by many in the North that when our Church sent its missionaries to California, it was to try and make a slave State of it, and this man Long was sent

to us as a spy; and to effect his purpose the more surely, he was furnished with these credentials, with which he could get into our most secret councils. This accounted for the persistence in his effort to get into full connection in the Conference. To the well-informed this will seem, as it is, a trivial affair, and yet it is a fact of history that shows to what enemies we were exposed.

J. S. Malone also presented the recommendation of A. Minear. This brother had been a member of an Eastern Conference, and was under a cloud. His credentials had been taken from him, but he had been relicensed, and was making application to our body by way of recommendation of the Columbia Mission. He was received on trial, and a resolution passed, by which the Conference requested Brother Minear "to ask of his former Conference a restoration to him of his credentials and former standing." During the year this brother showed that there was something radically wrong with him. Again a cloud settled about him, and at the ensuing Conference he was discontinued.

The third recommendation came from J. S. Malone's work, the Columbia Mission, in the person of the Rev. M. M. Moore. He was also received, and while there was nothing against this brother, yet at the next session of the Conference he was also discontinued. This brother was a most lovable, sweet-spirited man. A few years after this he lost his sight. And a short time ago he told us he had never enjoyed himself in any other Church as he had in ours; that while his location within the bounds of the other branch of Methodism had necessitated his connection with them, he had always felt that his heart was with us. He is

still preaching, and is happy in the love of God, and preparing to get to that land where no dimness falls upon the sight.'

Steps were taken at this Conference to provide for the aid of disabled preachers, and the education of preachers' children.

The earnestness with which these brethren entered upon the labors of the Conference may be seen by the following:

Two resolutions were introduced by Brothers Bailey and Evans, viz.:

Resolved, 1. That we request the president to appoint brethren to preach on the following subjects before this Conference at its next session, viz.: The Ministry, Education, and Missions.

2. That we observe the Friday previous to next Christmas as a day of fasting and prayer, and that we hold religious worship in our congregations on that day.

Which were both adopted.

Later in the session, the sainted Fulton offered the following, which was also adopted:

Resolved, That we observe the last Friday in May as a day of fasting and prayer, that God may revive his work in our midst, and more especially that he call and send forth more laborers into his vineyard, and particularly in this part.

Men who entered upon their work with such resolutions bearing upon their hearts were the men to succeed in planting the Church of their love firmly in this new soil.

The thoughtful Blythe, looking to the very day in which we are feeling about for the material to write the history of Southern Methodism, and of the men who, under God, planted the standard of our Church on this coast, introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, That each member of this Conference furnish to the secretary at his earliest convenience a short biographical sketch of his life up to the organization of the Pacific Annual Conference, to be filed with the Conference papers.

If these biographical sketches were ever "filed," they have shared the fate of the "Conference papers." and are nowhere to be found.

While we are on the subject of resolutions, let us say that our "spy," W. H. Long, came in with one to the effect "that the Presiding Elder and the preachers in San Francisco be appointed a committee, with the Superintendent, to publish in pamphlet form the decision of Judge Nelson, together with a succinct account of the cause of the division of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and of the state and relation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in California, in all its bearings"—which was adopted.

"The decision of Judge Nelson," referred to, was the decision in which the Church, South, was given her share of the common fund owned by the Church at the division, and which was withheld by the Church (North), although this division was solemnly agreed to in the "Plan of Separation." Our opponents were constantly misrepresenting us and our position. We were branded as a "pro-slavery Church," as a "secession," and as having no right to an ecclesiastical existence, especially on this coast. It was thought that this "decision," which not only gave us a legal right to our share of the property, but also vindicated our claim to a separate Church organization, with the accompanying "succinct account of the cause of the division, and of the state and relation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in California," would do us good;

and whatever may have been the motive of Long in offering the resolution, it was just what we wanted. This pamphlet was issued as provided for, and was an invaluable auxiliary in setting us right before the people.

For years we had to fight our way in whatever community we endeavored to establish our Church; and even after a life of a third of a century, after planting our forces in all parts of the State of California, after enriching our State with more than three hundred thousand dollars worth of Church property, after having educated a generation of men and women, we are even now asked *why we are here*, and what is the use of our Church, and especially since slavery has been abolished.

In closing the record of this memorable Conference, we think it eminently appropriate to give a brief sketch of the men who composed it. And as was the case in writing the history of the Conference business, we had to rely mainly upon our memory, so now. If the "biographical sketches" provided for were ever written, they are not in the possession of the present writer.

The Rev. Jesse Boring, D.D., was a Georgian by birth. He commenced the work of the Christian ministry at an early period in life. He was an orator of the highest type. Always at ease in the pulpit, he never lost command of his voice. Although of a nervous temperament, yet so evenly balanced was he that he was ever able to hide any trepidation that sometimes took possession of him on great occasions. He was modest and diffident to a fault; never pushed his way to prominence or position. Whatever of honors—and they are many—that have been bestowed upon him dur-

ing his long and useful life, were put upon him by his brethren unasked. Slow and deliberate in the unfolding of any grand gospel theme that engaged his heart and attention, he held his audience steadily, surely. There was that in manner and voice that could but arrest and rivet attention. Gradually rising with his theme, he did not startle by any abruptness of flight, but like an eagle, who held the advantage of a lofty position on some beetling crag, he floated off and began to soar to loftier heights. At times, when every heart had been strained upward by his quiet but steady eloquence, he would startle them by some burst grander, more brilliant than any that had preceded it, like the sudden flash of lightning on the bosom of a majestic storm-cloud riding on the wings of a tempest. Then again peal would follow peal in reverberating accents until the effect was almost painful. His descriptive powers were wonderful. When he presented a picture you saw it. You felt all he felt, heard all he heard, and, like him, you were lost to all save the life-like panorama that moved in stateliness before you.

It is said on one occasion, while describing the gradual yet awful doom of the sinner, as he drew ever nearer the final undoing, he pictured, in illustration, a ship in the maelstrom's awful whirl. Riding in mid-ocean, it was caught in the first eddying circle of the whirlpool. Its course was changed; the masts bent, and round and round the creaking vessel swept, each circle less than the last. So vivid was the description that a gentleman in the congregation rose unconsciously from his seat and stood, hat in hand, gazing intently at every movement of the speaker as if he were looking upon the reeling ship. On and on swept the speaker in

his description—the now helpless ship the play-thing of the yawning, funneled gulf, until at last the whole went down into the seething, bubbling, foam-lashed sea, when the gentleman broke the stillness that followed the speaker's last utterance with the exclamation, "My God, she's gone!" His power over an audience, when fully aroused, was marvelous.

Before coming to California he filled the most important stations in the Georgia Conference, and had the most unbounded confidence of his brethren. On his return they received him with open arms, and though now far advanced in life, is going in and out, filling districts and stations, as if he knew not what weariness and age were. He fills a large space in the past and present history of the Georgia Conference. He is now connected with the North Georgia Conference, and is presiding elder of one of the most important districts. The Church above, where only the true record of a man's labors are kept, alone will show how valuable have been his labors below.

Alexander M. Wynn was born in Charleston, S C., Jan. 20, 1827. Losing his parents at an early age, he was raised by Bishop J. O. Andrew, to whom he was related. In such a home he was trained for God, and every advantage of an education was given him. He was class-mate in college of Albert Gray, Joseph S. Key, J. C. Simmons, Luther Smith, and James Palmer —all of whom were preachers. The first three, with him, were licensed to preach the same day. He stood high in his class, and in deportment was above reproach. He was greatly beloved by the entire class. He joined the Church, September, 1844, but was not converted until September, 1845 He was licensed to

preach, August, 1848, and joined the Georgia Conference, January, 1849. He was a good, systematic preacher—grew in power as he grew in years. He was appointed the first year of his ministry to the Atlanta and Decatur Circuit, where he labored ten months, and then received his appointment to the California Mission. Of his labors in California we have spoken elsewhere. No man at that early day did more successful work for our Church than he. Frail in body, yet endued with an energy that tided him over difficulties great and small, he has left his mark indelibly on the history of our Church on the Pacific. His heart has ever been with us. Though prevented from returning in 1854 by a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, yet by care he has prolonged his life, and has been able to do good and efficient work in the North Georgia Conference to the present.

David W. Pollock, though not present at the memorable roll-call, April 15, 1852, when the Pacific Conference was organized, yet as he had come as one of our first missionaries, we give him a place. Of his early history we know but little. He was admitted on trial in the Missouri Conference, at Palmyra, in 1841. He remained in this Conference, filling stations and circuits year after year, until 1849, when he was appointed by Bishop Paine missionary to California, and came with Dr. J. Boring and A. M. Wynn. He held his connection with this Conference till 1852, when he was transferred to the Alabama Conference, where he died a short time after.

Cyprian Gridley was born in Washington County, Ohio, Nov. 23, 1816; joined the Church in his tenth year, but was not converted until the following year.

He removed to Mississippi in 1836, and obtained license to exhort in 1838. He was licensed to preach the same year. In 1842 he was received on trial in the Mississippi Conference; transferred to the Louisiana Conference in 1846. He started to California, May 15, 1850, and reached San Francisco the following July. Brother Gridley was a quiet, lovable man. He was exceedingly sanguine in his temperament, and hence was often led beyond his depth in financial matters. Owing to financial troubles and involvement his usefulness was greatly hindered in California. But amid all his troubles his brethren never for one moment doubted his integrity. He died some few years ago in the State of Missouri. His end was peace.

William R. Gober was born in De Kalb County, Georgia, April 25, 1824. He was born of Methodist parents, and surrounded with religious influences from infancy; was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in his eleventh year. He was licensed to preach and recommended to the Mississippi Conference November 2, 1844. In December of the same year he was received on trial. His first circuit was one hundred and fifty miles in circumference. He was junior preacher. About four hundred were added to the Church that year.

In 1850 he was stationed in Moreau Street Church, New Orleans. The year before he had been in the midst of the cholera. For months he was busy visiting the sick and burying the dead, but he stood to his post of duty. He was afterward made presiding elder. In 1851, soon after marriage, he was appointed missionary to California, and sailed from New Orleans on July 28, and landed in San Francisco on August 29.

He was sent at once to Sacramento. All that we had in that city was a lot with a small frame building, so long closed that it was covered with dust and cobwebs, mortgaged for two thousand dollars, and drawing interest at three per cent. per month. There were a few who acknowledged themselves as members.

The flood came in 1852. Brother Gober and wife suffered much during this disastrous period, but out of it all the Lord brought them. The next fall he was sent as Presiding Elder of the San Francisco District. At his first quarterly meeting in Mariposa, R. W. Bigham requested him at the close of morning service to announce at the blowing of the horn in the afternoon they would assemble to organize a Sunday-school. As he made the announcement, a tall, long-whiskered miner rose and said, "As I may not hear you, old boss, here is my money now," at the same time passing up a two-dollar-and-a-half gold piece.

He endured great hardships on this district. Upon one occasion he met, in company with J. W. Kelly, an old Negro in the mines of Tuolumne County, who had come to California with three strong young men to try and retrieve the waning fortunes of his old master in North Carolina. "Uncle Jim" was true to his trust. He invited Brothers Gober and Kelly to his humble cabin to breakfast Sunday morning. They went, and while there heard the old man tell with pride how he had worked and sent home sixteen thousand dollars to his old master, and had four thousand dollars more ready to send. He said in a few weeks he expected to return to his old home. The preachers ate of the old man's breakfast, sang and prayed with him and the young men, and when they took their leave

each of the four put a five-dollar gold piece into the hand of each of the preachers. They held service that day under the branches of a spreading live oak, and Brother Kelly's sermon brought tears to many eyes unused to weeping.

The storms of that winter caught Brother Gober in Sonora. J S. Malone was then stationed in that place. At the close of service Sunday morning, as they were seated at table, the landlady told them that flour had gone up to eighty dollars a barrel, and but few barrels in market.

The streams were high, the ground saturated with water, and the storm still raging. The stage could not travel—even pack-trains were stopped. So Brother Gober set out on foot for Stockton, seventy miles distant. He waded streams, climbed mountains, breasted the pelting rains, but pressed on to his destination. In the midst of the storm he took refuge in a hotel kept by a Georgian, who at first mistook him for a gambler; but when fully convinced that he was a Methodist preacher, said: "We have lots of room and plenty to eat. You can stay here as long as you choose. and it sha'n't cost you a cent." He thanked him, but addressed himself to his journey, and in due time reached the parsonage in Stockton, where he was cordially welcomed and entertained. An episode in his history we will let him tell in his own words: "In 1854 I had some peculiarly severe trials, the details of which it is unnecessary to mention. I felt that I was badly treated. With natural rather than Christian feelings of mortified pride, independence, and resentment, I taught school and studied law with the intention of entering that profession. At the State election that fall,

by the persuasion of friends, I made a dash at politics, was elected to the Legislature, and served my constituents acceptably. Then came tempting offers of business partnerships and pledges from my party of farther promotion. Here was the contrast of the poverty and privations of a preacher's life, on the one side, and the wealth, position, influence, and honor, certainly attainable, on the other. I was on a pinnacle, with the world, the flesh, and the devil, beckoning and alluring to what seemed a delightful way. A kind providence interposed and turned the scales. My brethren in the ministry had the manliness and Christian candor to retract and undo, as far as possible, the wrong which they were satisfied they had done me. I dropped law and politics, and went again with renewed energy to the work which I am sure God called me in early life to do."

Three times in the history of the Church Brother Gober was chosen to preside over the Annual Conference in the absence of a Bishop, and twice was he elected to the General Conference. He was stationed in Nevada City in 1856, and during the year almost the entire city was swept away by a disastrous fire in a few hours. Fire-proof buildings, in which men had so much confidence as to remain, the better to protect their goods, were licked up by the flames, and the next day the blackened remains of six or seven of these mistaken men were all that was left to tell their folly.

He filled many other important stations. At one time, for the space of a year, he was chief editor of the *Spectator*, our Church organ; was also chaplain of the State Senate. His last appointment among us was in Sacramento City. Near the close of his term he saw

proper to change his Church relations, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church (North), and is still a member of the California Conference of that Church.

Joseph S. Malone was born near Athens, Limestone County, Ala., April 20, 1828; was admitted on trial into the Tennessee Conference in 1845. After traveling six years in that Conference he was transferred to the St. Louis Conference; but in a few months was appointed to California, reaching San Francisco Aug. 30, 1851. He was sent at once to the southern mines, and stationed in Sonora. He was a young man of fervid zeal, of brilliant, even poetic, imagination. He entered upon the work in California with all the ardor of his nature, and for the time he was with us did as much as any man in the Conference. When Dr. Boring started the *Christian Observer*, Brother Malone, who had been studying the Spanish language to enable him to preach to the multitudes of that race that were in California, commenced a department in Spanish in that paper, and, as we have said, he wrote whole columns, week after week, in Spanish, for the paper. Whether he ever essayed to preach in that language we know not, but think he did not. He was a very fearless man, and that, with his social qualities, gave him favor with the miners. If there was one thing they admired more than another in a man it was personal courage.

It was a strange sight to see a Methodist preacher armed with a pistol when going to a Church trial. W. H. Long, *alias* Ives, when arrested for his evil deeds, was prosecuted by Malone; and on the day of trial Long had made threats of violence, and Malone armed himself and went fearlessly on with his duty to the Church.

After two years' work in California he returned to his native State, bearing with him the love and best wishes of his brethren. In the distance we have lost sight of him, and know not whether he is still alive, but think he is not.

John F. Blythe was born in Northampton County, N. C., May 15, 1824; removed to West Tennessee in infancy, embraced religion at Chapel Hill, Henry County, Tenn., Aug. 23, 1838; was licensed to exhort in August, 1845; to preach, May 26, 1846; received on trial in the Memphis Conference, Oct. 25, 1846; and appointed to the California Mission, July, 1851. He reached San Francisco some time in September, and was sent at once to Nevada City, where he entered upon his work with all the ardor of his great soul. He built the hull of a church in Grass Valley, built another in Nevada, another at New Town, and still another at French Corral. After preaching for nearly a year in the little clapboard church on the hill in Nevada, he projected another and better one to be erected more in the heart of the city. No man that we have ever known had such a hold upon the affections and confidence of the miners. They would give him any thing he would ask for.

As early as 1852 he saw that the time would come when the great valleys of California would be peopled with a farming community, and the mines would be comparatively abandoned; and he advised a transfer of our most available men from the mines to the cities and valleys.

He was made presiding elder in an early day, and did good service on the district. He planned for permanence, and his far-seeing mind looked to the most

available locations. But in the midst of his activity and usefulness consumption marked him for its victim. Soon he began to waste and wither under its influence, and on the morning of April 3, 1862, amid holy triumphs, he entered the presence of the King.

Andrew M. Bailey was born in Overton County, Tenn., April 5, 1821; converted Aug. 28, 1837; joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in September of the same year. He was licensed to preach on the Burksville Circuit, Kentucky Conference, Aug. 29, 1839; was admitted on trial in the Kentucky Conference, Oct. 18, 1839; and appointed to California, Oct. 13, 1851. His early advantages were very limited. He lost his father when he was quite small, and after the remarriage of his mother they moved to Cumberland County, Ky. He says: "I had almost no educational advantages, so that when I was converted at the age of sixteen I could barely read in the Bible. My mother was a most devout Christian, and a 'shouting Methodist.' But the family being poor, and the children numerous, I generally spent the spring and summer months working on farms as a hired hand. At the age of fourteen I was hired to Mr. Benjamin Speer, who took an interest in my welfare, and impressed me deeply with the necessity of being a Christian while young. I lived with him four years, and if my life has ever been worth any thing to the Church, the teaching and example of that good man, more than any other human agency, were the cause."

At a camp-meeting in July, 1837, the first he ever attended, he was powerfully convicted, and with all the ardor of his nature he began seeking religion. He thought he must do something to merit it, and that

when he "got religion a light would shine round about him, and that he would be overwhelmed with a sense of the Divine Presence." Under this impression he prayed and wept in the most intense agony of soul. He got no relief. The gloom of his soul was insupportable, and he began to believe he was one of the "reprobates," and that he never could be saved. This thought terrified him to such an extent that he neither ate nor slept for a whole day and night, when, while there was no excitement in the altar, his soul was impressed with the thought that Jesus loved him, and that he died to save even him. The thought thrilled him. In a moment his whole moral nature was changed. He had a love to Christ such as he had never experienced before, and, boy as he was, he rose and began to tell the people of the infinite goodness of God. He was appointed class-leader at once.

On August 24, 1839, he was licensed to preach, and the following October was admitted on trial in the Kentucky Conference. He was junior preacher the first year of his connection with the Conference, and that fall, under the presiding-eldership of Jonathan Stamper, he witnessed a camp-meeting on his circuit the most powerful he ever saw. More than three hundred persons united with the Church on that circuit that year, and very many of them were converted at this meeting. Revivals blessed his labors wherever he went.

In 1850 he was appointed Presiding Elder on the Irvin District, and in the midst of the next year Bishop Paine sent him as a missionary to California. He arrived early in 1852, and on February 13 of that year he was sent by Dr. Boring to Stockton, where he found

a new church with a crushing debt upon it, and very few members. At the Conference held the following April he was returned to this charge, but in the fall was sent to organize the Santa Clara Circuit.

This work was commenced in the town of Santa Clara, October 14, 1852, and was extended down south as far as San Juan Mission, some forty miles below San Jose, and north as far as the Lower Redwoods, some six miles west of where Redwood City now stands. This work was continued through the winter and following spring. At the next session of the Conference, in April, 1853, the circuit was divided, and he was appointed to the northern part, called Santa Clara Circuit, while J. T. Cox was put in charge of Gilroy and Santa Cruz.

In the fall, the first camp-meeting that was ever held in this region was held some six miles east of Watsonville, under the leadership of J. T. Cox. This, as related elsewhere, was a grand meeting. A few weeks after this meeting another was held in the Santa Clara Circuit, at what was then known as the Toll-gate Campground, eight miles west of San Jose. At this the Rev. W. M. Winters was converted, and W. A. Finley and J. M. Lovell joined the Church, they both having been converted in Missouri Old Brother Hicks, who stood so long and faithfully to our Church, and many of his family, were converted and brought into the Church, and a wonderful impulse was given to the cause of Christ at this meeting.

Brother Bailey was a sweet singer, with great power and compass of voice. Some of his songs, sung alone, were equal to his sermons. When he stood in the pulpit at a camp-meeting, and sung one of his favorite

hymns, it was like bugle notes calling to battle. He was a man of great faith, and intensely earnest in his devotion to Christ and his cause. He looked upon the Methodist Church, South, as his "mother," and often in the glamour of success, when the power of God was upon him, would he exclaim, "I owe all that I am to the grace of God and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South." His usefulness among us is unquestioned. Soon after the war he began to despair of the success of our Church on this coast, and under convictions of what seemed to him duty, he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, did a little work for a few years, and then ceased to travel.

James M. Fulton was born of irreligious parents, on Stewart's Creek, Pittsylvania County, Virginia, December 13, 1818. In October, 1843, he attended the first camp-meeting held at Chestnut Grove Camp-ground, where he was converted and joined the Church. September, 1847, he was licensed to exhort, and in October to preach, and at the same time recommened for admission into the traveling connection. In December, 1847, he was admitted on trial into the North Carolina Conference. In 1851 he was appointed missionary to California.

We feel our hand to falter when the name of this saintly man comes up for portrayal in these pages. His every breath seemed incensed with prayer. His very presence in a home appeared to hallow the place and make it a Bethel. He was literally one that "cried and sighed for the abominations that were done in the land." Knee-marks fill the track of his entire progress through the mountains and valleys of California. We find him kneeling all along, by night and by day, by tree, by

mining-flume, amid bowlders turned up by the miner's pick and shovel—anywhere, everywhere that he could be alone with God. See this simple entry in his diary: "This morning, in secret prayer, I solemnly and cheerfully vowed to labor for God's glory in the salvation of souls. This was done near a white-oak tree, near the Table Mountain ditch, near the Company's house."

He speaks of being forgiven of a certain sin while riding on a Spanish pack-mule at night. Some kind-hearted packer, overtaking him as he toiled along on foot, and seeing his feebleness, set him upon one of his pack-saddles. Hear him: "I have witnessed the goodness of God to me to-day in opening a way for me to ride ten miles, instead of walking in my great feebleness." Amid the jingle of bells and the tramp of a drove of Spanish mules, as he threads his way along the chimese-bordered trail, this man, seated on a comfortless pack-saddle, this faithful, feeble servant of God can find time and opportunity to pour forth a rich strain of thanksgiving to the God he loves and serves. No night was too dark, no day too inviting, to make him lose sight of the mercy-seat. His faithful journal records the following: "Having concealed myself near the road-side to-day for secret prayer, a man came along hunting, and on hearing me move, was raising his gun to shoot, as he doubtless thought, at a hare or rabbit, but on seeing what I was, he explained. I felt I had great cause to thank God for this almost miraculous escape."

He was not a great preacher, but he was a great Christian. He was dyspeptic and a great bodily sufferer. Hence he was morbidly sensitive on many points, especially in regard to himself. He was ever fearing of falling into sin, of yielding to temptation, of

doing something that would bring him into condemnation. His brethren frequently laughed at his hypersensitiveness, but no man ever doubted his piety or perfect devotion to God. One burden he never laid down nor suffered for a moment to be lifted from his soul—the burden for the salvation of sinners. It lived in his waking thought and hovered over him in his dreams.

His last appointment was to the Los Angeles Circuit. He seemed to have a presentiment that the Master would soon call for him, and he carefully arranged all his temporal interests, but went on with his work. He was at last prostrated, and on the 4th day of March, 1857, he kneeled for the last time by his bed in all of his feebleness, and, while kneeling, God clasped the beloved saint in his arms and took him forever to himself.

Morris Evans was born August 28, 1828, in Louisville, Kentucky; professed religion and joined the Church at Dorsey's Camp-ground, near Louisville, September 1, 1847. August 19, 1848, he received license to preach, and in September was received on trial in the Louisville Conference.

In the year 1851, when Dr. Boring's plan, known as the "thousand-dollar plan," was presented to the Louisville Conference, some of the leading brethren approached Brother Evans and asked him to volunteer for California. This he refused to do, telling them that if he were appointed, he would go as he would to any other appointment to which the Bishop might send him. He was accordingly ordained elder, and appointed by Bishop Paine.

On the first day of January, 1852, he left Louisville,

in company with A. M. Bailey and family. On reaching New Orleans, they found J. M. Fulton waiting for the sailing of the steamer. They left New Orleans on January 10, and reached San Francisco on February 11. Upon arriving at San Francisco, Brother Evans was assigned duty as assistant to Dr. Boring until the Conference was organized. He acted as junior preacher of the station, was private secretary to Dr. Boring in all business matters of the Mission, assistant editor of the *Observer*, made up the mails, and delivered the paper to city patrons and at the post-office.

At the session in which we organized, Brother Evans drafted the resolution which gave the name to our Conference. Dr Boring, at the conclusion of this Conference, read himself out as Superintendent of the Mission, and J. S. Malone and Morris Evans to San Francisco Station. Malone was soon sent to Sonora to save our Church from the effects of W. H. Long's course of wrong-doing. This left Evans in charge of San Francisco. Heavy duties and large responsibilities rested on his young shoulders. But he proved himself equal to the emergency.

The next two years he was at Sonora. His first Sunday was a little remarkable. There were three large gambling-houses in full blast, each with a brass band filling the air with music. In front of the church, across the street, was a large blacksmith shop in which they were repairing a boiler. In the midst of this din the young preacher delivered his message to the few who came to hear him. In the afternoon there was a grand parade of "Greasers," who were on their way to a bull-fight in the edge of town.

Sunday was the principal business day. On that day

the miners came in to sell their gold-dust, and lay in their supplies. Brother Evans says:

One of my stewards and mayor of the city sold goods on Sunday, including the retail of whisky. This was the usual practice. I, after a long struggle, succeeded in getting all the merchants to close their stores on Sunday. The most of them backslid in the course of a few weeks; but one of them remained steadfast, and soon his became the largest and most successful house in the city. He had a slit made in his door through which written orders were dropped on Sunday, and he delivered the goods on Monday. All the friends of the Sunday observers among the miners patronized him. Men who themselves disregarded the day, yet respected the man who maintained the principles in which they had been raised.

One Sunday, after preaching, I went out to dine at the opposite end of the city from my bachelor parsonage. I found the streets black with an immense crowd of miners. They were digging out the iron front doors of Adams & Company's banking-house This firm, doing business throughout the United States, had suspended payment. The miners about Sonora had deposited their savings with them. They knew that in the shape of dust and coin it was yet in the safe, and that if it went into the hands of a receiver but a small percentage of it would ever come back to them; hence they had determined to take it out by force. They met, and sent a committee to the man who had the keys and demanded them. Of course they were refused. Then, with sledge-hammers, picks, and crowbars, they assailed these strong doors. They succeeded by digging the door-frame out of the brick walls. Inside, they performed the same operation on the doors of the vault, and then prepared to blow the safe open.

At this point, to preserve property, the keys were surrendered to the delegation appointed to receive them. The safe was unlocked, and the crowd permitted to look at the piles of dust, bars, and coin Then the safe was locked and the keys removed. Some one made a speech to the crowd, declaring they were not thieves, but proposed simply to get what belonged to them, and suggested that they should elect a set of bank clerks to pay off

the proper demands, and make proper entries on the books. This was promptly agreed to. Officers were elected, the books taken out, depositors formed a line, and each one presented his vouchers and received the money due him. This continued until all the claims were paid, and while money was still in the safe, the books were replaced, the safe locked, and the keys returned to the proper custodian. This was a sample of the early Vigilance Organization of California.

While the men were working at the outside doors, Major Solomon, Sheriff of the ounty, mingled with the crowd, threatening and in every way possible trying to prevent the consummation of their purpose. One excited man, who had been working with a crowbar, and was resting, noticed the Sheriff and raised his bar to strike him. Another promptly drew out his revolver, and aiming at the head of the man with the crowbar, said, "Attempt to strike him, and I'll blow your brains out!"

The other demanded, "What business has he to interfere with us?"

The former replied: "We elected him Sheriff to see that the laws are enforced We are engaged in an unlawful act, and he is simply doing his duty, and he shall not be molested."

Shortly after this circumstance, a "Sidney Duck" (as Australian convicts were called), named Griffiths, murdered a Mr. Joe Heslep. The Heslep Brothers had shown the fellow generous kindness, and taking advantage of the sad opportunity, he had foully murdered Joe for money locked up in the firm safe. This occurred about dark, at the office, not more than one hundred and fifty yards from the Placer Hotel, which was the central house in the city.

The murder was soon discovered, and a Vigilant Committee organized. In the course of two or three hours they discovered who had done the deed. Griffiths was present as a witness, and had adopted measures to cover his tracks, showing consummate acuteness; but these Californians were hard men to deceive. As soon as it was certain that he was the man, Major Solomon being present, laid his hand on the culprit's shoulder and claimed him as his prisoner. The Vigilants interfered, and proposed to settle the case themselves. Finally an agreement was made that

the prisoner should not be taken from the office where he then was until after daybreak, and that the Sheriff would not interfere before that time. The Committee then, in the presence of Griffiths, determined to burn their prisoner in front of the office at sunrise.

The circumstances of the murder were exceedingly horrible. Mr. Billy Heslep, who was absent at the time of the murder, but who had come when sent for, was informed of all the facts, and of the verdict. He sent back an importunate appeal to them not to burn the man. Upon this they reconsidered their verdict, and agreed, in deference to the request, to change the penalty to hanging.

About midnight, after all these matters had been settled, some one proposed to send for a preacher to talk to Griffiths. One of the Committee—Jack Davis, a man of gigantic form, and one of the most profane men I ever met, whom I never knew to go to church—opposed the proposition vehemently. He appeared to think that a preacher would have no difficulty in fixing up any fellow for heaven, and that this would be defrauding hell of its clear right. But he was overruled, and a messenger soon called me up from my bed. J. F. Blythe, then my presiding elder, was spending the night with me. We dressed and went down. Being well known by all, I was promptly passed through the armed guards and soon seated by the man. My firm conviction, after a few words, was that the man was devoid of human sympathy. When I entered he was seated at a desk writing. The penmanship was beautiful, perfectly smooth, and did not evince the shadow of excitement.

For the only time in my life I felt that I was almost guilty of sacrilege in quoting the beautiful promises of the Scriptures. But fearing that my affection for Mr. Heslep, and utter horror at the foul crime was affecting me, I induced Brother Blythe to take my seat. At once I saw, as he afterward confessed to me, that he was affected as I was, although he had not known Mr. Heslep. The experience was a horrible one. The man seemed a demon. When Blythe arose, Jack Davis, who stood behind the prisoner, and heard all that was said to him, broke out in a torrent of oaths at him. He received these in precisely the same manner that he

did our talks to him. As we were leaving the room, a young lawyer, who had been elected Chairman of the Committee, begged me to attend the hanging next morning, with the assurance that I should not be considered as indorsing or conniving at their violation of the law. He thought that, being well known by the whole community, my presence would tend to allay any violent manifestations. I consented. Just about daybreak a messenger came for me. Brother Blythe and I went down. A group of prominent citizens (members of the Vigilant Committee) were standing about a small fire in the middle of the street. The Sheriff was making an address from the stoop in front of the office. A man was passing back and forth behind the Sheriff on the stoop, and two men on the ground in front of him—these two only appearing to listen to the speech. As Blythe and I, saluting acquaintances as we passed, stepped upon the stoop, the patrol stepped to the door and opened it for us to enter. We passed in and met two men with navy pistols drawn; behind them two more, one on each side the prisoner, and two others behind Each of these guards had in their hands large six-shooters.

Jack Davis had the prisoner by the arm, and by stepping back brought us face to face with Griffiths I extended my hand, which he took and exhibited a little emotion. His eyes were bedewed. Jack Davis noticed it, and sung out in a loud voice, "Open the door, and let this man out of his suspense!" The door opened, and we passed out—Blythe and I in the rear, acting as chaplains to a Vigilance Committee. The Sheriff and his deputy were led off by their friends The latter foolishly drew his revolver in resistance. Instantly every man in the crowd exhibited a six-shooter or a Bowie-knife. The procession, however, pursued its dead march, inattentive to these performances. I suggested to Brother Blythe that my presence did not seem to have much effect, and proposed that we should go no farther. He liked the idea, and we stopped to talk to the Sheriff.

Brother Evans, with the assistance of a single teacher (John Rowland), successfully conducted a Sunday-school of some forty or fifty scholars, a large number of whom could not read. As much was accomplished

by this school as by any other agency. In 1855 he was stationed in Oakland. Here we had neither house nor organization, and only some half-dozen who had been members of our Church. Just before Conference, Mrs. Col. Jack Hayes told Brother Evans to select any half-block in Oakland for a church and parsonage, and she would secure us a deed from her husband. The congregation, under the management of Dr. Davis, had made a handsome subscription for his support, but all fell through by the failure of Brother Evans to return. The hold we had on the people in those days was largely personal, and not ecclesiastical. The people had but little Church fealty.

The next year he was sent to Grass Valley, where he rebuilt the church, and had great success. He attended a camp-meeting on Bear River, under the management of C. Gridley, that was a meeting of extraordinary power. Over one hundred souls were converted. Gober, Newton, Martin, and some other preachers, were present, but Gober and Evans did the main part of the preaching.

In 1857 he was appointed Presiding Elder of the Sacramento District. He so enlarged the district during the year that it became necessary to divide it, and the Marysville (now Colusa) District was formed.

During this year the immersion question was forced upon us, which resulted in the most remarkable camp-meeting—at least in some respects—ever held on the coast. It was held near the town of Vacaville, jointly by the Campbellite Christians and the Southern Methodists. Brother Gober acted as the champion of our Church, and Mr. Hendricks, known as the "Oregon Whale," led the hosts of Campbell. They were to

conduct the services day about in any way they pleased. The Campbellite Christians usually harped on immersion, and made some converts, while the Methodists would answer their arguments and hold revival services, each side exemplifying his own mode of work.

In 1860 and 1861 Brother Evans was Presiding Elder of the San Francisco District. At the Conference held at the Macedonia Camp-ground, in 1861, he was elected President of the Conference. He was stationed in San Francisco the next year. Our friends were afraid—many of them—to let it be known that they were our friends. Men would give money in secret, and beg not to let it be known.

In 1863 he was sent to Virginia City, Nevada Territory. Here he was deservedly popular. It is said upon a certain occasion some men at a hotel were canvassing the question as to where they should attend service that day, it being Sunday, when a man spoke up, and said: "Boys, come go with me and hear Mr. Evans preach. I tell you he can sling a text!" That settled them—they went to hear Evans.

One of those sudden panics occurred, when it was thought that the mines in and about Virginia City were giving out, and every thing dropped; people left by hundreds, and our preachers returned to California.

At the session of the Conference, in 1864, Brother Evans was located to go South, but did not get off till Feb. 13, 1865. Thus he was in the State thirteen years and two days, and but few men left a more indelible impression than he. Since his return to his native State of Kentucky he has held the best positions in his Conference, and is now President of Garrard Female College.

William A Simmons was born in Butts County,

Ga., near the Indian Springs, March 17, 1823. His father, the Rev. John Simmons, was a preacher and member of the Georgia Conference: had been of the old South Carolina Conference before the Georgia Conference was organized.

W. A. Simmons was the child of many prayers, and early gave evidence of regeneration. He was never vicious, but ever obedient to parents and teachers. He never knew when he was converted, but thinks the change took place when he was about six years old. He entered Emory College in 1840, having prepared for college in the old Manual Labor School, that was finally merged into the college. While in college he had regular hours for meditation and prayer, and had beaten out a short path in a thick grove, near his father's residence, where each evening, about sundown, when the weather would permit, he would walk, and think, and pray. He graduated in July, 1844; was licensed to exhort in 1846, and to preach in August of the same year; was received on trial in the Georgia Conference, held at Macon, Dec. 27, 1846.

In 1851, at the Conference held in Griffin, Ga., where his parents then resided, the call was made for missionaries to California. His brother, J. C. Simmons, had his heart set on going, and had been in correspondence with Dr. Boring from the time of his appointment, but his mother was unwilling for him to go alone. At this Conference William agreed to go, and the brothers at once placed their names in the hands of the Bishop, and were accepted.

They left their home in December, 1851, and sailed from New Orleans on Jan. 25, 1852, and reached San Francisco on February 26 of the same year.

W. A. Simmons was sent to Marysville. He was present at the organization of the Pacific Conference, and was returned to Marysville, where he organized a Church of six or seven members, preaching in the court-house. His congregations at this place were always small. While there were over four thousand inhabitants in Marysville at the time, there were perhaps not a dozen females in the town. He remained in Marysville about six months, and was sent to Georgetown Circuit. He preached at Georgetown, Yankee Jim's, Elizabethtown, King's Hill, Spanish Flat, Dry Creek, and anywhere he could get a congregation. He preached in bar-rooms, hotels, bowling-alleys, under the shade of trees, and in the miner's tents and cabins. While on this circuit he wrote to the *Christian Observer:*

Two Sabbaths ago, after having preached in the afternoon under a large spreading oak to a large congregation of serious and attentive hearers, I appointed a social Christian meeting for the evening. Many came together, and after I had spoken a few words on the necessity and importance of Christian communion and Christian sympathy, and what we had suffered for the want of it, I called upon each one who was a friend of Christ to tell us what he was doing for God, and what were his purposes Many spoke boldly for the cross of Christ, and a thrill of Christian sympathy was felt through every heart. We were seated on the side of a hill, on the ground, near a creek. The stars looked down upon us, and angels too, no doubt. The mountain on the opposite side flung back the echo of the shouts of God's children, and the air, where nightly howled the wolf, was made vocal with the melody of the songs of Zion. It was a gracious time, and many fearful hearts were made strong in God, and several mourners knelt in the dust for us to pray for them.

He walked over the mountains much of the time. Sometimes he rode a mule. When going up a steep

mountain he would dismount, and, laying hold of the mule's tail, would make him thus help him itinerate. At Yankee Jim's he was snowed in for two months. Many of the houses were broken down by the weight of the snow. He was comfortably housed in a miner's cabin, presented to him, with all its contents and provisions, by two brothers from Georgia—William and James Boyd—who died soon after returning to their home. God has made him a blessing to their families since his return.

At Yankee Jim's he bought a large house that had been used for the vilest purposes, and converted it into a church. He bought the house with his own money, and if it exists owns it yet, as well as the cabin.

In coming up the coast from Panama to San Francisco, he saved the life of a young Georgian. He met him on this circuit. He never could do enough for him. He fed him at his tent, gave him his bed while he slept on the ground, quit his work and took him over the mountains at his own expense, and gave him an interest in his mining claim.

He was sent to Nevada in 1853, and to Grass Valley in 1854. Here his health failed, and in October of that year he returned to Georgia. He was almost an invalid till the war broke out. Many young men of his charge enlisted as soldiers, and when the Confederate Congress passed a bill providing for the services of chaplains, he was the first man in the Southern Confederacy to apply for a chaplaincy. He was chosen by the Eleventh Georgia Regiment. He was at the first battle of Bull Run, and continued chaplain of the same regiment throughout the war; was present at the surrender at Appomattox. He worked incessantly for the

good of his regiment, preaching for them and looking after the sick and wounded. He endured all the hardships of the soldier, marching on foot in mud, and rain, and snow, eating hard-tack and sleeping on the ground, often without tent or shelter. In the grand revival that swept over the entire Confederate army he took an active part, and witnessed hundreds of conversions among the soldiers. He was not sick a day.

After the war was over he returned to Atlanta. But there was a call for help in the upper portions of Georgia, where almost utter desolation reigned. The people had lost every thing by the war. But their souls were precious, and although he had not a dollar in the world, he set out on foot more than a hundred miles to act as their pastor. After awhile he borrowed a blind horse and an old wagon, and took his wife to the circuit. God provided for him, and he lacked for no necessary thing. The people flocked out to hear him preach. Mothers came—walking five miles, bearing their children in their arms—at night to hear preaching, traveling in the darkness by the light of pine torches. He preached one hundred sermons in one hundred consecutive days; received one hundred souls into the Church, and received $100 for his services. A remarkable similar circumstance occurred the next year among the same people. He preached three hundred times during the year, and received three hundred members into the Church, and received $300 for the year's services. He went from house to house praying with the people. He would gallop his horse from house to house, that he might have time to visit all. He was made presiding elder of that section of the State, and did much to build up the waste places of Zion. The

Rev. Dr. A. G. Haygood attended his District Conference, and, in writing for the *Christian Advocate*, said: "The district meeting was interesting and profitable. The Rev. W. A. Simmons, presiding elder, guided its deliberations. Some measures were set on foot which will, if successful, make a new era in North Georgia. It is due to the Presiding Elder of the Dahlonega District, now winding up his third year of devoted service, to say he has deserved well of his country and of his Church. Steadily, patiently, devotedly, I think very nobly, he has stood by the ship. He and the noble men of his district have saved the day—saved their section from anarchy and ruin."

There was a dreadful state of things in North Georgia after the war. A class of men called "Hog-backs," thieves and robbers, were all through the country. To some places the preachers dared not go. But he could go anywhere. Five companions of his old regiment lived in the bounds of his district. They were his fast friends, and stood ready to defend him in any emergency. He labored in Georgia and Florida up to two years ago, when he took a superannuated relation to the North Georgia Conference. Last year he was engaged in revival-meetings for months. God blessed him and his labors with hundreds of conversions.

John C. Simmons, son of the Rev. John and Elizabeth Simmons, was born in Jackson, Butts County, Ga., May 26, 1827. It would not be modest in the writer of these pages to say much of himself, and yet the facts of history demand that, as one of the actors in planting Southern Methodism on this coast, he should take his place with the rest.

He was converted in his tenth year, and has held fast

his integrity ever since. He was licensed to exhort Sept. 13, 1847, and to preach August, 1848.

His father had built a neat log church on his own farm, for the benefit of his neighbors, mainly at his own expense. In this church his son was licensed to preach at the same time with A. M. Wynn, his co-laborer in California, J. S. Key, D.D., and A. Gray.

From the first call of the Church for missionaries to California he felt a call from the Holy Spirit to go. He would have been among the first had his mother given her consent. While she would not say No, he could see that she was loath to give him up, and he waited patiently until the way was opened. He came with his brother William, joining company with D. B. Leyne and E B Lockley on the way. They all landed on the evening of Feb. 26, 1852. He was at once sent to Grass Valley; after remaining there two years, to Stockton for two years; Mariposa and San Jose, each two years; and so on, filling stations and districts. For four years he was professor in Pacific Methodist College. He has gone in and out all these years, always effective, until now he stands the only member of the Pacific Conference who was present at the organization. And while he has not answered every roll-call of the Conference, he has answered every call for labor, and has missed no year from effective work since he was licensed to preach. Happy in his work, he longs to spend many more years in the service of Him who has kept him all these years.

Dennis B. Leyne was born in County Kerry, Ireland. He did not remember the date of his birth. He came to the United States in the latter part of 1840. He was a Roman Catholic, as he says, "a deplorable

sinner, enveloped in the mazes of Popish superstition, and dreadfully tenacious of my Catholic opinions, especially the doctrine of transubstantiation; was an unbeliever in experimental religion and bordering strongly on infidelity, until by the grace of God, through the instrumentality of the labors of Dr. J. Boring, in October, 1844, I was brought to see the light as it is in Christ Jesus. Nov. 11, 1845, God for Christ's sake sanctified my soul. Then commenced my call to the ministry. I was received on trial into the itinerancy at Mobile, Ala., February, 1846."

He traveled in the Alabama Conference till 1852, when he was sent as a missionary to California. He landed in San Francisco, Feb. 26, 1852.

He was an Irishman, with a full, broad brogue. His conversion was thorough, and he was perfectly consecrated to God, and happy in his consecration.

A few months after reaching California he met the writer. He had been to San Jose, and had met Brother A. M. Wynn's class, getting shouting happy. At this meeting he said, "I tell you, Brother John, I ran away wid the trucks," alluding to a scene he had witnessed in Alabama, where he saw a pair of young oxen, hitched to a pair of wooden trucks, get beyond control. He got shouting happy, and ran all over the house.

His first appointment was to the Benicia and Martinez Circuit. This circuit began at the Redwoods, west of the Bay and south of San Francisco, and went through Alameda County, taking in Oakland, San Ramon Valley, Martinez, Benicia, Suisun, and Napa.

When B. H. Russell reached California in the fall of the year, W. R. Gober proposed a division of Brother

Leyne's circuit, and giving a portion of it to Brother Russell; but Leyne opposed it with all his might.

He remained but a short time in California, and returned to Alabama, where he died in holy triumph after a few years' labor.

Elijah B. Lockley was born in Monroe County, Georgia, June 12, 1828; was converted in 1841, and was licensed to preach in October, 1847.

When he joined the Alabama Conference is not known. He landed in San Francisco, February 26, 1852, and was sent to Sonoma, where he organized a society of our Church, and built a neat Gothic house of worship, which was burned some years ago. We still own the lot, but have no organization in that valley at the present time.

Brother Lockley was a born wag, and it was a difficult matter for him to keep himself within proper bounds in his waggery. He often indulged in the drollest remarks, and used the most ludicrous figures in the pulpit.

During the war in the Crimea, Lockley was one of the best-posted men in the State on the causes and developments of that war. While enduring a stage-ride from Stockton to Sonora, in company with Mr. Evans, a fellow-passenger happened to mention the war. Lockley at once, with the deepest interest manifested in every feature, asked, "What war?" The man evidently knew but little of the war himself, but here was a man who, he thought, knew less than himself, and he began explaining. Lockley sat with open mouth, showing the most intense interest; and when the man would begin to waver, Lockley would ply him with a question that would start him again. This was

kept up as long as the man was in the stage. Evans asked him how he could reconcile his conduct with his claim for veracity, as he had been deceiving the man all the while. He protested that this was not the case; that the man was anxious to tell the news, and was gratified in having a listener; and besides, that he had studied human nature, and had gathered material for two or three sermons from his observations during that interview. He said most of his sermons were made by some such process as that.

He was said to be lazy, as he was very much indisposed to any physical exertion whatever. In traveling on the steamer, when coming to California, he never once went on deck. He would rise in the morning, and after breakfast would seat himself on a sofa in the main saloon of the ship, and, book in hand, would sit and read all day. He read one thousand pages on the voyage. We once laid a plan to get him on deck. Going to him as we sailed up the coast of Mexico, with the Sierra Madre Mountains rising in grandeur, till their summits were lost in clouds or capped with snow, we told him of the magnificent scenery, and begged him to go and see it.

"Is it grand?" said he.

"Yes, the most magnificent panorama we ever beheld."

"Well, Brother John, go up and take a good look at it, and come down and tell me how it looks."

The next day we saw a whale sporting in the sea but a little way from the ship. Rushing down to Lockley, we said, "Come, Brother Lockley, there is a whale in sight."

"Is there, John?"

"Yes; come and see him."

"Is he blowing?"

"Yes, just spouting the water high in the air."

"Well, let him blow."

We gave him up.

But with all his physical inactivity, he was a great student of books. He read incessantly, and treasured up what he read, and when in the pulpit, no one would suspect that he was lazy. He threw all the force of mind and voice into his theme, and often preached with a pathos and power that only an aroused soul could put forth. His ministry was greatly blessed. Many souls were converted under his labors. We could fill many pages with anecdotes illustrative of his character.

He seemed to be vacillating at times; would locate for a year or two, and then seek for re-admission. At last he located, and settling down on a little farm on the banks of King's River, he commenced a farmer's life. He had tried law.

One evening he heard his dog growling at something just down a steep bank near his house. He looked over to see what it was, and just then a young man fired at the dog, and several of the shot lodged in the breast of Brother Lockley. He staggered a few steps, kneeled down to pray, and fell over dead.

Solomon W. Davies was born in Buncombe County, N. C., March 22, 1818, joined the Church in August, 1838; was converted in September, 1839; was licensed to preach in 1840. He soon after joined the South Carolina Conference, and in 1851 was appointed to California, He reached San Francisco, April 1, 1852, just two weeks before the organization of the Pacific

Conference. He labored till 1858, when he located for one year; was re-admitted, and filled various appointments till 1874, when an affection of the throat placed him on the superannuated list, and from that time to the day of his death he held either a superannuated or supernumerary relation to the Conference. He was an earnest, good man, never very demonstrative, but a clear, sound preacher. He was ever true to our Church, and his greatest joy was to see its prosperity. He met his death in the most tragic manner. He was preparing to go to a camp-meeting on the Healdsburg Circuit, Sept 5, 1884, in the town of Santa Rosa, where he resided. He had occasion to cross the railroad track, when he was struck by a passing train and instantly killed. Mysterious are the ways of Providence; and while there may be all about such a death to cause the soul instinctively to shrink back from it with dread, yet the sudden breaking of all life's strings at one fell blow may have been the most painless of all passages from the earthly to the heavenly estate.

John W. Kelly was born in Union County, S. C., Jan. 29, 1825, of religious parents. He was converted in 1841, and admitted on trial in the South Carolina Conference, Feb. 18, 1844. He labored acceptably in this Conference until his appointment to California in 1851. He came at once to his new field, and entered upon its toils with zeal and hope. As presiding elder his labors were greatly blessed, and he left an impress for good wherever he went. His last appointment was in Stockton, where he lost his child, and, his wife's health failing, he returned, in 1853, to his native Conference. He was one of Nature's noblemen; six feet and a half high, with a frame in full proportion, he was

a man of mark anywhere. His intellectual man seems also to have been on a large scale. He was a born ruler, and had he remained in California, no doubt he would have led his brethren in many a hard-fought field. He had a magnificent voice, while his powers of song were of no mean order.

On his return to South Carolina he became a leader among his brethren there. He was a great reader, and kept himself fully informed on the great topics of the day.

On the 17th of February, 1885, he arose, and, after leading in family worship with more than ordinary unction and fervor, he ate a hearty breakfast and walked out into the garden alone, and in a few moments after was found dead. Like Moses, he died alone.

There were three other men who had been transferred to the Pacific, who had not arrived, but who received appointments at this first Conference, whose names deserve mention in this connection—A. Graham, J. M. Jones, and John Matthews.

Alexander Graham, we believe, came to us from the Florida Conference. He reached California a few weeks after the adjournment of the Conference. He had been appointed Presiding Elder of the Sacramento District. Immediately after his arrival he began his work. He was young and vigorous, and at once adapted himself to the exigencies of our work, and, shouldering his saddle-bags, went forth on foot, threading our plains and climbing our mountains, breasting the storms of winter and breathing the dust of our dry summers. He sometimes traveled in the stage or on a steamboat, but much of his first year's travel was done on foot.

At Yankee Jim's there is a deep canyon called "The Devil's Canyon." Upon one occasion the stage-coach, drawn by four horses, and full of passengers—Brother Graham among them—was rushing down the mountain-side, without lock or brake. The night being pitchy dark, it went into the canyon, turning completely over, end for end, with an awful crash. Strange to say, none were killed, but all were more or less bruised, and some bones were broken. Brother Graham received several severe cuts about the head, but he was up the next day, and held his Quarterly Conference.

He was stationed at Sacramento and at San Jose, when, after a few years with us, he returned to the Georgia Conference, and filled some of the best appointments in it. After the death of his wife he went back to Florida, and, immediately after the war, went North and joined the New York East Conference. He returned to California a few months ago, and was present at the session of the Pacific Conference in Sacramento, in 1885. It was thought he would apply for re-admission, but for some cause he did not. The Conference had undergone an entire change. But few familiar faces greeted him, and these overshadowed with gray hairs and marred with age-marks. With a tinge of sadness in his tone, in looking round over the body, he said. "These preachers do not know Joseph."

He was ever a hard student. His illustrations were sometimes quaint, but the matter always good.

J. M. Jones, though transferred and receiving an appointment, failed to come, and was retransferred.

John Matthews was born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 13, 1826, and removed to Tennessee in his thirteenth

year rted at fifteen, and joined the New School Presbyterian Church. After six months he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was admitted on trial in the Tennessee Conference, in November, 1846. After traveling six years in that Conference he was sent as a missionary to California, and at the first session was appointed to Shasta. Arriving soon after Conference closed, he repaired to his new field.

He had been beloved in his own Conference. The people petted him, and when he left his home for California, each vied with the other in the manifestations of their love and esteem. Shasta was in the mines, with a rough, reckless population. There was no one to welcome him, no one to advise him, no one to sympathize with him. Seated upon a rude bench on the outside of the hotel, his heart breaking for the longing that was possessing him, a miner saw the seams of sadness in his face, and approaching him, said: "Stranger, come in and take something to drink."

He said: "I never drink."

The fellow whirled upon his heel, and rushing to the door of the crowded bar-room, shouted: "Boys, come out here and see a man in California that says he never drinks."

No one looked after his wants. His finances were getting low. And one day, seated in his lonely room, with a box of sardines and a few crackers for his meal, he determined to leave Shasta—and he did. His brethren sympathized with him, and had no words of reproof for him. He was sent to Sacramento, and did us good work in that city. He drew crowded houses. He had a way of finding out what was said and done

by his ecclesiastical enemies, and on Sunday evenings, in his public prayer, he would tell the Lord all that was said and done. Others than the Lord heard these petitions, and some that did not hear them heard of them, and the result was good. He left us the next year, and has been a power in our Church wherever he has labored. He was an earnest, brilliant preacher. His sermons abounded in the most striking figures and beautiful sentences. It was an intellectual as well as spiritual treat to hear him.

The statistics of the Church, as reported at this first session, were as follows: Presiding Elders' Districts, 2; Circuits and Stations, 20; Numbers in Society, 294; Local Preachers, 7; Sunday-schools, 7; Sunday-school Scholars, 192; Superintendents, 7; Teachers, 22; Volumes in Library, 536; amount collected for Sunday-schools, $125; amount collected for Missions, $731. This was exclusively missionary collections, and not counted in the amount paid in support of the missionaries. Houses of Worship, 10; Parsonages, 6; Schools, 2 in operation, and 2 waiting the arrival of teachers. We also give the list of Appointments:

San Francisco District.—John W. Kelly, P. E.; San Francisco, Joseph S. Malone, Morris Evans; San Jose, Alexander M. Wynn; Principal of Bascom Institute, A. M. Wynn; Sonoma, Elijah B. Lockley; Bodega, to be supplied; Benicia and Martinez, Dennis B. Leyne; Stockton, Andrew M. Bailey; Stockton Academy, to be supplied; Mariposa, John M. Jones; Sonora and Columbia, Wm. H. Long; Wood's Diggings, Adam Minear.

Sacramento District.—Alexander Graham, P. E.; Sacramento, Wm. R. Gober; Asbury Institute, Sacra-

mento City, W. R. Gober; Marysville, Wm. A. Simmons; Shasta City, John Matthews. Nevada, John F. Blythe; Grass Valley, John C. Simmons; Auburn, James M. Fulton; Georgetown, to be supplied: Green Woods, supply; Nashville, Solomon W. Davies: Jacksonville, to be supplied; Angels, M. M. Moore.

David W. Pollock, superannuated. Cyprian Gridley left without an appointment at his own request.

CHAPTER III.

THESE preachers went forth with a firm purpose to devote all their energies to the grand work to which God and the Church had called them. Most of them were young men, with but a few years of experience in the ministry, and that experience among scenes widely different from those now surrounding them. Instead of going to churches already built, with well-organized boards of stewards and sympathizing Societies ready to welcome them, they were to go among strangers—men from all parts of the world, whose main object was the accumulation of gold—who had no interest in California, save as it satisfied their greed for gain. They were going to a shifting, excitable populace, who would scarcely take time, even on the Sabbath, to listen to what they had to say.

But they adapted themselves to the situation. They preached under the trees, in the miners' cabins, in saloons, bar-rooms of hotels, ten-pin alleys, and gambling-houses. To illustrate: Upon one occasion, when W. A. Simmons was preaching in a ten-pin alley in El Dorado County, a man in passing heard the unusual sound of sacred song in this place. He stopped, and, turning to a man, said:

"What's up?"

"There is a man preaching in the alley."

When he remarked:

"Well, boys, you may say what you please about the

wickedness of Californians, but they are better than the Jews were in the days of Jesus Christ; for then they made the house of God a den of thieves, but now they are making a den of thieves the house of God."

These men would enter a mining town or camp, and as the saloons were usually the largest buildings or tents in town, they would ask the privilege of preaching in them—a request that we never heard refused. Boxes and boards would be arranged for seats. A few old empty bottles would be used as candlesticks; a table covered with a blanket, usually used as a card-table, would supply the place of a pulpit; and thus, when every thing was arranged, and the miners had finished their suppers, the preacher would take a hand-bell, or Chinese gong, and, taking his stand in front of the house or tent, would ring his bell or beat his gong for a few minutes, when his congregation would assemble, and after singing some old familiar hymn, in which many of his congregation would join, he would pray and then preach to them the word of life. They made it a point to follow the crowd with the cross. They did not wait for opportunities—they *made* them. The ministrations of these men were almost always treated with the greatest respect. These strangers, in the rough garb of miners, wicked as sin, would nevertheless fight for the preacher, were he disturbed or insulted.

The writer of these pages upon one occasion was engaged in preaching in a mining town that had just been destroyed by fire. A large crowd had collected about him, and were listening attentively, when a half-drunken man saw the crowd and approached it. As he came near, he broke out in a bacchanalian song, and when within a few feet of the preacher stopped, and,

after looking at him for a time, asked him what he was doing, in no very polite or chaste language. The preacher paid no attention to him, but went on with his discourse. Then with an air of offended dignity, he exclaimed, "Won't you speak to a fellow?" As the preacher still paid no attention to him, he broke out into oaths, cursing with every sentence. After a time he drew forth a short-stemmed pipe, and said, "I reckon this is a good place to smoke, ain't it?" and proceeded to load and light it. When he had fired up, he took his stand again in front of the preacher, and threw in remarks from time to time as the discourse proceeded. When the benediction was pronounced, several gentlemen approached the man, and, taking him by the collar, proceeded to march him off, saying, "We'll teach you some manners." But the preacher interfered and prevented any violence. Drunk as the man was, he appreciated the kindness of the man he had wantonly insulted, and it finally led to his entire reformation.

At this early day stage-travel was very dear, and horse-feed high, and but few of these preachers could afford to either use a stage or own a horse on which to travel to their appointments, and hence they very frequently went on foot—the presiding elder with his saddle-bags, containing Bible, Hymn-book, Discipline, and a change of linen, thrown over his shoulders; the preacher who was going to some adjacent camp to preach and return, with simply a cane in hand. A walk of ten, fifteen, or even twenty miles, to fill an appointment, was no uncommon thing. They loved the souls of men, they loved the Church of Jesus Christ, and they at once adapted themselves to

this new order of things, and counted no hardship too great if they might succeed in their blessed work. The miners appreciated this devotion upon the part of these men of God, and they gave them a most respectful hearing, and were ever ready to contribute their "dust" to their support. Frequently they would volunteer to take a collection for this object. In illustration, two of our preachers visited a mining camp, secured a large gambling-house, with a saloon attachment, as a place in which to preach. They stood behind the counter while the promiscuous audience of men (not a woman present) sat round on the gambling-tables, boxes, and benches that were scattered around the room, while a few squatted around with their backs against the wall, and others stood. During the entire service the greatest silence prevailed, and the most respectful attention was given to the preaching. At its conclusion, just as the preacher was about to say, "Receive the benediction," "Uncle Jim," as he was called, the owner of the establishment, sprang down off a table and said, "Hold on! Boys, these men ought not to preach to us for nothing." And with that, taking his hat, he went the rounds, sometimes saying, facetiously, "Ante!" He then came up to the counter, and with something of a flourish, poured out the pile of silver, which amounted to over thirty dollars. Hotel-keepers but seldom charged the preacher for staying with them, and he was always a welcome guest in the cabin of the miner. And after a tramp of twelve or fifteen miles over mountains, breathing the sweet, fresh air of that exalted latitude, the "Chili beans" and tough "flapjacks," the staple diet of the miners, was a rich feast to him.

During this year, and a few following years, the great body of the population of California was in the mines, and hence we confined our labors necessarily to them; but we soon began to see that it would not be many years until the "placer" mines would be worked out, and then the mountains would be in a measure abandoned. The rich valleys, that were now used merely as pasture-lands for vast herds of stock, would be brought into cultivation, and the population would shift from the mountains to the plains. We began to adapt ourselves to this order of things. Already we had men stationed in the principal cities, and soon we commenced forming circuits in the valleys.

The strongest opposition we met with was from the people of the North. Because this was a "free" State they felt it belonged legitimately to them, and that we were intruders. The cry was raised against us everywhere that we were a pro-slavery Church, and that our presence boded no good to the State. In public and in private we had to meet the charges and insinuations made against us.

Just about this time the anti-slavery feeling of the North reached its highest point of intensity, fired by "The Irrepressible Conflict," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and similar works, which moved almost every Northern Methodist Conference to pass the strongest resolutions on the subject. This tide of fanaticism, heaved up in the North, came pulsing all over the valleys and amid the mountains of California, exciting and stirring the passions of men. The very word *South* attached to our name identified us with the "great evil," and we had ever to be explaining why we bore this name, and why we were here in this free State. We found it an

exceedingly difficult task to get men to see that our branch of the Church was non-sectional; that we confined ourselves to the preaching of the gospel alone, leaving "the potsherds of earth to strive with the potsherds of earth." Our grand business was to get men to be religious, no matter what their political views might be. As ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ, we claimed the right, and felt it to be our duty, to go wherever man was found, and tell him of a Redeemer who died to save him. We labored to convince men that ours, above all others, was the kind of Church that this world needed. Men, whatever political views they might hold, whatever nationality they might claim, could worship at our altar and receive religious instruction at our hands. Ours was pre-eminently a non-political Church, and hence better adapted than any other for such a country as this. The constant agitation of political questions in the Church, which aroused sectional feelings both North and South, stirring the passions of men, injuring their spirituality, and wounding the body of Christ, was the great moving cause of the separation. The cry for peace among the more conservative of all parts of the Church did not, could not, stop the constant agitation. So in the interests of that peace we could not have while together, we asked for, and obtained, an amicable separation in 1844. In good faith the Church in the South organized for a separate and distinct ecclesiastical government, and, smarting from their late experience, laid broad and deep the grand principle of a *non-sectional, non-political Church.* And when thousands of our own members came to California we came with them, and, opening wide the doors, invited all who desired to worship

God in sincerity and truth to enter, and we would labor with an eye single to the glory of God to give them a quiet home. We were misrepresented and misunderstood almost everywhere. Yet we were not discouraged, nor did any of these things move us. We knew we were right, and we knew that there was deep down in the inner consciousness of men a desire for a Church wholly religious, and that while there was that in their carnal nature that was gratified in hearing a minister advocate in the pulpit the peculiar views held, yet, when reduced to the last analysis, they wanted the robes of religious profession kept unspotted from the world. And with this conviction fixed firmly in their minds and hearts, this little band, known now as the Pacific Conference, went forth to preach peace to the excited thousands that had crowded to our shores. They went into the cities where all was stir and bustle, into the mines where fortunes were being dug out in a few days, and yet they never thought of turning aside to enter the lists for worldly gain, but held undeviatingly to the grand work to which they felt called of God.

When the year's labors were done, and they assembled in the city of San Jose to count over the spoils won for the Redeemer and his Church, they reported 568 members—an increase of 274; local preachers, 20—an increase of 13; of church-buildings, 16—an increase of 6. Many of these members were converts from the world. In one thing we were greatly disappointed. We had a right to expect that every man who had been a member of the Methodist Church in the older States would unite with the Church here and give it his help; but in this we were disappointed.

Hundreds of them felt no interest in California beyond what gold they could take from its mountains. They claimed to hold their membership at home, and left us to struggle on without their help. We knew this course to be fraught with danger to themselves; and the spiritual wrecks that strewed this coast for years proved the folly of their course.

The second session of the Pacific Conference was held in the city of San Jose, April 13–20, 1853, Bishop Joshua Soule, the senior Bishop of the Church, in the chair. At 9 o'clock A.M. the Bishop proceeded to open the Conference by reading a portion of Scripture, singing that grand old opening hymn, "And are we yet alive?" and prayer. This prayer was most comprehensive, and deeply spiritual in its nature. We felt that we had the leadership of one who knew the way to the "hidings" of God's power—one who could, and did, enter fully with us into the peculiar struggles necessary to planting pure Christianity amid this Babel population. His prayer touched the innermost chords of our nature, and drew us nearer to God.

Upon calling the roll, the following members answered to their names: Jesse Boring, A. M. Bailey, J. F. Blythe, M. Evans, J. M. Fulton, A. Graham, D. B. Leyne, John Matthews, W. A. Simmons, J. C. Simmons, and A. M. Wynn. Other members of the Conference came in at a later date.

Bishop Soule then requested those preachers who had been transferred to the Pacific Conference since its last session to present their certificates of transfer, whereupon the following brethren presented themselves and certificates to the Conference, and their names were added to the list of members—viz., John

H. Bristow, Jefferson C. Pendergrast, Benjamin H. Russell, John L. Saunders, Pettis O. Clayton, and Robert W. Bigham. Benjamin T. Crouch presented himself as transferred by Bishop Soule, having been one year on trial, and he was received and continued on trial in the Conference.

Bishop Soule then requested the Secretary to read the full Minutes of the former session, after which he addressed the Conference in a most touching and happy manner, alluding to the magnitude and importance, present and prospective, of our work in California, and particularly of his great desire to visit and see the brethren in this far-off field, and the reason that prompted and urged his coming.

Bishop Soule was at this time in his seventy-third year, and was thought too old to undertake so arduous a trip as to visit the Pacific. But he persisted, and when told by some of his anxious friends that he might die on the way, he said: "If I die in the discharge of duty, *it matters not where; it matters not when.*" Beginning his labors as a Methodist preacher in the State of Maine, it was no unholy ambition that he should desire to stand on the shores of the Pacific, in California, and preach the same grand gospel of the Son of God that he had preached in, perhaps, every other State of the Union. He came among us as a father, and we looked to him for guidance in this new and arduous field upon which we had entered.

A. M. Wynn, the Secretary of the former Conference, was re-elected. The usual committees of an Annual Conference were created, and the Conference was ready for its work. In answer to Question 1—"Who are admitted on trial this year?"—the Rev. A. Graham,

Presiding Elder of the Sacramento District, presented the recommendation of Franklin G. Gray, from the Angels Circuit. After his case was fully considered, he was, by vote, admitted on trial. This was the only candidate this year.

Brother Gray was born in Deal, England; came to the United States at the age of eight years, and was reared mostly in New York. He came to California in 1848 with the first tide of gold-hunters that set to our shores. He was then a wild, wicked boy, and at once plunged into all the reckless dissipations peculiar to early California life. At a camp-meeting held in Napa Valley, in 1851, he was converted to God, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church (North). In 1852 the Rev. E. B. Lockley organized the Sonoma Circuit of our Church. Brother Gray was led to investigate the questions of difference between ours and the Methodist Episcopal Church (North). He at once saw the righteousness of our position, as well as its scripturalness, and he came to us in all the ardor of his enthusiastic nature—a step which he never regretted. In the fall of 1852 he was licensed to preach by the Quarterly Conference of the Sonoma Circuit, J. W. Kelly being presiding elder of the district. This was the first preacher licensed by our Church on this coast. Soon after receiving license he was placed in charge of Murphy Circuit by the presiding elder. He served this charge until the session of the Pacific Conference alluded to, when he was received on trial, and appointed to Georgetown Circuit. In 1855 he was ordained deacon by Bishop Andrew, and in 1857, elder, by Bishop Kavanaugh. During this year he married Miss Mirenna Cox, the daughter of a local preacher

on the Cacheville Circuit. His last charge was the Vaca and Putah Circuit In the fall of 1860 he entered with zeal and energy characteristic of his nature on his work. On December 31 he was taken suddenly and violently ill, and on the next day, Jan. 1, 1861, he ceased at once to work and live.

Brother Gray was a diligent student, and made marked and continued progress in theological acquisitions and pulpit efficiency. His piety was fervent; his devotion to the itinerant ministry was uncalculating and entire. He was faithful to his holy calling, beloved by his brethren. He left the savor of a good name.

M. M. Moore was discontinued at this Conference. He was from Pennsylvania, and was a sweet-spirited, earnest man. He had left his family at home, and desired to return and bring them out, but from some cause did not come back to us. He entered the communion of another Church.

Adam Minear was discontinued by action of the Conference. The character of this man was arrested by his presiding elder during the year. He was proved to be dishonest, and was expelled from the Church.

Thus all three of the recruits from California during the first session of the Conference were lost to us.

Of W. H. Long, *alias* W. H. Ives, we have spoken before. He claimed to be engaged to a most estimable young lady in the East, and wanted money to send for her. The Finance Committee, in their Southern generosity, appropriated four hundred dollars for that worthy purpose. The money was advanced to him. The discovery was soon made that he was not what he professed to be His presiding elder called a committee of traveling preachers, in August, to meet in Sonora for

an investigation. From letters introduced by Long at this trial, it was discovered, from erasures and substitutions made by him, that this woman was his wife, and that he had deceived the Conference. Other facts of an equally damaging character were elicited at this trial, and he was suspended till the sitting of the Annual Conference, when he was expelled from the Conference and from the communion of the Church.

C. Gridley, having become hopelessly involved financially, asked for, and was granted, a location.

J. W. Kelly had been appointed at the first session to preach a sermon on the ministry at this session. The day before, M. Evans and A. M. Bailey introduced a resolution to the effect "that we will observe to-morrow as a day of fasting, and prayer, and humiliation before God, and that we request the Committee on Public Worship to appoint Brother Kelly to preach, as per order of last Conference, a sermon on the ministry, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon."

Thus did these brethren feel and acknowledge their dependence on God. On the following day J. W. Kelly preached an earnest, searching sermon, and all felt like taking fresh courage and pressing on in their glorious calling.

B. T. Crouch, jr., who had accompanied Bishop Soule to the coast, having been two years on trial, was elected to deacon's orders, and admitted into full connection. He was the first preacher ordained in our Conference. He was the son of the famous preacher of the same name belonging to the Kentucky Conference. He came to California under a strong conviction of duty and in the true spirit of self-sacrifice. But to one of his ardent, enthusiastic nature, it was not an inviting

field. He was disappointed in many respects. He found men too full of the love of gold to stop and listen to the self-denying requirements of the gospel. Men who had once been leaders in the Church of God in the home of their childhood, in the whirl and excitement of California society, tried even to forget their obligations, and many of them even joined the ranks of Christ's enemies. The faithful few who visited the house of God were not enough in number to fire his enthusiasm or rouse him as was his wont. Nevertheless he tried to adapt himself to his surroundings, and went to his first charge—Benicia and Martinez. He continued on this work until Sacramento was left without a preacher by the return to the East of John Matthews, when he was sent to that station. The city was still suffering from the effects of the disastrous fire of November, 1852, and of the flood that followed this fire in the winter. Every church, save one, had been destroyed, and nearly all the homes and houses of business had been laid in ashes; and then the sites swept the following winter with a flood. Only that indomitable spirit that characterized our early struggles sustained her devoted people in these accumulating disasters. The young and buoyant preacher caught the spirit of the occasion and the times, and went to work with a will and an energy that were well calculated to insure success. He collected a subscription, and during the year had erected on our lot the basement of a substantial brick church.

The following year he was returned to Sacramento, and was soon after happily married to a most estimable young widow—Mrs. M. E. Bailey. The next year he was sent to San Jose Station. He labored through the

year without apparent fruit, but near its close a camp-meeting was held in the foot-hills west of San Jose some eight miles, at the Saratoga Camp-ground, then called the "Toll-gate." This meeting resulted in a most glorious revival of religion. Very many precious souls were converted, and the station as well as the surrounding circuit was greatly strengthened.

Soon after this Brother Crouch was elected Chaplain of the State Senate at Sacramento, a position which he had filled while stationed there the previous year. This election abruptly terminated his connection with the San Jose Station. He was very popular as chaplain, and made many warm friends among the members of both Houses of the Legislature, and at the close of the session he was presented with a beautiful manzanita cane, with a massive gold head, in which was a setting of gold-bearing quartz, bearing an appropriate inscription. At the next session of the Conference, in 1856, he transferred to the Memphis Conference. But he never lost interest in our work on this coast. Often did his heart turn with fond desire to our sunny clime, and he watched with interest all the struggles of our faithful little band.

While it lies outside of the plans of this work to speak in detail of the labors of those who were once connected with our Conference in other portions of the Church, yet we desire to speak of one more fact to show the character of this brother, and his devotion to the cause of the Redeemer.

He was stationed in Aberdeen, Mississippi. Here he found the Church in a condition that excited his deepest solicitude. The house in which our people worshiped was in a dilapidated condition. It was a

very inferior building, although the membership was large and wealthy, as well as cultured and refined. He soon discovered that several of the leading members were accustomed to indulge in gross violation of the discipline of the Church. He saw that nothing but a mighty outpouring of the Spirit could effect the change he saw necessary to the prosperity of the charge. He consulted with two or three of his most faithful stewards, and they decided to make it a subject of earnest, especial prayer—in their closets they would pray at six in the morning and at six in the evening. At noon they would meet in the pastor's study and unite their petitions. They agreed to pursue this course for six weeks, and then begin a protracted-meeting. Faithfully they kept their covenant, and at the end of the third week inquirers came to the prayer-meeting, and on the following Sunday penitents came unbidden to the altar. The revival began and grew in power for over three weeks. All this time Brother Crouch, with no ministerial help, feeble in health, conducted the meeting. He could do but little preaching—in fact, but little seemed necessary. The meeting resulted in 140 bright conversions, besides a work among the membership of the Church that could not be estimated in figures. It is only necessary to add, a fine brick church was soon erected by willing hands and glad hearts.

In 1861, when the Civil War broke out, the most of the young men of his charge enlisted, and he took a chaplaincy of their regiment. Being fully persuaded of the righteousness of the cause for which the South fought, it was like him to throw all the powers of his ardent soul into it. But he did not think that his call-

ing admitted of his bearing arms or entering the conflict personally. His duty was to follow the fortunes of his fellow-soldiers, and administer to them the consolations of the religion of Jesus. He was soon promoted to the chaplaincy of a brigade, in which position his duties became more arduous and general.

On the 7th of March, 1863, in a sharply-contested engagement at Spring Hill, Tennessee, while responding to a call from a distressed officer to rally his men, who had twice recoiled from a charge, as he stood up in his stirrups and eloquently appealed to their chivalry, he was shot through the knee, and died of hemorrhage in twenty minutes. Thus went down the noble, generous, impulsive Benjamin T. Crouch, jr., amid the shouts of battle.

Of the six brethren who were received by transfer at this session of our Conference four are still alive, while two have gone to their reward.

J. H. Bristow, while a man of energy and talent, was not adapted to our work. He had not been very successful in his labors in an older Conference, and he, and perhaps others, thought that he could succeed in this new field. This was a great mistake—a mistake from which we in our earlier struggles and labors suffered more than once. If a man be not fitted for work in an older Conference, where the Church is well established, and where religious customs have hardened into fixed habits, it is folly to risk him in a new field, especially such a one as California at that day presented. Though the youngest State in the Union, yet it never had, like most of her sisters, passed through a crude, backwoods state. Her citizens from the first were men of energy and enlightenment. Only men

of vigorous life and aspiring notions came to our coast with that first mighty tide. Among the miners, dressed in their woolen "jumpers," with feet incased in heavy mining boots, hands hardened by handling the pick and shovel, and faces bronzed by exposure to the sun, were men who had moved in the first circles in the Eastern States. There were lawyers, doctors, teachers, and, in a word, men of every profession. So in our cities, men of information and education stood behind the counters, drove drays, unloaded ships, and performed all the work required to sustain the life and carry on the business of these thriving centers of trade. When we preached, we could not, by glancing our eyes over the congregation, tell by the garb what manner of men we were to address.

J. H. Bristow was a ready, forceful writer, and when he first arrived he filled whole columns of our paper (the *Observer*) with his compositions. He wrote with a dash that indicated a perfect confidence on his part to enlighten his readers on almost any subject. His appointment from this Conference was to Marysville. In February, 1852, W. A. Simmons had been sent to this city, and had labored for some months, but not succeeding very well, had been changed by his presiding elder to Georgetown. We had a few members in Marysville, but no house of worship. Bristow hired the theater, and for a time had large congregations; but soon the novelty wore off, and those who attended upon his ministry being reduced to a mere handful, he became discouraged, and went into secular employment. He located at the next Conference, and in the course of a year or two returned to his native State, Kentucky.

J. L. Saunders was a transfer from the Alabama Conference. In many respects he was a remarkable man. He was a man of strong mind, and some peculiarities and eccentricities. He seemed to be destitute of a feeling of personal fear, and when the exigencies of the occasion required it, he did not hesitate to stand up for his rights with all his physical force. He was a great student, and his analytical mind cut its way into the faults of every author, while he stored up that which he esteemed worthy of preservation. He had less patience with toadyism and man-worship than any one we ever saw. So strong was the bent of his mind in this particular that it leaned to error's side. He did not have respect enough for men, especially those in authority. But he was a good man, and at times a powerful preacher. When fully aroused, as was sometimes the case, when his deep-sunken eyes flashed with the fires that burned at a white-heat in heart and brain, his long arms enforcing with swinging gestures the utterances of his lips, nothing could stand before him. He hated sin, and hypocrisy, and all double-dealing, with all the ardor of his nature, and when led to uncover these traits in the human breast his attacks were awful. He seemed an overcharged thunder-cloud, ready to strike wherever there was any thing worthy of his bolts. Sometimes he would be stirred with some grand gospel theme, when, drawing upon his great store-house of information and reading, he would stir the very depths with his eloquence. It is related of him that upon one occasion in Alabama he preached at a camp-meeting at night. His soul caught fire, and for an hour all the ardor of his nature flamed with his theme. He stood in the unsteady flickering of the

camp-fires as one transfigured. Appeal after appeal fell from his lips until it seemed as if nothing could withstand the tide of gospel truth, when he descended from the stand and called for mourners Two lads, from twelve to fourteen years of age, were all that moved or came forward in that vast assembly. In fact, no impression seemed to have been made on any others. The preacher and the two boys were the only parties of all that company that seemed interested. The boys knelt at the altar, and the preacher knelt by them, and long and earnestly he prayed and toiled to bring them into the light. After a time they were both converted. When Saunders went to his tent he remarked that he had never had such travail of soul in his life, and that he believed God had some great work for those boys to do. And sure enough both became preachers, and have occupied prominent positions in the Church of God. He was on the effective list in the Pacific Conference until the session of 1857, when he assumed a superannuated relation. Consumption marked him for a victim. He sank rapidly, his spirit mellowing more and more as he approached the end.

He was a man of strong intellect and iron prejudices. One of the last garrisons of his nature to surrender to the Prince of Peace was the forgiving an enemy. His wife was absent from the coast when his last hour came. But he found kind friends to minister to him in the evening of life. He went to the Hot Springs, in Loconoma Valley, where he died. Just before his death he indited the following letter to his wife:

Hot Springs, Loconoma Valley,
February 2, 1858.

Dear Wife:—I am very weak, and think I can't live twenty-four hours. I am ready to die, and am fully resigned to my God. All the errors or mistakes I may have committed during my life I have sincerely repented for, and have forgiven all my enemies, and feel that I am reconciled through the mercy of *Jesus Christ*, and my entire hope is in the mediation of my *Great High Priest*. If I have ever injured any one I am now disposed to make all acknowledgments and restitution to them, for I die in peace and hope through the *mercy of Jesus Christ*.

A few days after this he calmly fell asleep in Jesus. Those who stood about him as he passed the Jordan assure us that his end was peace.

R. W. Bigham was sent from the Georgia Conference as a missionary to Panama, in 1852 Panama was at the time the great thoroughfare to California. A railroad had been projected across the Isthmus, and it was thought that the city of Panama would be more or less occupied by English-speaking people. And the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, determined to establish a Mission there, and R. W. Bigham, of the Georgia Conference, offered himself to Bishop Andrew as a missionary. He was accepted, and early in 1852 he went to his work. But a few months' labor and observation convinced him that nothing could be done there. He could be of no benefit whatever to the crowds that were ever passing through; and there were not enough permanent settlers of our people there to make it an object to preach to them. Therefore, during the year, he came on to California, and at the San Jose Conference, in 1853, presented his certificate of transfer, and was received into the Pacific Conference. He did faithful work among us for a number of years,

when he returned to his native State and Conference. He did very much for Southern Methodism while on this coast. He was a clear, forcible preacher, whose only aim and desire was to work for and glorify his Master. Since his return to his native State he has occupied important stations, and has made his mark as a writer—his Sunday-school book, "Vinny Leal," having taken the second prize, when some very handsome prizes were offered for the best books for children. Many of us felt, when we read his book, and the one that took the first prize, that the committee made a mistake—and the verdict of the people has been to that effect. The first-prize book has been almost forgotten, while but few books issued by our House have had such a sale as "Vinny Leal." It is said that at times the compositors, when setting the type of this book, had to brush away the tears that blinded their eyes. He has written other books—one, "Wine and Blood"—that have well sustained his reputation as a writer.

J. C. Pendergrast was born in Hamilton County, East Tennessee, January 4, 1823. He was happily converted in his sixteenth year, licensed to preach in his nineteenth year, and was admitted on trial in the Holston Conference, October, 1843. He traveled nine years in that Conference, and then transferred to the Pacific in the fall of 1852. He arrived in California, January 7, 1853, and every year since has come up to Conference to receive an appointment at the hands of the Bishop. He has been a traveling preacher longer than any man in the Pacific Conference. When he reached California he was in vigorous health and perfectly devoted to the itinerant ministry. When he enlisted he surrendered all, and up to the present has never asked

a furlough. Year after year he has answered to roll-call and taken his appointment, and without a murmur filled it to the best of his ability. In an early day he was very useful in the camp-meeting campaigns for which our preachers were famous. All along through his ministry he has been in his quiet, unobtrusive way winning stars to deck the crown of the Redeemer. Converted in early youth, he has led a most exemplary life. But few men are as pure and chaste in conversation as he.

B. H. Russell was born in Cabell County, Virginia, October 26, 1812. In 1833 he was converted to God and made a new creature in Christ Jesus. With this blessing came the call to preach. For long years he fought against it, trying to satisfy his conscience by other active work in the Church, as class-leader and steward. But the call of God was not changed. Wherever he went, whatever he did, the Spirit still urged him to yield to his demands. His brethren saw that a struggle was going on in the heart of the young man, and they advised him to yield, which at last he did, and took license to preach in the winter of 1844, and was admitted on trial in the Iowa Conference in 1845. In 1848 he changed his Church relations and united with the M. E. Church, South, and took work in the Indian Mission Conference, where he labored for four years. He was then sent to Independence, Missouri. In 1852 he was transferred to the Pacific Conference, crossed the plains, and arrived in California in September of that year. His first work was Suisun and Napa, a part of D. B. Leyne's enormous circuit. His second year was on the Bodega Circuit. This was a memorable year with him. In the fall he

planned a camp-meeting at what is now the town of Sebastopol. T. U. Smith, Thomas Moore, and some other young men went with the preacher into the redwoods in the vicinity, felled the trees, split lumber for tents and seats, built a brush arbor, and made all the arrangements necessary. The blessing of God came down upon them from the beginning. A. M. Bailey sang as he had never done before; J. C. Pendergrast preached with unwonted power and pathos; P. O. Clayton and others helped much. There were more than one hundred conversions, and men were brought in that stood as pillars in the Church for a quarter of a ry.

As Presiding Elder of the Sacramento District, with a vigorous band of young men on the several stations and circuits, in 1854 a movement was made all along the line that put our Church in the front rank. During the revivals that occurred between 1854 and 1858 some of our most talented and useful preachers were brought in.

In 1857 Brother Russell was in the Colusa Circuit, and at a camp-meeting held that fall more than one hundred souls were converted. In 1882 he celebrated his golden wedding while on the Woodbridge Circuit. A large crowd of friends assembled at the parsonage, a rich supper was spread by willing hands, and $250 was given the happy couple with which to start afresh on life's pilgrimage. He is still effective, though in somewhat feeble health. He says, "I am not very strong, but willing as ever to work in the Master's vineyard."

P. O. Clayton came to us by transfer from the Missouri Conference. He was a tall, muscular man, with

great powers of endurance, and seemed well adapted to the work in California. He had with him an aged and infirm mother that he felt filially bound to sustain in her old age, and once or twice during his connection with our Conference he was compelled to desist for a time from active work on her account. In 1856 he located, but was re-admitted in 1863. He was for a number of years presiding elder. In 1872 he transferred to the Los Angeles Conference.

We were fortunate in having the venerable Bishop Soule with us at this memorable Conference. His large experience and well-balanced intellect were of great value to us. His remarks at the close of the Conference, when he rose to read out the Appointments, made a lasting impression upon all the preachers. He advised us as to the manner in which we were to do our work. He had heard and seen enough since his arrival on our coast to know that ours was an exceedingly trying field, and that it would require much wisdom and prudence to meet the demands of the times. He assured us that no amount of human skill and forethought could atone for a want of full reliance upon the Holy Spirit. He cautioned us in regard to our conduct, and like a wise sailor that knew the rough seas we would in all probability have to sail, he bade us ever to be prudent and on our guard. He then urged us to faithfulness by many weighty arguments and persuasions. As he stood before us in all the dignity of his age and office, and in a voice that thrilled with sympathy, we felt like children listening to the counsels of a loving father. He then announced the Appointments. One new district had been formed and a number of appointments added. Some of these ap-

pointments, especially those in the mines, have long since been abandoned, but others are still to be found in the list. At this time the great majority of the population was in the mines. Towns that had sprung up like magic were crowded to overflowing. But in a few years the placer-diggings being worked out and exhausted, these towns were deserted. In a few years men began to appreciate the importance of the agricultural resources of the great valleys. They saw that there was much more of wealth held in their rich soil than all the gold of the mountains. They saw that California was to be a land of homes, and that her climate rivaled that of Italy, and her productiveness was immense. The pick was exchanged for the plow, the shovel for the scythe, and the "Long Tom" and the sluice-box for the mower and the reaper. The human tide that had struck our shores, and under the impulse of excitement went sweeping up the mountain-sides, filling gulch and canyon, now began slowly to recede toward the valleys, and homes soon dotted the fertile plains in every direction. It was but the part of wisdom to follow this tide. We at once transferred our interests to the centers of agriculture and commerce, and as quickly as possible adjusted ourselves to the new order of things. In a very few years appointments in the mining regions that had been flourishing, where we had built churches and parsonages, were abandoned. The property became worthless on account of the large majority of the people leaving the mines. As soon as a man's mining-claim was worked out, all ties that bound him to the place were broken, and he left at any sacrifice. Thus in a few years we gave up Nevada City, Grass Valley, Placerville, Mud

Springs, Georgetown, Auburn, Columbia, Murphy's, Jackson, and Jamestown, at most of which places we had more or less of property or interest. A few of the mining-towns, after the "placer-diggings" were exhausted, began working the numerous quartz ledges that seamed the mountains, and became permanent places; but the great majority of the mining-towns were abandoned after a few years.

CHAPTER IV.

THE third session of the Pacific Conference was held in the city of Stockton, February 15–23, 1854. Bishop Soule was to preside, but the steamer that was to bring him to our coast was delayed, and on assembling at the appointed time, we proceeded to organize by electing a President *pro tem.* On the first ballot A. Graham was elected. On the 17th a telegram from Bishop Soule announced his arrival in San Francisco, and on Saturday morning, the 18th, he took his seat in the Conference. In many respects this was a memorable Conference. It was at this Conference that some of the troubles under which we suffered for years began. It was at this Conference that the Stockton church, that had been sold under foreclosure of mortgage, was redeemed, and saved to Southern Methodism, and under the wise and skillful hand of Bishop Soule we were tided over some rough places. When the question, "Who are admitted on trial this year?" was asked, the names and recommendations of James W. Stahl, Thomas C. Barton, and Solomon Smith were presented, and they were admitted. The first two were recommended by the same Quarterly Conference, viz., the Angels Circuit, the last from the Bodega Circuit. James W. Stahl was a quiet, earnest young man, timid, but conscientious. His timidity was greatly in his way as a pastor. He found it a great task to visit from house to house.

He was quite a good preacher, and did us good service for a number of years He took appointments from year to year until 1862, when he was made Presiding Elder of the Oregon District, our Conference having extended her borders to that State. He was kept within the bounds of this State till 1865, when he asked for and was granted a location.

The General Conference of 1866 organized the Columbia Conference. Subsequently Brother Stahl became a member of that Conference. The latter years of his life were sad. He was afflicted with softening of the brain, and upon one occasion, in a fit of despondency, he attempted his own life. In this he failed. He died soon after. The exact date of his death we have not. His end was peace.

Thomas C. Barton, who was admitted at this session, has proved one of our most faithful, efficient men. A man of strong convictions and power as a preacher, he has been faithfully at work all these years, filling many of our most important stations, and representing the Conference once in the General Conference. Greatly afflicted in his sight, he has labored under difficulties beneath which many a man would have yielded. He has never asked for rest or favors The Great Day alone will reveal the good that he has done.

Solomon Smith continued with us but a short time, and we have lost sight of him.

During the year the membership of the Church had advanced to 731—an increase of 223. There were 23 local preachers—an increase of 3. One more church and three more parsonages were reported. J H. Bristow and John Matthews located, and J. S. Malone was transferred to the Tennessee Conference.

J. Boring and A. M. Wynn were elected delegates to the ensuing General Conference. These brethren represented us in the General Conference, but were never permitted to return to us. Dr. Boring located at the next session of the Pacific Conference. Brother Wynn made an effort to return, sailed with his family, but was taken with hemorrhage of the lungs, and after reaching Havana, returned to Georgia, where he has remained ever since. In a few years he recovered, and has done efficient work in that State.

The year that followed this Conference was a year of great toil and of many successes. God revived his work under the ministry of our preachers; especially did he bless the camp-meetings held in various parts of the work. The seal of his indorsement was set unmistakably upon our organization.

The fourth session of the Pacific Conference was held in Asbury Chapel, Sacramento City, April 18–25, 1855, Bishop J. O. Andrew presiding. In his opening talk to the Conference he won all hearts at once by the fatherly manner in which he addressed them. When he gave expression to the great pleasure it afforded him to meet with his brethren in this far-off land, all felt that he gave expression to the true sentiments of his heart. He seemed to comprehend the magnitude and importance of our work, and the necessary qualifications for its accomplishment. He showed he was in full sympathy with us, and that he was well apprised of the labors and difficulties we had already encountered. He had faith in our final success. We were fortunate in having a man of so much experience to preside over our deliberations in this formative pe-

riod in our history. No man could more fully sympathize with us than he. His had been an eventful life. He knew what it was to meet with opposition in planting the kingdom of the Messiah. He fully understood the principles upon which our branch of the Methodist Church had been founded. He had been in the fire when the fierce heat of fanaticism had glowed in the Church—a heat that welded together firmly and forever the hearts of our people on the principles of a purely spiritual Church, unsectional in its every fiber—a Church that could conscientiously invite men of all political creeds to come into its communion without fear of antagonism.

Quite a number of valuable transfers came to us this year, and were introduced to the Conference by Bishop Andrew, viz., O. P. Fitzgerald, J. C. Stewart, T. W. Moore, J. W. Ellis, B. R. Johnson, and O Fisher.

O. P. Fitzgerald came to us from the Georgia Conference, being in the second year of his ministry. He was sent his first year to Sonora, a stirring mining-town in Tuolumne County. Here Wynn, and Malone, and Evans had planted the seeds of Southern Methodism. He at once adjusted himself to the novel work, and went from camp to camp in the adjacent mines, preaching to the hardy miners. He showed them that he loved them, and was working for their spiritual good. The magnetism of his nature, the genial spirit that ever glowed in his intercourse with them, opened his way, and his wonderful conversational powers won for him a place in the hearts of all with whom he came in contact. While in Sonora he bound to himself friends that love him till now as they love but few men.

His next appointment was San Jose, where he did a

good work. Then San Francisco and Oakland. After filling several other important stations, he was elected Editor of the *Pacific Methodist*, in 1858, in connection with the San Francisco Station. He continued editor of the paper for many years, a position for which he was eminently qualified. He was what might be called a "born editor." For this work he was specially suited both by nature and by cultivation. He gave to the paper not only his personal efforts, but expended hundreds of dollars of his own private means to sustain it. When, under the great financial pressure that came upon the State during the war—which pressure, as far as the *Pacific Methodist* was concerned, reached its crisis during the flood of 1861–2—the paper was suspended, O. P. Fitzgerald was the first to make an effort for its resurrection. At one time he was Agent for Pacific Methodist College, and temporary president of the institution. During this agency the college reached a crisis in its affairs, and he mortgaged his own property and put in the sum of $3,000 to save it.

He was at one time elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and filled that office for a term of four years with great credit to himself. Many of the teachers of that period are wont to speak of this term as "the reign of good-will." He carried his urbane manners into his office, and was ever ready to listen to the troubles of the most obscure teachers, and with his wonderful peace-making qualities he poured oil on many troubled seas during his administration. The University of California was organized under his administration, and the California State Normal School fully organized and permanently located. The beneficial impress of his character and labors abides. As a

pastor, class-leader, and Sunday-school teacher, he has but few equals. A gracious revival attended his labors at one time in Santa Rosa. Among the converts during that meeting was a half-witted boy, or man, rather; for though a man in years, he was a mere child in mind. It was wonderful to see the manner in which this Doctor of Divinity came down to the comprehension of this weak one, and how quietly he led him to the blessed experience of the religion of Jesus. When urging the Church upon one occasion to look after this lamb of the flock with others, he said: "If Jesus himself were here, and were to show special concern for any in the bestowment of his grace and help, I have no doubt it would be to Louie"—the boy referred to. This little speech showed the spirit of the man. The peer of the first men of the Church or State, he stooped to take this poor, half-witted youth by the hand and lead him to the living waters, and teach him to kneel and drink.

At the General Conference of 1878 his ability as an editor was recognized by the Church, and he was elected Editor of the *Christian Advocate*, the organ of the General Conference. During the time he has been at the head of this paper he has written quite a number of books that have struck the public heart, and have proved a rich addition to the literature of the Church.

The Rev. Orceneth Fisher, who came to us at this Conference from the East Texas Conference, reached us late in the session. The night after his arrival he preached. The sermon was full of scriptural thought and illustration. He was a pioneer—one that ever panted to be in the front of God's bannered host. And

now, as he stood on the western verge of the continent, and in a Conference of Methodist preachers; and opening his commission to us for the first time, his soul caught fire. With thought, and voice, and gesture, he bore his audience before him to the most rapturous heights. A very halo seemed to be round about him, as with native eloquence, sanctified by a blessed experience, he preached to us that night. He had entered the ministry in the great North-west, and following along the borders of the Church as she was pushing her conquests into the wilderness, he had reached Texas, and done good work there; and now as the Pacific Conference was calling for laborers, he answered the call, and stood in our midst ready for work. A hearty welcome we gave him, and noble work did he do for the Master in our State while among us.

He was an ardent and devoted student of God's word. He drew all his thoughts and energies in that way. He did not study the Bible topically, but as a whole, striving always to get the mind of the Spirit. He was better armed with apt quotations on any and every subject from the word of God than any man we ever knew. Spring him on any subject connected with theology, and one would be ready to conclude that he had made that subject a specialty. He had the happy faculty in private conversation of turning any subject that might be under discussion to religion. He was a man of prayer and of great faith. His wrestling in private, when any great matter called him to the mercy-seat, was like that of Jacob at Penuel. When once he had grappled with the Angel of the Covenant, there was no release until the blessing came. The Rev. J. Gruwell, who made with him a trip overland to Ore-

gon, says he prayed more than any man he ever saw. Prayer was his native breath, his vital air.

One so accustomed to prayer in secret was of necessity mighty in prayer when leading the congregation. Sometimes it seemed as if he were lifting the veil in the earnestness of his approaches to the shekinah, and leading you into the visible presence of Jehovah; and yet there was no presumption in his petitions. As simple as a child, God could but love to hear him pray. God was his refuge at all times, whether he were leading the devotions of waiting thousands at a camp-meeting under our summer skies, or kneeling amid the whirling snow-flakes at the base of Mount Shasta, with the storm-king blocking his way to Oregon. He felt his reliance upon the divine arm equally when the shout of victory told of a forward movement on the part of God's sacramental host, as when kneeling by the bed of suffering pleading for the life and salvation of a fellow-mortal.

He had a remarkably musical voice, with wonderful compass. He could with ease speak so as to be heard by thousands on a camp-ground. and yet those who were nearest to him found no unpleasant loudness in his tones. His preaching was always scriptural. He fully understood the doctrines of Methodism, and was an able defender of them. When he essayed to set them before an audience one felt that they stood not so much on the logic of argument as upon the word of God. Like Paul, "a thus it is written" settled all matters with him. He was a great revivalist, and his services at a protracted or camp-meeting were always sought after and appreciated. Always interesting, always eloquent, there were times when he soared out-

side of himself and carried his audience with him in eager flight to the most rapturous heights. Like Whitefield, he could seize upon the events transpiring around him, and in the happiest manner make them do service for his Master. Once, at what was at first known as the "Toll-gate"—afterward Saratoga—Camp-ground, he was making some remarks at night preparatory to the administration of the Lord's Supper. As he dwelt upon the solemn scenes that preceded its institution, a cloud drifted into the sky, and, what was a rare occurrence in this part of California, lightnings were seen playing upon its bosom as it approached us. All unheeding the storm, he held his audience in that upper chamber listening to the tender voice of Jesus, as with solemn step he passed from one to another of the awe-stricken disciples, giving the bread and the wine: and then he led them out to Gethsemane, and had them kneel with bated breath while the Son of man prayed, with the death-sweat standing in bloody drops upon his sorrow-seamed face; then to Calvary, mantled with its death-pains and sufferings. Just then a bright flash of lightning lit up the faces of the listeners, followed by a peal of thunder that echoed amid the crags of the mountain-range at whose base the camp-ground lay, when, lifting his hand and pointing to the passing cloud that obscured but half our sky, in language that can never be reproduced, he spoke of the storm and of Him who ruled it until the awe-stricken crowd never felt so immediately in the presence and under the power of God before.

But a man who has filled so large a space in our work, and to whom the people of the Pacific Coast are so deeply indebted, should have more than a pass-

ing notice. He can be classed among the apostles of the nineteenth century, and is worthy of the title. He was born in Chester, Windsor County, Vermont, Nov. 5, 1803. His father was Dr. David Fisher; his parental grandfather the Rev. D. Fisher, of the Free-will Baptist Church. His mother was a daughter of Captain Rufus Chase, of Providence, Rhode Island, and member of the Baptist Church, under the mintstry of Roger Williams. In the line of ancestry and kindred were some of the noble and honored of England—among them, William III., Prince of Orange, the Townleys, Lord George Fisher, and Archbishop Fisher.* He was not baptized in infancy, which greatly troubled him, and was a source of regret during life. God's Spirit touched his heart at the tender age of six years. When about twelve, his mother, discovering that God was dealing with the child, began to encourage him to read the Bible through, which he did, and soon became much interested in its contents. He at once determined to become a Christian, but kept it a profound secret until one day, as he was kneeling in prayer in the woods, three men came upon him in his hiding-place and discovered him. He then concluded, as the secret was out, he would mingle with Christians and converse with them upon the great plan of salvation.

From some cause he did not formally unite with the Church until his seventeenth year. He immediately began to pray in public, and occasionally to exhort. In a short time he was licensed to preach. His first sermon was delivered soon after, when the whole congregation was deeply moved, and the result was two pow-

* W. Shapard

erful conversions. A grand revival followed, the work spread, and scores were added to the Church. Thus at the very threshold of his ministry God set to his seal that he was his, and for fifty-eight years the revival fires kindled and burned wherever he went. But few men of any age have seen so much of immediate fruit of their ministry.

He joined the Ohio Conference, and was sent to Vincennes—his first circuit—March 3, 1823. This circuit extended to the vicinity of "Old Fort Harrison," up the Wabash River east into the forks of White River, up the east fork to Mt. Pleasant, above and across to the west fork of Black Creek. In many places there were no roads, and sometimes no bridges or ferries. His father, who had been firm in opposing him as a Methodist up to this time, now entirely relented, acknowledged his wrong, asked forgiveness, and an interest in the prayers of his son. He gave him his liberty, and bid him God-speed in his glorious work. A mere boy, he left home to go out into the wild West, he knew not whither. But his trust was in God, and with an eye single to his glory. Revivals followed his labors wherever he went. He filled twenty-eight appointments in four weeks, often preaching day and night, besides holding class and prayer-meetings. Nearly seven hundred joined the Church under his ministry the first two years. He then joined the St. Louis Conference, and was appointed to the Illinois Circuit, including the towns of Belleville, Lebanon, Edwardsville, and Alton. On this work he endured many hardships, but a revival swept over the entire circuit, and among those converted was Dr. Talbot, who became a distinguished minister.

His next appointment was Mt. Vernon. Here also he had glorious success. In 1837 he was stationed in Carlisle, and in 1840 in Springfield, Illinois. Abraham Lincoln, then a young man, often attended upon his ministry. While stationed in Springfield he extended the use of his church to the State Legislature to hold its sessions, as they then had no State-house.

In 1841 he transferred to Texas. While there God was with him in mighty power, and thousands were added to the Church under his ministry in that State. He was chaplain of the *last* Senate of the Republic of Texas. Three years he was in Houston, where he projected, edited, and published the *Texas Christian Advocate.*

He filled various stations and districts, and was sent by the East Texas Conference to the third General Conference of the Church, South, held in Columbus, Georgia, in 1854. He assisted in the ordination of several Bishops.

His first appointment was San Francisco Station. But this work was not so well suited to the genius of the man as were the district and circuit work, where he could be out more preaching to the masses. It was hard to confine him closely to the city. He accepted the invitations of his friends in the interior to attend and assist them in their revival-meetings. Upon one occasion he met in public debate one of the leading ministers of the M. E. Church on the questions that divided the two Churches. Though a Northern man by birth and education, he embraced the principles of the Church, South, with all the ardor of his great soul, and felt himself called ever to defend these principles when questioned or assailed.

We had no church in which to worship in San Francisco at this time, and the First Presbyterian Church being without a pastor, at their earnest solicitation Brother Fisher occupied their pulpit, and both congregations worshiped together, to the edification of both preacher and people. The bonds of attachment that grew and strengthened between the Methodist preacher and the Presbyterian congregation were never severed. In all after-years Brother Fisher referred to this association with peculiar pleasure and affection.

His second appointment was Stockton. Here his labors were blessed with a gracious revival. He was succeeding finely when the Vigilance Committee excitement broke out in San Francisco—an excitement that not only swept before it almost the entire city, but reached far into the interior. Gamblers and thieves became so bold and daring as not only to strike terror into the hearts of private citizens, but to overawe even the officers of the law. Never in the history of the State did there ever exist such a state of things. Swindlers, thieves, and gamblers dictated to the political parties, and ruled the State with a tyranny that nothing could resist. There were a few good men on the bench, but they were powerless to render justice when any number of men stood ready to swear to any thing asked of them. There was no assurance that conviction would follow arrests, no matter how many witnesses might be arrayed against the guilty. County jails were not secure, and the State-prison itself was in the hands of men who for money would turn loose those intrusted to their keeping. In December, 1854, thirty convicts escaped from it the same day. Ballot-box stuffing was as regular as the day of election.

Voters felt it a farce to poll their ballots when unscrupulous men could manufacture any majority they pleased for their men in ten minutes after the polls closed.

It is not within our province to detail the stirring events of this period. Two religious papers took sides with the Vigilants, and very many of the pulpits of the city and State showed their sympathies with them. Our Church and ministry proved true to their cherished principles, and refrained from any participation in the matter. Father Fisher, however, was caught for a little while in the general excitement, and at an immense meeting in the city of Stockton he was put forward during its progress to read a telegram announcing the execution of two notorious characters by the Vigilance Committee. From that hour he lost his influence with many in whom he was most interested. And only the saintliness of his character ever tided him over this misstep.

While in Stockton he commenced the publication of the *Pacific Methodist*, he having been elected editor at the preceding Conference. This position he held to the ensuing Annual Conference, when O. P. Fitzgerald was elected editor.

While stationed in Stockton we were still in possession of the building erected by Brother Gridley on Weber Avenue, but there was no bell on the church at the time. Sister Fisher determined to get one. The membership at that time was small and the prejudice from the outside very bitter. It was a laborious undertaking. But kind friends assisted, and through tears and prayers, hard work and persistent effort, she succeeded, and soon the silvery notes of a sweet-toned bell were calling worshipers to prayers. This at once

attracted attention to the church, and was worth far more to us than the intrinsic value of the bell. It gave us influence with the people in larger measure.

In the fall it was determined to hold a camp-meeting about twelve miles above Stockton on the Calaveras River. But few could be enlisted in the enterprise at first; but with faith and prayer Brother Fisher and his wife got together what provisions they could and went out to the ground. Sister Fisher cooked and washed dishes and fed the people until the revival began. Soon it burst into a blessed blaze; scores crowded the altar, and the sobs and cries of penitents were heard at every service. Many were converted, the Church was refreshed, and the glorious work deepened. Sister Fisher would labor at the tent during the day feeding the people, and would enter the altar at night and point the penitents to the world's Redeemer. Like her husband, she was doing all for the glory of God and the good of his cause. One day she saw a gentleman, whom she had frequently seen in Stockton, watching her with much interest while she was busily engaged in preparing dinner. He sought an introduction, and expressed surprise that she should work so hard, and then said:

"I am not a member of the Church, but will gladly give two dollars a day for a cook to relieve you.'

She thanked him, and told him she had felt under the necessity of doing it, as some one had it to do to get the meeting started, and added, "As God has blessed us with a glorious revival and souls are being saved, I am more than repaid for all that I have done."

The gentleman bade her good-morning and went away. In a little while two other men came to where

she was, and handing her some money, expressed their regrets that she should have been so long overtasked in her arduous work. They told her to go to Stockton and lay in more provisions, and to secure the services of a cook, that the crowds that would be attracted to the grounds the coming Saturday and Sunday might be fed without taking her strength or purse. When she reached Stockton she found the meeting all the talk on the streets. Everybody was excited about it, and very many were making their arrangements to go out to it. Such a meeting had never occurred in that country before. She got all the provisions necessary, secured the services of several cooks, and henceforth was relieved of all the drudgery. She still, however, superintended the affairs of the table to see that all were fed and cared for. The meeting was one of the best ever held in this neighborhood. A new circuit was formed, and a neat church and parsonage—the Linden—were built near the place the following year.

Brother Fisher was in his glory all through the meeting, preaching with unwearied zeal and fervor, and working early and late with the penitents at the altar. Now and then could be heard his exultant "Hallelujah" mingling with the shout of a new-born soul. R. W. Bigham, T. C. Barton, E. G. Cannon, and other ministers labored all through the meeting with great success, preaching with power beyond their wont.

This meeting was not without its opponents. Some "sons of Belial" were on the ground, but their efforts at retarding the work of grace were without avail. One night, when the altar was full of mourners, and Sister Fisher was leading in an earnest prayer, some one threw an explosive in among them. The report

was loud and distinct. Instead of confusing her, she became more earnest, the "Amens" to her petitions were more hearty, the faith of the Church rose, and as a result they had very many conversions soon after.

Sometimes the appeals made by Brother Fisher seemed like bolts from the sky, and sinners were stricken down in every direction. When this meeting closed Brother Fisher and family returned to Stockton, rested a few days, when they went to another camp-meeting near Stockton, which continued until the weather became too cool for camping out, when it was removed to Stockton and continued until Conference. Among those converted at the first-named camp-meeting was Wick B. Parsons, present editor of the *Pacific Methodist*, whose devotion to the Church and enduring self-denial for the cause of Southern Methodism will compare with that of our preachers. He was foreman of the printing-office of the *Pacific Methodist* at the time. He had bought the first outfit for the paper—had with his own hands locked the first form that gave it a place among the papers of the land as a power for good. He is its editor at this writing.

Brother Fisher seemed to move in a revival atmosphere. Wherever he went the power of God attended his ministry. On one camp-meeting round on his district, including the Suisun work, eight hundred persons were added to the Church. Such power, such revivals as extended from one meeting to another on that round, has never been witnessed in the State. God's power seemed manifest in every sermon, prayer, and song

In 1858 a correspondence was opened with friends in the State of Oregon on the subject of establishing

our Church there. This was just to his mind. He gloried more in being a pioneer of the Church than any man we ever knew. He ever desired to be in the forefront of the battle—to blaze a way in the wilderness for others to find their way to new fields.

Soon the pioneer spirit, such as fired the breast of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, when he desired to go to the regions beyond, "lest he should build upon another man's foundation," stirred him, and he felt it his duty to go there and organize our Church. Hence, at the ensuing Conference he requested the President of the Conference to attach Oregon to his work, as Presiding Elder of the San Francisco District, and give him authority, as the legal representative of the Church, to do whatever seemed proper to be done when he should have reached the field. Accordingly, about the first of June, 1859, he and wife, and two children, took passage on the steamship Pacific, commanded by Captain Patterson. They had a comparatively smooth passage until they reached the mouth of the Columbia River, when they found the sea too rough to attempt to cross the dangerous bar that lies at the mouth of that river. So they steamed up Puget Sound to Esquimalt, where they lay until the next day. On the Sabbath they visited Her Majesty's young city, Victoria, where Brother Fisher preached for Dr. Evans, of the Canadian Methodist Church, to a large, attentive, and intelligent congregation. Of course these British Methodists had their hearts stirred with the living fire of this "son of thunder." Dr. Evans invited him and family home to lunch with him Thus the Sabbath in a strange land was spent pleasantly and profitably. As they steamed along the Sound, no doubt the quiver of this mighty

man of eloquence was replenished with fresh arrows as he took in the grand scenery around him. Back in the forest, that clothed the mountain-range with more than royal beauty, stood Mount Baker, lifting his snow-mantled form high above all other peaks, in solitary grandeur, while Olympus and other towering peaks stood like a royal guard about the grander form of the mighty monarch—forming a scene too grand ever to fade from memory. With guns and music Her Majesty's ships exchanged salutes with the Pacific as she swept down the Sound.

On Monday they crossed the bar at the mouth of the Columbia River, and steamed up that grand Mississippi of the West, and were soon at Portland, the commercial emporium of the State. It was soon known that the object of Brother Fisher was to organize the Southern Methodist Church in Oregon. With but few exceptions the newspapers hailed his advent most heartily. On all sides a hearty welcome was accorded him and family. They met Captain Lyon, late Master of the Masonic Lodge in Stockton. Brother Fisher had been the chaplain of his lodge. He was at the time Grand Lecturer of the State. The Grand Lodge of Oregon was then in session at Salem City, and Captain Lyon at once made arrangements for Brother Fisher to attend this meeting. As the one whose duty it was to deliver the oration at this meeting was absent, and the coming of Brother Fisher had been known, arrangements had been made for him to deliver the oration. Oregon is a strong Masonic State, and this occasion opened the way for his success in almost every direction. He at once began his work, preaching to immense crowds, and the interest spread

all over the State "The Texas Ranger," as some called him, wielded a tremendous influence everywhere. He left J. C. Kolbe to form a circuit at Independence, and after spending nearly three months in prospecting, receiving quite a number into the Church, and promising to send them preachers at Conference, they started home, but to their great disappointment they reached Portland one day too late for the steamer. They were consequently detained nine days, but they were not spent in idleness. He preached as often as he had opportunity, and they were royally entertained by the citizens, each vying with the other in hospitality. While waiting they made a visit to the Hudson Bay Company, and when about to leave were informed that their hotel bill was paid. It was again their fortune to sail with Captain Patterson, who refused to take any fare from them, giving them every attention.

The next year Brother Fisher was sent to take charge of the Oregon work, with J. L Burchard, Moses Clampit, J. C. Kolbe, J. Gruwell, J. Kelsay, and C. H. E. Newton as helpers.

J. Gruwell had a large family, and he and Brother Fisher concluded to take the overland route by way of Pitt and Fall Rivers. They had about seven hundred miles to go, over high mountains and through a wild, hostile Indian country. They started from San Jose about the middle of October. They went by way of Livermore and San Ramon valleys, crossing the Contra Costa Mountains. They crossed the Straits of Carquinez at Martinez and Benicia; then by way of Suisun and Sacramento valleys, crossing the Sacramento River some distance above Red Bluff, and took the mountain road *via* Pitt River. Soon after entering the mountains

they encountered heavy rain and snow storms. They stopped at Lost Camp, where a company of United States Rangers were camped, under Capt. Burns, who had the Indian queen a prisoner. She promised to lead him to the hiding-place of her tribe.

The day after leaving Lost Camp they traveled for forty miles over a route infested by hostile Indians. For fifteen miles the snow lay deep upon the ground, making travel exceedingly heavy. At last they reached a military station. The commanding officer sent a mounted military escort with them sixteen miles to the next station. Two men had been murdered by the Indians near there two days before. It was late at night when they reached Pitt River. There they stopped at another rangers' camp, the captain kindly giving them the use of his house that night. The snow was deep, and it was dreadfully cold, and they appreciated this kindness. Soon after this they reached the settlements, and felt greatly relieved. The toil through deep snows, and at times through slush and mud, climbing the mountains with the constant strain of mind in view of the dangers that surrounded them, told upon all; and when they were out of the danger the reaction was great, and an inexpressible sense of weariness almost overpowered them. Who can imagine what they had endured for weeks in this perilous journey?—all endured in carrying the pure religion of Jesus to the people of Oregon

During all these weeks Brother Fisher never let go the Divine arm; day and night he prayed. No surroundings of camp or soldiery could make him forego the privileges of prayer. Ofttimes kneeling by their camp-fire, bordered by snow, this man of God was

holding to the promises of Jehovah and pleading for guidance and protection. God heard him and brought all in safety through the perils of the wilderness, and crowned their labors with glorious success. On their reaching Oregon they met a hearty welcome everywhere, and congregations large and attentive.

A camp-meeting was appointed to be held near Salem, and as the time approached there were rumors flying through the neighborhood that "a mob intended to *rotten-egg* our preachers, declaring that no camp-meeting should be held by the Southern Methodists in the State." But preparations went steadily forward for the meeting: men and women that had braved the perils of the Pitt and Fall River country, when the wild sons of the forest were on the war-path, could not be turned from duty by the undertones of a mob

The usual preparations being completed, as the preachers and their families rode on to the ground on Saturday they saw a soiled American flag flying from the corner of the preacher's stand. C. H. E. Newton, the preacher in charge, informed them that it had been raised by a party of "roughs." Brother Fisher told him it was all right, and to let it hang there; that he loved the flag, and that it had never done him any harm.

Late that evening the same party took down the flag, and without provocation, but evidently to misrepresent, rode into Salem and reported that Mr. Newton had refused to let the flag stay on the stand.

The good people saw through the whole thing, and determined that Brother Fisher and his Church should be protected. In accordance with this determination, several hundred men came on to the ground on Sunday

morning, fully armed and prepared for any emergency. It was one of Oregon's most lovely Sabbath mornings. Several thousand persons were on the grounds—some for worship and some from idle curiosity. The congregation assembled about the stand, and just in the rear of the congregation stood a mob with the same soiled flag that had been on the stand the day before waving over them. Their presence indicated trouble, and corroborated the reports they had heard.

Just before the eleven-o'clock service Brother Newton rose in the stand and stated to the congregation that he had not objected to the flag being on the stand, as was reported of him. This was the signal for the disturbance to begin. The mob jerked off their coats and commenced yelling, "Hang him! hang him!" As they bounded over the seats, men and women ran, children screamed, women fainted, while a few men rushed into the stand, and, with their hands on their revolvers, commanded the mob not to enter. They were frenzied with rage, and it is said some of them foamed at the mouth like wild beasts. Two men seized the leader, with orders for him to stop; but he kicked and fought as if determined to carry out his blood-thirsty designs. Many of the ladies stood bravely by their husbands, unterrified by the unusual scene. Sister Fisher, supported by Mrs. Dr. Belt, of Salem, with a temerity that was born of conscious right, stepped boldly up to the raging leader and ordered him to behave himself. She talked to him in the most wonderful manner, Mrs. Belt standing by and encouraging her by her presence and her looks. For a moment he looked into that calm, resolute face, and dropping his eyes and hanging his head, he became quiet. Brother Fisher, in the most

marvelous manner, soon restored order. The mob sat down on the straw in the altar; men, women, and children came timidly back and took their seats. Without a tremor in his voice, and with the manner that he would have assumed on the most ordinary occasion, he announced for his text: "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." From this text he preached a most powerful and telling sermon. How beautiful he made the religion of peace and good-will appear that day no one but those who heard him can know.

The next day the leader's father sent Sister Fisher a beautiful piece of Oregon cloth, with a request that she accept it for a cloak, as a token of his appreciation of the timely rebuke she had given his son.

These people were laboring under a false impression, born of our name, "South." They looked upon our Church as sectional, and conceived that we could come to Oregon for no other purpose than to introduce the peculiar views of the South. They knew nothing of us, nor of the peculiar principles of our Church. The sectional hate that soon after culminated in civil war was then rapidly increasing, and it required but little to arouse feelings of animosity against us. But the actions of this mob did us good. It brought our Church into notice, and started the inquiry as to the necessity of our existence in Oregon. God was with our preachers and people at this meeting, and scores were converted and added to the Church.

The two years that Brother Fisher spent in Oregon were years of great toil, but numbered among the happiest of his life. Friends gathered about him and his family, and everywhere they went doors were open to

them and the Church they represented. Eight hundred members and probationers had been added to the Church as part of the fruit of their labors this year.

Brother Fisher saw an opening for an institution of learning at Corvallis. A school that had been in operation for a time was about to pass out of the hands of those who had established it, and he got the refusal of the property. The citizens agreed to buy the property, provided he could and would raise $500 in California. At the Conferenee in Sacramento he presented its claims in so seccessful a manner that the required amount was subscribed. This was not done without an effort. The Pacific Conference was already engaged in educational enterprises of its own. Bascom Institute, located at San Jose, was involved and calling for help. Pacific Methodist College was in its nascent state, and the Conference by formal resolution declared that "while this Conference is not at present prepared to assume any pecuniary responsibility for any educational enterprise other than those to which we are already pledged, we are nevertheless gratified to learn that the Rev. O. Fisher, Presiding Elder of the Oregon District, has taken steps to secure for educational purposes, in the town of Corvallis, Oregon, a valuable house, and grounds attached: and in view of the prospective denominational wants of our Church in Oregon, we heartily sympathize with the movement, and commend it to the liberality of the people of Oregon."

Brother Fisher had promised the people of Oregon to raise $500 in California, and notwithstanding this resolution was well calculated to put a damper upon the movement, he would not be content. His first appeal secured $210.50. It was thought by many that

this was all that could be raised for this object. But the securing of the property depended upon the $500, and this amount he must have. Later in the session he sought a favorable opportunity, and in a most touching appeal he brought the matter again before us. He had come all the long distance from his district to secure to our Church this valuable property. If we let this opportunity pass, perhaps no other such would ever be presented to us. His appeal was overwhelming, and in a few minutes the necessary amount was subscribed, some of the preachers borrowing money to give.

At this Conference the Oregon work was enlarged, and two presiding elders' districts formed. O. Fisher was placed as Presiding Elder of Oregon District, and J. Gruwell of Jacksonville District. C. H. E. Newton, I. L. Hopkins, R. C. Martin, James Kelsay, W. M. Culp, J. E. Parrott, and D. M. Rice were sent by the Conference to these districts, while S. M. Stout, J. S. Doggett, and Nelson King were employed as supplies.

At the Conference in 1861 Brother Fisher introduced the following resolution, which was adopted by the Conference:

Resolved, That we respectfully request the next General Conference to create a new Conference, to be called the Oregon Conference, which shall include the State of Oregon, Washington Territory, and so much of the State of California as lies north of Scott's Mountain.

The General Conference of 1862 failed to meet on account of the war, and the organization of this Conference was necessarily delayed.

Brother Fisher did full work in California after his return from Oregon for a number of years. Four years

of the time he filled the office of presiding elder, an office just suited to his genius and disposition.

About the close of the war Brother Fisher, laboring under the impression that the country was ruined, and that our sister Republic of Mexico would become a place of refuge for many, and that the evangelization of that priest-ridden land lay in the near future, turned his face to the south, and in the latter part of 1864 or the first part of 1865 he set sail for Mazatlan. The Rev. D. O. Shattuck, then a local preacher in our Church, had preceded him about a month, and was making arrangements to open a farm near the city of Mazatlan. Judge Shattuck at the time was living in a hired room at the *Presidio*, twenty-five miles from Mazatlan, and on the Mazatlan River. He went at once to where Judge Shattuck lived, and made his home with him for some days. They went out prospecting together, and when they found a place to camp they moved to it and made arrangements for a crop. But after a few days of camp-life he left. Judge Shattuck says:

While we remained at the *Presidio* we had frequent conversations upon the propriety of Protestant efforts there. I told him of my experience while at Panama—that I had preached, or heard Protestant preaching, every Sabbath—that some of the most respectable natives frequently attended our worship, and one of them, the head of a very respectable family, invited me to hold prayer-meeting at his house, and I did so, to the seeming pleasure of the family and neighbors. We made a trial of it at my hotel-room at the *Presidio*, a town of, say, one thousand inhabitants. I invited all the Americans and some of the leading Mexicans to be present and join in our worship. No Mexicans came, and very few Americans, except what constituted my family. Father Fisher held a short service—good, of course. In my interview with the people the next day, I found that the time

had not come for any peaceable propagation of Protestantism, and our prospects of success or *stay* there forbid our attempting it farther. I did not go there as a *missionary*, but as a *farmer*. But I advised Father Fisher then that I thought he was in the wrong place, and had better return immediately to California. This he refused to do, and went with us when we settled at the camp. After a few days of our camp-life and rough work, however, he became convinced of his want of adaptation to that kind of life, and left us, I supposed and hoped, to return to his family. But to my astonishment I soon learned that he had taken up a claim between us and Mazatlan, hired some wood-cutters to prepare wood for the Mazatlan market, and had bought or hired a bungaloo, or large canoe, assumed the management of it as skipper, and was freighting his own wood to the Mazatlan market. This, of course, was a failure, but employed him for several months before he finally broke down.

The next time I saw him—which was late in the summer of 1865—he was at an American boarding-house in Mazatlan. He then admitted he was in the wrong place. He was destitute, and was running a borrowed sewing-machine, making pantaloons for some Americans to earn a subsistence. He was then very willing to return, and looked as though he felt as I think Jonah did after his experience with the whale. The Masons and other friends provided for and sent him to California.

I do not think Brother Fisher attempted religious service in Mexico, except the one before mentioned. Of course he, in all circumstances, was the same steady Christian that he had ever been, but his light was under a bushel while in Mexico, like the rest of us. That his motive in going there was good there is no doubt, but it is an episode that will not add to the glory of Methodism. I think it was a mistake in his very useful life, but not greater than that made by Mr. Wesley as a missionary to the wild Indians of Georgia. It shows that *great* and *good* men are not always *wise*.

This mistake of Brother Fisher was a most natural one. As we have seen, he was a missionary of the grandest type, one whose soul was ever running out to

regions beyond, who not only desired that "the kingdoms of this world should become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ," but he wanted to be in the forefront of the army that should carry the victories of the cross to these kingdoms. And now when the fortunes of war had crushed his fondest hopes, while yet the smoke and the dust of the conflict still hung darkly over the land, it only required the pointing of a finger to some new harvest-field to thrust out this eager, indefatigable laborer of the Lord. When he saw his mistake and returned, his voice was soon heard, as of yore, calling sinners to repentance and encouraging the saints to seek more of God.

In 1869 he took a superannuated relation to the Conference, and in the following year returned to Texas to look after certain interests that claimed his attention. With open arms his brethren there received him back. An item in a Texas paper says: "The Rev. O. Fisher, D.D., is stirring Texas congregations as aforetime with his burning eloquence. When under the full afflatus, he can move a multitude with the gospel as it is given but few men to do." This is a well-merited compliment. He was one of the grandest and most evangelical preachers that ever blessed the Methodist Church. Take him one sermon with another, he was almost without an equal. Though we have heard him innumerable times, and under all sorts of circumstances, yet we never heard him make a failure.

After his return to Texas he filled several appointments as Presiding Elder on the Austin and other Districts until the winter of 1879, when he had a long and severe spell of pneumonia, and soon after his recovery a cancer made its appearance under the armpit. It was

located too near an important artery to use the knife, and he had to wait the slow approaches of this destroyer that had laid siege to his life. He suffered greatly with it, and at the time of his death the cavity was very large. He was ever hopeful of recovery, and yet submissive to the Lord's will, as he had ever been. His wife writes: "The third day before his death he sat up most of the day, and spoke of going to Florida as soon as he was able to travel. The next morning he seemed bright and cheerful, and wanted to rise before breakfast, saying he had slept well all night, and seemed to feel much better. While I was getting things ready for dressing the cancer, he went off into a stupor. I thought at first he was in a deep sleep, but it lasted so long I felt uneasy and tried to arouse him, and soon found that he was perfectly unconscious. Dr. Swearingen was immediately summoned, and told me that he thought it doubtful about his returning to consciousness. I was sitting by his bed at the time, and he wanted to know of me what they were all doing there. I told him what his condition had been, and that I had sent for them. After meditating a few minutes, he looked up in my face and very earnestly inquired what I thought of his condition. I talked with him freely, and told him he had better talk to our children and give them a parting blessing. This he did. He remained perfectly conscious for some hours, talked freely of death, and for the first time seemed to realize that death was inevitable. He said if it was the Lord's will, he would like to live longer; if not, he was ready and willing to go. Unconsciousness soon followed, from which he never fully aroused. He passed away peacefully and quietly."

Thus, August 28, 1880, died one to whom Pacific Methodism owes as much as to any other one man.

John Calvin Stewart was a transfer from the Alabama Conference, being on trial in his first year. He was a man of fine education. His devotion to the Church and zeal for God knew no bounds. When he surrendered and enlisted as an itinerant preacher he reserved nothing—all was consecrated to God. He was a man of deep personal piety and of great faith. His first appointment was in the mines on the El Dorado Circuit, from which he brought a good report to Conference.

In 1859 the Conference resolved to establish a college of high grade. The Committee on Education, in their report, said:

> The time has fully come when the necessities of our people demand, and their ability is sufficient to enable them to build up, a college for the education of their sons. It is a denominational necessity. Our people are calling for it already. Young men, moved to enter the Christian ministry, and who wish to prepare for the high and holy calling, are forced to patronize institutions more than inimical to their social and religious principles and sympathies, or they must be deprived of the advantages of collegiate culture and training altogether. To be content with such a state of things is to acknowledge feebleness and inferiority. Without entering into any comparison of the wealth of our own and other Churches, though we would not suffer by such comparison, we are well assured that the ability to meet its wants in this regard is not wanting. The people need an institution of learning, and are able to sustain it. It is our solemn duty to give them the opportunity. We therefore recommend:
>
> 1. That we establish an institution to be styled the PACIFIC METHODIST COLLEGE.
>
> 2. That the Conference appoint a Board of Trustees, consisting of twenty-five members—thirteen to be members of the Pacific Conference and twelve laymen—five of whom shall constitute a quorum.

3. That the place offering the highest sum for the purchase of grounds and the erection of buildings shall be selected as the location of the college.

4. That the sum of $30,000 shall be raised for the endowment of the professorships in said college.

5 That the Bishop be requested to appoint the Rev. J. C. Stewart to act as agent for said college, collecting funds for its endowment, etc.

6. That Bishop Pierce be requested to give his influence and efforts to secure a faculty.

This is the work we propose to do Let us show that we are willing.

Accordingly, J C. Stewart was appointed Agent, and entered at once upon the duties of his office. As in every thing else, he was conscientious in his labors. When he went to a place, or called upon any man, he spent no more time than was absolutely necessary. Nothing could tempt him to loiter. He took the college fully into his heart, and pressed its claims with unwearied zeal upon every one whom he thought interested, or who could be interested in the enterprise. From week to week he wrote an account of his travels for the *Pacific Methodist*, detailing such incidents as he thought would be of interest to the Church. A refusal to respond to his first appeal did not discourage or dishearten him. He would often importune persons with a persistence worthy of the noble object for which he pleaded. Upon a certain occasion he had appealed to a good sister for a subscription. She refused, but he continued to importune. Argument after argument was presented, objection after objection was answered, until at last the lady said, "I will give you a hundred dollars for the college if you will let me select a text for your funeral sermon" He agreed, and when the note

was signed, and he asked to know the text, she said, "And the beggar died also." But few men ever held their work up to God more constantly and earnestly than he. This was one secret of his success. He was constantly breathing a prayer to God for success upon his efforts. Wherever he went in his agency he preached on the Sabbath. His brethren were always glad of his coming, knowing that he was ever willing and able to preach. His presence was ever a benediction. In the families he talked religion, and wherever he went he left the impression among the people that a man of God had been with them. After one year's labor in the agency he presented the following report: "Eighteen thousand and fourteen dollars and fifty cents have been secured for the endowment of Pacific Methodist College, and fifteen thousand eight hundred and three dollars for the building of the college. About two hundred volumes have been secured for the college library, and a plan for the college building has been presented by the Rev. J. C Simmons and Dr. L. H. Bascom, worth about $50, so that the assets of the college now exceed $34,000."

The Committee on Education, in their report, say: "From this report it will be seen that, with the blessing of God, the labors of the Agent have been rewarded with gratifying success. The heart of the Church has responded to the movement, while a host of patriotic, conscientious, and liberal men and women, not within our Communion, have given their sympathy, their influence, and their means to the enterprise. For the success realized under God we are greatly indebted to the enterprise and untiring exertions of the Agent, whose appointment to the work we can but consider providential."

A request was made, and he was re-appointed Agent. Provision was made for opening the school, with Chas. S. Smyth as principal; and a committee was appointed to prepare a course of study and to enter upon a correspondence for president and faculty, so soon as buildings could be prepared.

According to the proposition made by the trustees, the college was to be located at the place giving the largest amount toward the building. Cacheville, in Yolo County, made the largest bid, and the location was accepted. Preparations were at once begun for the erection of suitable buildings. An immense kiln of brick was burned, when it was discovered that the clay of which the brick were made was unsuitable, and the labor was lost. Pending this difficuly, complaints began to come in of the unsuitableness of the location. It was claimed that Cacheville, being a very small village, was altogether out of the way. There were no facilities for reaching it, and then it was thought to be unhealthy. It was high up in the Sacramento Valley, where the summers were extremely hot, and in the winter the mud and water would seriously interfere with the school. Accordingly, a meeting of the Board of Trustees was called in the city of Sacramento, and the whole matter thoroughly canvassed. It was argued with great force that, even if the location were not unhealthy, which the residents claimed, yet if the impression went abroad that it was, the effect would be the same on the interests of the school Just then a proposition came up from Vacaville, a small town in the edge of the foot-hills in Solano County, to let us have certain buildings at that place at a low figure—buildings that had been erected for school purposes.

This place was healthful. It was not far from the proposed line of the California Pacific Railroad that was to be built in a few years. Having buildings already furnished, we could commence operations without delay. So it was decided to abandon the first location, losing all our interests there, and accept the proposition coming from Vacaville. Subsequent events showed this last movement—the location at Vacaville—to be a great mistake. We had to import every thing to this place. There were at the time scarcely inhabitants enough there to dignify it with the title of town, and while near a proposed railroad, it was off the main line of travel; and there was nothing specially attractive about the location. The grand moving cause was that there were buildings already to our hand, and we could commence operations at once. After another year's work the Agent, J. C. Stewart, presented the following report:

Prime cost of the buildings, $9 300; painting, fencing, etc, $450.10. Total, $9,754 10 The endowment fund now amounts to $20,526.92, secured as follows: Cash in hands of the Treasurer, P. H. Russell, $210; cash in hands of O. P. Fitzgerald, $100; cash in hands of Agent, $100, cash loaned, $247 92; personal notes bringing interest at 15 per cent per annum, $19.969. There has been collected of the interest of the endowment fund during the year, $1,494 25. This has been expended as follows For printing catalogue, $84; salaries of teachers, $243; expressage, $10. Balance in hands of Treasurer, $1,077 75. Balance in hands of Agent, $79.50. The trustees have borrowed $1,000 of this interest for the purchase of an apparatus, and have directed Dr. W. T Luckey (who had been elected president of the college) to bring it with him.

The teachers were Profs. C. S. Smyth and S. B. Morse; the school had increased from fifteen at the

opening to forty, more than half of them young men. None of these students were yet in college classes proper, and some of them were in primary studies. The next year J. C. Stewart took his place in the regular ranks as a pastor, and was sent to Napa Circuit; the two years following, to Los Angeles.

This was during the Civil War. From the beginning of the trouble his whole great soul was stirred. He was in deepest sympathy with the South in her hard struggle, and he ardently desired to go back to his old home and do what he could to help her. He talked and prayed about it a great deal, and at length made up his mind to make the attempt to reach his home by going through Mexico. Accordingly, he set out on his perilous journey. He reached Mazatlan in safety. There he formed the acquaintance of a man calling himself Green, who professed to have the same desire to reach and assist the South. He ingratiated himself into the favor of Brother Stewart, and they set out on horseback across the Republic of Mexico. In a few days the man Green returned on Stewart's horse, claiming that Stewart had met a party of friends who were going across the country in a coach, and that he had turned his horse over to him. He also had Stewart's saddle-bags, and on examining the contents, his Bible and Hymn-book were found in them. Foul play was suspected. A party took Green and went out in search of Stewart. Somewhere in the State of Chihuahua they came upon their last camping-place, and there they found the dead body of J C. Stewart. The evening before his death they had set around their camp-fire. Stewart, as his custom was, had read his Bible, written in his Diary, and perhaps had offered a prayer for the

wretch who was planning to murder him, and lay down upon his blankets and went to sleep. Sometime during the night Green arose, took Stewart's own gun and blew his brains out. Thus ended the life of one of the most devoted, conscientious members of the Pacific Conference.

B. R. Johnson was born in the State of Missouri, Sept. 17, 1807. He transferred to us from the St. Louis Conference. He was then in the prime of his life, though he had labored for a number of years in his own Conference. He was a man of strong mind. His sermons were logical and always well arranged. He was somewhat eccentric in his manner. Young people, as a general thing, were afraid of him. But his harshness was only in the seeming. When once you got within the sacred circle of his confidence, you found him a man of great heart and sterling worth. He was ever true to his friends. As an illustration of the man and his manner, when he was Presiding Elder of the Petaluma District, in 1861, he worked quietly among the friends of Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald, the editor of the *Pacific Methodist;* and at the Conference, when his name was called, and the Doctor withdrew, as usual, and his character passed, on his return Brother Johnson rose and met him. Holding in his hand a beautiful and costly cane, he said: "It is charged against you that you will persist in not taking notice of those who attack you, but that you go straight forward in your chosen course, seeming to say to them, 'I am engaged in a great work, and cannot come down.' It is also charged that you will carry out your views of right, despite all the threats and demonstrations of any and all persons. For these and other reasons it is thought by many persons on the Petaluma

District that you deserve a good caning, and I am ready to bestow it." Approaching the editor with the cane, and holding it up, he continued: "This cane emblemzes the *Pacific Methodist*. First, Tucker (the manufacturer) always gets up the best articles. The handle is of pure gold, and represents the contents of the paper —pure, sound, and excellent. Second, the head of the cane is beautifully ornamented, and so is the paper in mechanical and artistic execution—or it will be so, at least, when Genella's Big Pitcher is taken out of it (referring to a flaming advertisement). Third, the crook of the handle represents the way the editor has of drawing friends around him and holding them; while the lower end, straight and somewhat pointed, symbolizes the facility with which he thrusts off those who get in his way. Fourth, the native gold-bearing quartz setting represents his skill in eliciting the original talent of his correspondents, so that he will even admit grammatical inaccuracies to draw out their native genius. Fifth, the wood is called iron-wood, and reminds us that though the editor's frame is not strong, he has a will of iron in standing up for the right. Sixth, the ferrule at the bottom is steel, which is very durable, figuring that the principles he advocates rest upon a very strong foundation, even the sure word of God. Rise, sir, and receive your caning."

Brother Johnson was true to his Church and his friends. But his odd ways often made those not well acquainted with him to hold themselves aloof from him.

Alighting from his buggy at the home of a brother, where he had been directed to spend the night, he began to take out his horse. The gentleman very kindly began to assist him. Turning to him, he said:

"Do you want to help me?"

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"Then let my harness alone."

The man let him and his harness alone.

Upon a certain occasion he felt it his duty to defend the Methodist Church against the attacks of a sect that had openly assailed it. He announced that at a certain time he would do so. On the day appointed he appeared in the pulpit clad in a calico morning wrapper. After the preliminary service he said: "As I was going into a dirty job this morning, I thought I would not wear my best clothes." And the manner in which he handled his opponents and their gratuitous attacks on his Church made every one feel that they were not as good as they might be.

He worked faithfully for a number of years. At one time he sustained a superannuated relation to the Conference. Then he transferred, in the year 1870, to the Columbia Conference, and was sent by that body to the General Conference that met in 1874.

He located some few years before his death. As he neared the end of his journey his piety took on a mellower type. His cup of joy was full to overflowing. When the rocky banks of the Jordan were reached, God shod his beloved, as it were, anew "with the preparation of the gospel of peace." And when he, who with the rigor of John the Baptist had told the people of their duty and their sins, was about to be called into the presence of his King, the King sent and clothed him for his presentation. He died at his little home in Napa City, Nov. 18, 1881.

Theophilus W. Moore was transferred to us from the North Carolina Conference. He was an earnest, sweet-

spirited preacher, who did not tarry with us long. At the end of his second year he was transferred and returned to his native Conference.

J. W. Ellis was also received at this session as a transfer from the Alabama Conference. His labors among us were brief. The first year he was sent to Mariposa, where God honored and blessed his ministry in a gracious revival and the salvation of souls. The next year he was sent to Los Angeles; but soon after entering upon his work there he fell sick, and after a very brief illness of four days fell asleep in Jesus, assuring those around him that he had no fear of death. It is said that he was converted at a camp-meeting at night, in his fourteenth year. The day following his conversion he was in a tent praying for a clearer evidence of his acceptance with God and for a fuller salvation. "He was most powerfully blessed, and was most extraordinarily impressed with the goodness of God in the remedial plan, and felt that God had called him to publish this salvation to a ruined world; but being young and inexperienced—only fourteen years of age—he pleaded his youth and inability, and did not enter upon the active duties of the ministry until his twenty-second year. As a man, Brother Ellis was a high-minded Christian gentleman. As a preacher, he was clear, scriptural, and strong, impressing his audiences with the necessity of a present salvation. When some of his friends in Alabama attempted to dissuade him from his contemplated transfer to the Pacific, and told him that he would die here, he calmly replied, 'I can shout my way to heaven as easily from the Pacific as from the Atlantic.'"

At this session we admitted on trial seven, viz.: J. G. Shelton, J. Bonsall, M. Maupin, R. A. Latimer, J. T.

Cox, S. Cushing, and R. C. Martin. Two were re-admitted—L. C. Adams and J. H. Bristow. The last named was immediately transferred to the Louisville Conference. God was setting his seal to our ministry on this coast by calling to our help these young men, and putting them into the ministry.

J. G. Shelton came in an early day from Missouri to the mines of California. He had been a member of the Church, and was fleeing from a call to preach. He attended the services of J. C. Simmons, in Grass Valley, in 1852. At a prayer-meeting he was called upon to pray. While praying the Spirit of God came upon him, and the preacher, though he knew nothing of his life or convictions, felt assured that he was one that God had called to the work of the ministry. He sought an interview with him, and told him of his convictions. He frankly acknowledged it, but said he had no education, and did not feel himself competent. The preacher assured him that God made no mistakes, and that if he felt it his duty to preach, he never would enjoy perfect peace until he yielded to his convictions. When he began to reflect on what he had admitted, he determined to fly the place. He threw up his mining claim, and set out for his home in the East. When he reached San Francisco, R. A. Latimer, who had known him in the mines, met him, and said: "You are the very man I am looking for. I have a vegetable ranch near San Juan, and I need a partner, and you must go with me." He went, and began gardening. The blessed revival under J. T. Cox, that embraced this neighborhood, again brought him under strong convictions of duty. In the fall of the year 1854, J. C. Simmons accidentally met him in Stockton, as he was selling a load of vegetables he had

brought up from the ranch. He had heard of the glorious revival, and began inquiring of Shelton concerning his call to the ministry. Simmons wrote to J. T. Cox, posting him in regard to the young man's convictions, and requested him to urge him to duty. And the result was his application for admission into the Conference at this session. He was admitted, and has proved one of our most faithful, trusted preachers ever since—never a year without work—ready to take any appointment the Conference may give him.

As a builder, he is a regular Nehemiah. When sent to the Drytown Circuit, in Amador County, in 1858, he built a brick church at Drytown, and paid off a heavy debt on the church at Volcano, in the same circuit. In 1860 he built a parsonage at Colusa, and the same year built a church in Sutter County, twenty miles below Colusa, called Salem Church. He secured by purchase two acres of land and a house for a parsonage at Hopeton in 1863. Here he endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, at one time being entirely out of provisions, and having no money with which to buy more. Like the widow of Sarepta, his wife cooked the last handful of meal, not knowing where the next was to come from. But the Lord, whose resources are boundless, supplied their wants at the proper time. This was the hardest year of his ministry. But the dark cloud had a silver lining, and the year closed with a glorious and successful camp-meeting, at which Brother John Ruddle was happily converted, whose faithfulness and devotion to our Church has placed him in the front rank. Others who have proved useful members to the present day were brought to Christ during this meeting. In 1868 he was again in Colusa,

and built a brick church that did us good service in that town. In 1870 he built a parsonage in Princeton, and raised a subscription for a church, but before the plans were consummated the work was abandoned on account of the drought. He helped to pay a heavy debt on the Millville Circuit in 1872. When sent to Modesto he secured a most eligible lot in that town, and built a church, furnishing it throughout, and supplying it with a bell, organ, etc. The same year he moved the parsonage from Burneyville eleven miles, refitted it, inclosed the parsonage lot, set out shrubbery, and left every thing in good condition. In 1875 he repaired the parsonage at Linden, and bought an organ for the church. He repaired the church in Healdsburg in 1879, paying off an old debt. He did the same for church and parsonage at Knight's Landing. He paid some old debts and finished the church at Maxwell. Who can estimate the value of such a man? He has held twenty-three camp-meetings, received over 700 members into the Church, six of whom have entered the ministry. He is a safe man. He never contracts any debts for the Church, pays off all that come in his way, and after thirty-one years of hard labor is still with his hands uplifted, pressing on in the whitening field. While no man ever works more faithfully than he, yet he is prone to look at the dark side of the picture. His fears trouble him more than they should. A good Brother Hardwick, upon a certain occasion, to illustrate this trait in his character, in his presence said, "When Brother Shelton gets to heaven, he will look all up and down the place; he'll see the river of life, the trees that grow upon the banks of the river; he'll eat of the fruit, he'll listen to the songs of the redeemed, and will say,

'Well, now, look here! isn't this mighty nice? I tell you it is grand; but what will we do if all this gives out?'" But the successes and experiences of long years of faithful service have had a wonderful effect in clearing his way, and he now bends to the work with a shout and a song that are refreshing and inspiring.

J. Bonsall labored but a single year, when he was discontinued at his own request.

Milton Maupin was a most excellent young man, and gave promise of great usefulness, but at the end of his second year he was discontinued and returned to his native State, Tennessee.

R. A. Latimer was an earnest, faithful man, a good and systematic preacher. His sermons were always short, but well arranged and interesting. He labored in the bounds of the Pacific Conference for more than a score of years, when he removed to the Los Angeles Conference, where with ripening years he is waiting the call of his beloved Master to the rest of the faithful.

Simeon Cushing during his first year was called back to his old home on account of the affliction of some of his family in the East, and as he never reported to the Conference, he was discontinued at the ensuing session.

J. T. Cox in many respects was one of the most remarkable men ever connected with our Conference. The early part of his life was spent in the service of sin; but when he turned to God and was converted, he served God as faithfully as he had served Satan. He made his first appearance as a preacher near Gilroy. He was a very corpulent man, weighing between 250 and 300 pounds. He was full of life and fun, and was in every sense a most companionable man. His one consuming desire was for the salvation of sinners. As

W. R. Bane, who was led to Christ through his instrumentality, says, "He was a remarkable man. The sinner's trail was never too cold for him; nor was there any place for him to hide away from his ever-vigilant, detective eye." Sometime during the year 1853 he began holding meetings in the vicinity of Gilroy and Watsonville. On June 4, of that year, the first Quarterly Conference was organized in Pleasant Valley, as it was then called—now Gilroy—W. R. Gober, Presiding Elder, and J. T. Cox, preacher in charge. It was called the San Juan and Santa Cruz Circuit. This Quarterly Conference was held in a little shanty occupied by five young men, four of whom were of the Campbellite persuasion. This was the first regular organization of any Church in this part of the valley. W. R. Bane says of it: "When the meeting was dismissed, there being no hotel or convenient stopping-place for the preachers, my wife being present, readily took in the situation, and without fear introduced herself to the preachers, and took them home with her to dinner, and from that forward preachers invariably had a hearty welcome to her humble fare. I at the time was crossing the plains with cattle. 'Father' Cox, the circuit preacher, as he was then called, made frequent visits to my family in my long absence, but never without offering prayer in behalf of the absent one. About four months after the holding of this Conference I reached home, and soon thereafter made the acquaintance of 'Father' Cox, and expressed myself as so pleased with him that one of the stewards of the Church mustered up courage sufficient to lay the old gentleman's exceedingly pressing wants before me with a very tremulous voice—when I, for the first time, endeavored to meet them in my

awkward manner with bacon and flour; and from that glad day forward my hand has not been slack in that direction."

In October of this year Father Cox held a camp-meeting at Souquel, at which there were a number of conversions, and fourteen persons added to our Church. November 6 one was held near Watsonville, which resulted in the accession of thirty-nine members, and on the 26th of the same month still another was held at the same place. This was said to have been one of the most remarkable meetings ever held in that valley. Father Cox preached as one inspired. He went from tent to tent, and wherever he could find sinners he was talking to them of their salvation. Before the meeting he had gone all through the surrounding country, urging saints and sinners to go to the meeting. Among others he prevailed on W. R. Bane, who was then out of Christ, and did not know the first rudiments of religion, to attend, which was his first step in that direction. In writing of the meeting, Brother Bane says: "I never shall forget the hearty welcome I received at the hands of Mother Davis, as she was called, on that occasion. There was no waiting for a formal introduction. She came to me, a stranger, and said: 'This is Mr. Bane, I believe?' 'That is my name.' 'I am Mrs. Davis (pointing her finger toward her tent); that is our tent and your home.' It was during this camp-meeting that Mother Brown (the mother of the Rev. Samuel Brown and mother-in-law of W. R. Bane) got so unspeakably happy that she fainted away in the altar at the evening service, as some supposed, when Dr. Bryant was hurriedly called in, and at which announcement I ventured nigh, and

heard the Doctor say, 'Don't be alarmed; she is all right.' Soon after she came to herself, when I heard her say in a low whisper, 'O I am so happy!' At which exclamation every doubt I had previously entertained in regard to the reality of experimental religion in a moment fled. But, strange to say, while I was a hardened sinner, and there were scores of bright and happy conversions all around me upon that occasion, I still had power to resist, yea, stubbornly resist offered mercy, and left the camp-ground a miserable wretch."

The results of this meeting are not now known, no record of it being found. To these camp-meetings as much as any other human agency, perhaps, we are indebted for the establishment of our Church in this part of the State.

J. T. Cox was returned to this work the second year, and his labors were crowned with even greater success than those of the year before. He assisted in what was known as the first Toll-gate Camp-meeting, near the city of San Jose. This was a remarkable meeting, and did much to strengthen the station at San Jose and the Santa Clara Circuit. Some of the members from Watsonville and Gilroy, having attended the meeting, returned with their hearts fixed on holding a camp-meeting near Gilroy. W. R. Bane says: "I shall never forget the surprise party at my house as these camp-meetingers returned home with Father Cox commander-in-chief. They—*i. e.*, the San Juan, Watsonville, and Gilroy folks—concluded to hold religious services at my house at night, and, if at all possible, to arrange for a camp-meeting at Gilroy, or Pleasant Valley, as it was then called. So at 'early candle-light,' the time appointed, they came flocking in without leave or license,

and that, too, while the threshing-machine men were yet at the supper-table. But 'many willing hands made light work,' and the table was soon cleared, when a short, pointed, and fiery camp-meeting sermon was delivered by him who seemed to be the father of us all (Father Cox), and the camp-meeting was discussed freely. All were fully ripe for the meeting, but there was only one tenter to be found, namely, Dr. Bryant, who was always ready to stand in with Church enterprises upon all occasions. Too much cannot be said to his praise in the organization of Southern Methodism in California. But the matter of a camp-meeting at this point seemed to drag, and for fear it would be a failure, I mustered up courage sufficient to ask if they would allow an outsider to take stock in the way of supporting the meeting. Of course they were glad to get such help. The time and place was then and there fixed for the meeting. At the appointed time we were all upon the ground, 'of one accord,' when the pentecostal shower came down. Old men and old women, young men and young women, and children, were soon heard crying aloud for mercy. Nor did they cry in vain. I was near by when R. C. Martin started for the mourners' bench, and I saw him fall full length in the altar before getting to the bench. Soon he rose, shouting aloud the praise of God, when he delivered an unbidden exhortation, which produced a wonderful effect upon all those who heard him, and had known his manner of life from his youth up. Last, but not least, I, too, upon that occasion was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. A love-feast, near the close of the meeting, lasted from 9 A.M. till 3 P.M., and closed unfinished It was during this

meeting that I purchased and read the first Bible that I ever owned."

Those who composed the first Quarterly Conference of this circuit were, beside the preacher in charge: Dr. B. Bryant, R. B. Harris, Dr. E. G. Cannon, George Williams, and Thomas Davis.

Some of these brethen still linger. Among them is R. B. Harris. He has ever been a faithful member of our Church.

George Williams is still in Watsonville. He was a superior man, upright in all his dealings, and one that would come as near answering to the picture drawn by the psalmist in the fifteenth Psalm as most men. He is now near the end of his journey, quietly waiting the will of the Master.

Thomas Davis died several years ago, full of faith and of years. He entered the Jordan leaning on the arm of Him whose voice has power to divide the waves. He was followed by his saintly wife some two years later. They were both perfectly devoted to God and his Church. Having embraced religion in early life in the State of Virginia, they never lost their bearings nor changed their purpose. In sunshine and in storm they kept on their way, and when they approached the eternal shore, immediately in before them lay the long-sought haven. With joy they let go the anchor, landed amid the shout of friends, and entered the City of God. Eternity alone will reveal the value of their service to our Church on this coast.

Of Dr. E. G. Cannon we will have occasion to speak elsewhere.

Wherever J. T. Cox labored revivals crowned his efforts, and the Church was strengthened and built up.

He preached with wonderful power and pathos. As an exhorter he was almost without a rival. When fully aroused, at times his exhortations were awful. Amid some of his perorations you could almost hear the thunders of Sinai and feel the crack of doom. The heart that could resist them was made of adamant.

It is said upon one occasion, when Bishop Pierce was on this coast, that he was to preach at a certain place. He did so, when Father Cox followed with one of his wonderful exhortations. A man who was a stranger to both said, soon after the service closed: "That little man (the Bishop) that preached did n't do much; but I tell you when that big old fat Bishop got up, did n't he lay it off!" When the anecdote was related to them, both the Bishop and the exhorter enjoyed the joke.

He was a man of great faith, while he planned his meetings with consummate skill. He had a keen perception of human nature, and seemed to be above the sense of fear. Upon one occasion, while in the midst of a glorious camp-meeting, he was told that a ringleader of wickedness intended to come to the mourners' bench that night for sport. The old man kept his own counsel. Sure enough, at the call, this man marched up among the penitents and kneeled at the altar. When Father Cox came down to pray, he kneeled by the side of his man in such a position as to let his right hand rest upon his back. As he waxed warmer in prayer his voice swelled louder and louder. Soon he began to pound on the fellow's back. Heavier and heavier fell the blows until his back began to sway under the licks. Higher rose the old man's voice and heavier fell the blows. At last the fellow began to crawl on his hands and knees. Father Cox watched as well as

prayed. He too began to walk on his knees, keeping well up with him, still pounding away, until, this mode of retreat failing, the fellow sprang to his feet and ran past his tittering companions, who had come to see him "sell" the old man.

A few weeks after this, as Father Cox was riding along the road in his spring wagon, he met the man, who stopped him, and said: "Mr. Cox, I haven't got any money to give you: but if you will go home with me, I will give you a wagon-load of nice vegetables." The old man went, prayed with him, talked to him, and advised him to give his heart to Christ. During the year the man was happily converted to God.

While on the Gilroy Circuit, in the winter of 1853–54, he had occasion to visit San Francisco and return. The travel then was by steamer to Alviso, and thence by stage to San Jose and points south. A portion of the road between Alviso and San Jose was through what is known as "adobe," a black, sticky soil, that in the rainy season becomes almost impassable. The passengers had frequently to walk, and sometimes to assist in prizing the stage out of the mud. Upon this occasion Father Cox was trudging along with other passengers, when they reached a terrible mud-hole that spanned the entire road. On one side was a plank fence. To keep out of the worst of it, he essayed to walk the rails of this fence. But three hundred pounds was more than that fence was built to bear, and with a crash the rail broke and let the old man down in the mud. He waded out with a smile. Just then the owner of the fence, who had witnessed the accident, came into the road in a rage. He commenced swearing at the old gentleman furiously for breaking his fence. Father

Cox apologized. But the fellow continued his abuse. For a time he bore it meekly; but as the impudent fellow, doubtless encouraged by the quiet manner in which he received his curses, continued his abuse, the old man's face flushed, his eye blazed and flashed, and stepping quickly in front of his assailant, he seized him by his chin-whiskers and shook him as he would a school-boy. One shake was enough. The fellow waked to the consciousness of the fact that he had cursed the wrong passenger. As soon as he could get the time and opportunity to speak, he said: "I beg pardon. I did not notice your *gray hairs*. I see you are an old man." He held on to him long enough for him to realize how helpless he was. The preacher then slowly replied: "Your apology is accepted, although it is evidently caused by *the might of my arm*, and not by my gray hairs."

A few days after this, at a quarterly love-feast, he confessed, with tears of penitence, that he had done wrong in letting the "Old Adam" get the advantage of him.

We copy an article from the *Pacific Methodist*, taken from the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, that will give an idea of Father Cox's methods and power:

FATHER COX.

It was perhaps about the year 1858 that the Rev. B. R. Johnson—"Uncle Ben," as we called him—was holding a camp-meeting in Napa Valley, Cal., near the village of St. Helena. He was assisted by the Revs. John Miller and Y. A. Anderson, Cumberland Presbyterian ministers. On the grounds were camped Methodists (North and South), Presbyterians, Baptists, and others not of any Church. They had come together to worship God for a space of fifteen days.

Miller and Anderson, as they were home-folks, told Uncle

Ben to call another preacher Uncle Ben, with a merry twinkle in his eye, said he would send for Father Cox, of Sonoma, adding, "He is no little man—can preach and pray, weep and shout, and sing all day He will leave us preachers hardly a thing to do." This pleased the brethren, and two days afterward Father Cox drove into the camp-ground—a stranger. He wore a broad hat, a huge linen duster, and rode in a buggy as wide as a road-wagon. He was covered with dust, but his long, white hair, rosy face, and massive body attracted general attention as he was conducted to Brother Vann's tent for refreshment. Here the ministers met him and placed the harness of a leader upon him.

Father Cox was an itinerant, approachable and communicative. Before an hour passed he took his staff and began the circuit of the camp-ground. As he came to our tent we were unable to restrain a curious stare. He saw this, and brought his social wit to bear on us: "Haven't been drunk for a long time, brother; glad to see you on this holy ground; you campers are here in the right; how greatly God will bless this meeting!" He passed on, saluting and talking with young and old, searching their spiritual state and presenting the riches of the gospel in a warm, social way that won all hearts

That night when Father Cox stood up to preach he was not a stranger. Perhaps he shot some arrows at a venture, but it was more evident that he drew at a mark. The camp-ground was shaded by young oaks and wild grape-vines. A spring of cold water rose in a bunch of willows and rippled along the edge of the grove. Bright lamps hung on the trees, and all the place glowed in light, relieved by the green pavilion overhead. The weather was just such as California alone can give—neither too hot nor too cool A multitude was before him. The old fathers and mothers of the Church were there in full force. He sang a few verses alone; his voice, flute-like and mellow as that of a dove, filled the grove, every word distinctly uttered As he prayed the great congregation became more and more responsive, and men's hearts moved toward heaven in a great volume. His theme was the glory of the cross He carried our Saviour from his low estate to the realms of eternal glory. Now he utters the apocalyptic shout, "Hallelujah! Salvation, and glory, and honor,

and power, unto the Lord our God!" A like response rolls back through the audience and returns to the pulpit again in loud amens. He unveils the heavenly courts—the gates ajar—he looks in—all look—then hear him, as one almost absent from the flesh. "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was and is to come!" The fathers took up this sublime refrain, and for several moments there was scriptural shouting at least Souls were converted that night and a good meeting established

Father Cox wanted the services of the next day to begin with an experience-meeting—a speaking time—well, a sort of class-meeting But as the congregation was a mixed one, he took counsel of Uncle Ben, who said, "Go on; do that very thing; plenty of Cumberlands here, hard to beat in that line, the Baptists will talk, and our Northern brethren will come in like a flood; shove the chunks together, and if you can't stop I will put my hand on the brakes." Miller and Anderson gave hearty assent, and Uncle Ben called the ministers into his "marquee" and regaled them with grapes and Bartlett pears while they laid the plans of the great meeting.

Uncle Ben—God bless the dear old father!—was a regular Naboth for vineyards and fruit-trees, besides, he could preach, the editor [Dr. Fitzgerald] knows how well.

Earlier than usual next morning some hovering angel gathered up and rolled away the fleecy fog-cloud that spanned the valley from mountain to mountain, and the sun's rays came streaming down the stairways of blue ether without stint and full of glory. By 8 o'clock a large assemblage was at the stand. Father Cox opened and led meeting. What an experience! Past fifty years of age when won to Christ by his pious wife, in him religion had done a great work. Uncle Ben gave an account of the great peace he had toward God, reminding one of the holy calm that filled the soul of Bishop Marvin when he saw the sunlight flash over the hazel bushes and sumach shrubs verging the meadow where he was converted Anderson and Miller, holy men gone to eternal rest, gave ample testimony Father Vann, old and blind, thrilled all with the glorious things he saw. Uncle Charley Hopper, an old hunter whose paths Fremont followed, swept the holy land in happy vision. Father Cox, with singular versa-

tility and fitness, responded, scaling words to every speaker, swelling the interest all along.

The people were coming in from all parts of the valley, speakers and hearers. Father Cox walks down the aisle—he stands in the midst of a thousand people. Mother Davenport, celebrated for her zeal and gifts, was speaking at the far end. John Miller wanted to preach, and Uncle Ben looked grave and puzzled. Putting on the "brakes" was impossible. Just now a new phase springs up; sinners arise and say, "Pray for us." Father Cox calls Miller from the pulpit to his side. For a few moments the grand old man broke forth in one of the most searching appeals—we cannot write it—angels did. He wept like Jeremiah and pleaded like Paul. More than twenty years have passed since that memorable day, still I see him, and hear that mellow voice; its undying pathos and sweetness swells the music of long eternity. Miller prays and the people sing, the whole arbor is an altar. Conversions and bright faces are now the order of the day.

Noonday comes, and the cooks have spread their ample tables. None leave the bread of life for the meat that perisheth. Many remarkable conversions occur. A little daughter of Anderson, far down the aisle, is converted. No one had spoken to the timid child. Clapping her hands and praising God, she starts for her father at the pulpit. Father and child meet by the side of Father Cox, who, spreading wide his hands, shouts, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise!" Mother and grandparents appear on the scene. Uncle Ben leans over the pulpit-board, his cheeks wet with tears.

The great work takes up the evening until near 4 o'clock. The deep shadows of the coast-range come stealing across the valley. The day and the meeting must close. Uncle Ben calls the people in a loud voice and dismisses them to their tents. Father Cox had been instant in season for nearly eight hours—a prodigy of zeal and eloquence. Coming in at the eleventh hour and dying before very old, he did the work of a whole life. Deficient, according to the strict letter of technical education, still he was learned in theology, men, and things. He had a marvelous command of the English language, and never failed to express him-

self in a manner simple, forcible, and felicitous. He swept over California like a heavy rain over a thirsty land, and in his wake flourished the children of a happy immortality.—*Pacific, in Nashville Advocate.*

His last appointment was to the city of Stockton. He labored, talked, and prayed with his people as long as he was able. He desired to preach after his physician told him that he must desist. He asked to be carried to the church in his chair. He suffered greatly in his last days, and between the paroxysms of pain he would sing the songs of Zion, and would cry out, "Religion is good!" When the last moment came, gathering all his wasting strength and looking up, he cried, "Eternal life!" and California's greatest ecclesiastical captain sheathed his sword and grasped the victor's palm. He died at Bodega, in Sonoma County, and his remains lie beneath the shadows of the yellow madrona, awaiting the call of Him who knows the resting-place of all His beloved.

Robert C. Martin was also admitted on trial at this Conference. He had been an exceedingly wild, dissipated boy. Caught, just as he was budding into manhood, by the wild wave of excitement that bore the trooping thousands to our shore, he gave way to the evil influences brought to bear upon him, and his friends felt that it was only a question of time when he would be an utter wreck. But at a camp-meeting at Gilroy he was happily converted. The night before he had been at the gambling-table. As soon as converted he began exhorting his young companions to turn from their evil way and give their hearts to God. He was soon licensed to preach, and for many years he was a very consistent, useful man. Revivals blessed his labors,

while he was untiring in his devotion to the cause of his Master. He went among the first of our preachers to Oregon. The second year he was appointed Presiding Elder of the Jacksonville District. But from some cause he was forced to locate, and in laboring to support his family he took a contract to drive a stage. His old habit came back on him, and he is resting under a cloud.

L. C. Adams was an earnest, faithful preacher, who did us good work for nine years, one year being Presiding Elder on Jacksonville District, Oregon. In 1863 he was located, at his own request.

At this Conference, Dr. J. Boring, who had not returned after the session of the General Conference, asked for, and was granted, a location.

Up to this time we had suffered greatly the need of the books necessary to carry on and make permanent our work. Freight and postage was so high, and so much time was consumed in transportation, that we found it difficult as individuals to meet the growing demand. At this Conference plans were formed to secure a depository of books from our House; and a supply was at once ordered. This depository was conducted in San Francisco, under the auspices of our Conference, for a number of years; but at last we had to give it up.

The Bascom Institute, so auspiciously commenced in San Jose, began to give us trouble. We owned two whole blocks of very valuable lots, then in the suburbs, but what is now in the very heart of the city. The preachers had their hands full, and the trustees, though worthy men, had not the time to spare from their own affairs to look after it, and debts accumulated. Im-

provements and repairs were demanded, and now a debt that we were unable to meet lay like a nightmare upon the breast of our infant academy. Never from this time till the time when the whole property passed from our hands was the institution ever free from debt. There were times when the sky would brighten, and preachers and people would give freely of their money, and then disaster would follow, until at last the original donors of the land made an effort to recover the property. And although we had a clear title to it, yet through mismanagement the whole reverted to the original owner, and we lost property that to-day would be worth thirty or forty thousand dollars.

Our membership now numbered eight hundred and thirty-nine, local preachers fourteen, church buildings sixteen, and parsonages seven. The committee appointed on the state of the work summed up their report in the following language. "We are prospering as a Church; God is with us; our motto is *victory*." This year we stationed more than thirty preachers. And we went forth with more faith and hope than we had ever done before. Not only were good men coming to us, but the Lord of the harvest was replying to our prayer for laborers by raising up in our midst those converted to God through our instrumentality to preach the gospel with us.

CHAPTER V.

THE fifth session of the Conference was held in the city of San Francisco, April 21–26, 1856. At this time we had no house of worship in the city, and the Conference met in a temperance hall, which we had been using as a place for preaching for some time. Bishop Kavanaugh was to have been with us, but was delayed, and did not reach California until after the adjournment of the Conference. W. R. Gober was elected to preside. We received on trial J. B. Williams, S. D. Bunch, H. C. Settle, J. S. L. Woods, J. G. Johnson, David Beauchamp, and E. G. Cannon. Of these brethren, J. B. Williams, S. D. Bunch, and D. Beauchamp were discontinued at their own request after the expiration of the first year. D. Beauchamp during the year had a severe spell of sickness at the house of a good Cumberland Presbyterian brother, Brother B. F. Howell, who nursed him with all the tenderness of a father without charge; and at this Conference R. W. Bigham offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Pacific Conference present Brother B. F. Howell, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, with a fine family Bible, as a token of our appreciation of his kindness to our young brother, David Beauchamp, during a severe illness.

Twenty dollars was immediately contributed in the Conference-room for the purchase of the Bible.

Henry C. Settle was quite a young man, of slender, delicate build, a pleasing manner and exceedingly brill-

iant intellect. He was a hard student and a great reader. He advanced at once to the front rank, and soon filled some of our most important stations. He was, however, greatly afflicted, and at times was subject to paroxysms that would for brief periods dethrone reason and utterly prostrate him. Notwithstanding this, he did full work from year to year in the Conference, till 1859, when he was placed on the superannuated list, and the following year transferred to the Louisville Conference. Here in his old home he has been fully restored to health, and stands among the most prominent of his Conference. He possessed a most analytical mind, combined with a power of expression that was wonderful. At times his flights of oratory were sublime, and at the same time they were not aimless flights, merely intended for display, but there was always some object above for which he soared, and you lost sight of his masterly flight in admiration of the object for which he rose. It was with the deepest regret we of the Pacific Conference gave him up.

J. S. L. Woods remained with us for a few years, and then engaged in secular business, to the neglect of his work, and he was located.

J. G. Johnson came to us from the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and for a number of years he did good, faithful work among us; but his heart turned back to the Church of his early choice, and after location he reunited with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and died in its communion. His end was peaceful, for he was a good man, and the end of such is peace.

E. G. Cannon deserves something more than a passing notice. As before stated, he assisted in the organization of the Santa Cruz and San Juan Circuit. He

was an eccentric man in some things. A man more devoted to the Church and the cause of the Redeemer is but seldom found. His zeal for the salvation of souls was consuming. He worked constantly for a revival, and was not satisfied if souls were not saved at almost every service. Frequently he would announce at the opening of a service that the Lord would convert so many souls that night, naming the number as confidently as if he had been advised. And should his prediction be realized, or should it fail, was all one to him. It was hard to keep him within bounds. He claimed to act under the direct guidance of the Spirit of God, and he would obey nothing else. If his views came in conflict with the Discipline, or with the orders of a superior officer in the Church, he followed what he claimed to be the direction of God.

Upon one occasion the question of the renewal of his license came up before the Quarterly Conference of which he was a member. The majority of the brethren were opposed to the renewal. The Rev. Charles Campbell, recognizing his usefulness, pleaded for him, and said he thought if some one would talk to the brother he could be corrected and saved to the ministry. The Conference appointed him to see and talk with him. He took him out and in a very kind manner tried to show him his errors; told him that the brethren were opposed to the renewal of his license—in fact, made the case as strong as he well could. Cannon listened to him very quietly and patiently, and then coolly said, "I must follow the dictations of the Spirit."

When Brother Campbell returned to the Conference-room, and was asked how he succeeded, he said: "You 'd just as well sing psalms to a dead horse."

He served out his probation of two years in the Conference, and was discontinued at his own request. He was employed some time as a supply, and was the instrument of bringing many into the Church. He finally left the State for his old home, and has been lost sight of.

This had been in many respects a prosperous year. Revivals of religion had crowned the labors of many of our preachers, and when the statistics of the Church were called for, it was found that we had one thousand and sixteen members and probationers on our Church-rolls, a net increase of one hundred and seventy-seven during the year. We now reported twenty-one houses of worship in our possession. Preachers and people were hopeful all over the Conference. To those who knew not the character of our work this may seem as indeed a day of small things. But the difficulty and importance of the work we were doing can never be estimated or appreciated by those not engaged in it. No other denomination in the State was doing any more, in proportion to the forces engaged, than we. In fact, close observation has settled the conviction that God has honored the labors of our Church and ministry on this coast with as many genuine revivals of religion and as many happy conversions as any other.

We labored under peculiar difficulties. Even had not the grand underlying principles of our Church been non-political, the pressure brought to bear upon us would have driven us to that position. We were just beginning to feel the pulsations of that mighty tide of fanaticism that tossed so many of God's ministers upon its bosom, and that converted many of the services of the sanctuary into political tirades, by which men's passions were lashed and vexed into fury, by which

the prestige of preachers was prostituted to political purposes, and sectional differences were widened by men enlisted in the service of the Prince of Peace, whose ringing voice had proclaimed, "My kingdom is not of this world." Our Church was entering upon an ever-widening field, where pure, Christly principle would be estimated at its full value. The very name "South" we bore made people demand of us everywhere why we bore it, and what was the difference between us and the Methodist Episcopal Church. This gave us the frequent opportunity of declaring our principles, and also had a fine reactionary influence on us in keeping us true to these principles.

CHAPTER VI.

THE sixth session of the Pacific Conference met in the city of Sacramento, Nov. 5, 1856, making two sessions in the same year. We had discovered by experience that it was not best to hold our sessions during the rainy season. It was a very difficult, and often impracticable, matter to move during a heavy winter. Preachers taking possession of new homes at this season of the year found it hard to get supplies of fuel and provisions, and hence we requested the Bishop to appoint the time of holding our Conference in the fall of the year.

Bishop Kavanaugh, who arrived on the coast soon after the adjournment of the Conference in February, remained during the year, traveling extensively, preaching with great power and effect all through the bounds of the work. This first protracted visit of Bishop Kavanaugh, and his arduous labors on this coast, bound him to us, and we to him, in bonds so endearing that we were ever prone to call him *our* Bishop. There was no circuit, no mining-camp so obscure, if occupied by one of our preachers, that he was not willing to visit it. And from one end of our Conference to the other he stirred saint and sinner by the grandeur of his eloquence. He did not save himself and his biggest sermons for the great cities or grand occasions. But sometimes in the clapboard shanty, amid the seclusion of a mining-gulch, the "Old Man Eloquent" poured

forth such strains of unbridled oratory as would have won laurels anywhere on earth.

Once at a rude camp-ground, as he was indulging in some of his grandest utterances; when with voice and gesture he was lifting his audience to untrodden paths and filling their souls with unutterable emotions, a Digger Indian, sitting by the root of a tree, watching the speaker, though he understood not a word he uttered, but thrilled with the tones of his voice, and pierced with the lightning of his eye, sprang to his feet and shouted, "Heap big Capitan!" After familiarizing himself with the peculiarities of the work in which we were engaged, and learning preachers and people by actual contact and labor with them, he was well prepared to act as our Presiding Bishop.

Jacob Gruwell, James Kelsay, Thomas Brown, and Horatio N. Compton were received on trial at this Conference.

E. B. Lockley and L. C. Adams were re-admitted into the Conference.

Jacob Gruwell was born July 16, 1807, in what is now Preble County, Ohio. In 1811 his parents removed to Indiana, where he grew to manhood. He was raised a Baptist, but marrying a Methodist girl, he was brought into the M. E. Church. He was licensed to exhort May 18, 1840, and to preach June 24, 1843. He came to California on the great wave of immigration that swept over the plains in 1849. He had been vexed and tried by politico-preaching, and when the opportunity offered of becoming a member of our Church, he gladly embraced it. He threw himself into the work with all the ardor of his nature. His first appointment was as junior preacher under J. L. San-

ders, on the Gilroy Circuit. The next two years he was on the Santa Clara Circuit. The first year he received fifty members at a single protracted-meeting, and built the church at Berryessa. He had two camp-meetings the next year—mentioned elsewhere: at one nearly one hundred, and at the other seventy-five members were received into our Church. He was next sent to Eugene City, Oregon, and was the first Southern Methodist preacher that ever preached in that place. He held the first Southern Methodist camp-meeting that year that was ever held in that State. It continued twelve days. He had no ministerial help. He preached three times a day, and his wife helped him with the altar work. Fifty souls were converted at this meeting, and our Church well established. He remained two years in Oregon. In the fall of 1860, at the close of his first year in Oregon, he rode 450 miles alone on horseback to meet the Conference in Sacramento. On his way he fell in one night with a band of 200 Pitt River Indians, who were camped on the Sacramento River. He slept on the ground by the side of their camp-fire, with his saddle for a pillow. His supper and breakfast was broiled fish, with no bread. His second year in Oregon he was Presiding Elder of the Jacksonville District. During his two years' labor in Oregon he took into the Church about 350 members, three of whom afterward became preachers. On his return to California he filled several important positions, among them the Presiding Eldership of the Marysville District. He has been a man of remarkable physical vigor, but for a number of years he has been upon the superannuated list. He has passed the allotted time of man upon earth, and has gone

down among the orange groves of Los Angeles to wait the call of his Master, who counted him worthy, putting him into the ministry.

James Kelsay was born in Wayne County, Ky., May 19, 1826. He was converted in his twentieth year, and soon after felt a call to the ministry, but told no one of his impressions. When his mother, who thought that maybe God had use for him in his vineyard, suggested it to him, he evaded the matter, and, as he says, thus for the first time since his conversion grieved the Spirit. He came to California in 1849 by the Lassen route, consuming six months in the trip. With others he was attacked with cholera on the plains. For several years he was engaged in mining in El Dorado County. While living at Gold Hill, the Rev. J. C. Stewart, who was on that circuit, became acquainted with him. Brother Kelsay was acting as sexton of the church at the time. One night, after all the congregation had retired, Brother Stewart asked Brother Kelsay if he never felt it his duty to preach. The question startled him, for he never dreamed that a soul on the Coast knew of his call to the ministry. He acknowledged that he had. Brother Stewart then appointed him class-leader at a little mining-camp, not far off, called Missouri Flat. He told him that he would preach at this place the following Sabbath, and that he would arrange an appointment for him the succeeding Sunday. When the day came, he made his arrangements to go over and lead his class. As he could not sing, he invited a Brother William Berry to go with him. When they reached the place, Brother Kelsay went to the hotel, and finding the landlady, asked her if she knew of any Methodists in town

"Methodists!" said she. "There is but one Methodist here, and he is an old backslider."

Brother Kelsay, who was unknown to the woman, told her that he had come over to lead a class.

"Well," said she, "there is no class to lead. But Mr. Stewart preached here last Sunday, and he left an appointment for a Mr. Kelsay to preach here to-day."

This fell like a clap of thunder on the young miner. He was not a preacher, and had never attempted such a thing in his life. He asked for a Bible, and started for the woods. Bill Berry, as he was familiarly called, followed him, laughing. Kelsay turned and said, "Bill, go back, or I'll take a club to you."

Bill said he was not laughing at him. "But," said he, "I've known it was your duty to preach, and I'm laughing how nicely Stewart has caught you. No, Jim, I'm going along to help you pray."

They went to the woods, and after earnest, secret prayer, Kelsay opened the Bible to hunt for his *first text.* After a time they returned to find quite a congregation assembled. Brother Kelsay commenced by reading the hymn, "Am I a soldier of the cross." This done, he lined the first couplet, when Bill Berry commenced to sing. He missed the tune, but sung on. He had no better success with the next two lines. Sometimes he would hit the tune, and then he would lose it again. The very fact that he was off the tune seemed to stir his energies the more, and his voice struck in every direction. The miners began to titter, and Brother Kelsay, seeing there would be a breakdown, closed his hymn-book and called to prayer. His effort at preaching was a little more successful.

He warmed up with his subject, and delivered quite a passable discourse.

As they were returning home that afternoon, when about half a mile on their way, Berry stopped in the trail, and turning upon Kelsay, said: "I don't like the way you treated me to-day. You brought me over here to sing for you, and you shut down on me before I had sung two verses."

"Well, you didn't have the tune, and everybody began to laugh, and I saw that you'd ruin every thing."

"But you ought to let me sing it all. I'd a-got the tune before I got through with it. Next time I want you to give me a fair chance."

His services as a preacher soon were in demand. He would toil all the week in the mines, and go out on foot to the surrounding towns and preach experimental religion to the miners.

The Rev. J. E. Barnes, a Baptist minister, started in the work of the ministry about the same time, and as they were close neighbors, and felt a mutual sympathy for each other, they frequently held meeting in conjunction. On one Sabbath one would preach and the other exhort, and on the next they would reverse the order. Mr. Barnes relates an incident in connection with one of their meetings that will illustrate the work these young men had to do. It was Kelsay's time to preach. The appointment was in a large room in a hotel. The door of the room opened immediately upon the street. It was pouring down rain. Kelsay was struggling with his text, when the door was pushed open, and a large, drunken man staggered in. He looked round at the preacher and congregation for awhile, and then pulled off his dripping hat, and, doub-

ling it up in his hand, dashed it upon the floor and sat down, fixing his eyes upon the preacher. After sitting awhile, he doubled his great fist and commenced slowly and deliberately to draw back as if getting ready to strike. All eyes were upon him. A lot of young men sat near the speaker, watching the man's movements. At length, with a voice that rivaled the roar of a lion, he shouted, "Dry up!" and sprang to his feet, and was seemingly about to strike the preacher full in the face, when the young men leaped forward, caught, and overpowered him, and soon put him out of the house.

The incident so confused the young preacher that he could say but little more to edification, and he closed the service.

Brother Kelsay has been one of our most faithful workers. When the call was made for preachers to go to Oregon he went among the first, and did good and faithful work there. There is a rich vein of humor running through his nature that gives him a strong leverage with many. But few of the preachers are more beloved by his brethren. He is looked upon as a sort of privileged character. Upon a certain occasion, while Presiding Elder of the Colusa District, his District Conference was in session. Bishop Hargrove was present, and presided. One morning the Bishop, having some business upon the outside, called Brother Kelsay to the chair. Brother M. V. Howard was to deliver an address some time during the Conference, and a motion was made that he now be requested to perform that duty. "All right," said Brother Kelsay; "come up here, Brother Howard." He was just being introduced, when the mover of the question arose and suggested that it had not been put to the house. "Never mind,"

said Brother Kelsay, holding to the arm of Brother Howard, "I just wanted you to see the speaker before you voted to hear him, so that you could vote intelligently." It was done as Kelsay only could do it.

Some of the scenes through which he and others passed in Oregon in planting our Church in that State were of the most thrilling character, and required courage of the highest order to carry through. The most successful movements made were in holding a series of camp-meetings through the State. At Brownsville, as recorded elsewhere, the most intense excitement prevailed. Extensive preparations were made to break up the meeting, if possible. Unknown to the preachers, many of the outside friends had armed themselves, and were on the ground ready to resist unto blood any effort upon the part of a mob. Once, when the mob began an advance upon the altar, several sprang forward, revolvers in hand, and warned them back. It was then that the grandeur of the Rev. O. Fisher's character loomed up. When quiet had been partially restored, he arose and commenced his sermon with all the coolness of a veteran. As he progressed, his voice rose, and burst after burst of eloquence broke from his lips, until it seemed that a very halo shone round his beaming face. Pausing in the midst of his sermon, and lifting his eyes to heaven, he shouted, "Halleluiah!" Again he repeated it. The effect was magical; every heart thrilled under the stirring shout. Then stretching his hand over the congregation, he said: "They call me 'The Old Grizzly,' 'The Old Secesh,' and 'The Old Devil,' and say that I ought to be killed. Thank God, the offering is ready! Hang me if you want to. You can't tie this soul of mine. Burn me if it is your wish; there

is no fire that can scorch my soul!" Just-then one of the leaders rose, and said: "Is that the way you preach? If so, they have lied to me," and with that he came forward and handed him some money, saying, "Go on."

This was on the Sabbath. Up to this time there had been no conversions, but the religious interest was deepening. On Monday it rained. The congregation assembled under a large fir-tree. Brother Fisher again preached. The crowd gathered close about the preacher. Soon it commenced hailing. Sister Michael came forward to the little table upon which the Bible lay, and saved it from being ruined by the rain. A call was made for mourners, and six gathered about the little table, and before the service closed two of them were happily converted. Before the meeting closed, sixteen more were added to the number of conversions. The power of the opposition seemed to be broken at this meeting. This was in May.

In June they held a camp-meeting on the Salem Circuit As the preachers went to this meeting, in passing a school-house near the camp-ground, they saw an effigy of the Rev. C. H. E. Newton hanging to the turning-bar. It was dressed in old, patched clothes, with a cow's tail to represent the old man's whiskers.

On Sunday morning R. C. Martin was to preach at 10, and O. Fisher at 11 o'clock; I. L. Hopkins at 3, and J. Kelsay at 7 P.M. Martin's theme was the Judgment; Kelsay was to conclude for him. Just as he rose a party with a flag came on to the camp-ground, and marched half way up the aisle and stopped. Kelsay, nothing daunted, proceeded with his exhortation. He drew a picture accompanying the final scene on earth: "Everywhere men, unheeding the day of doom, would

be plunged in all the business of life. Plains would be trembling under the rude shock of war. Men would be busy killing each other as they gave loose rein to their vile passions. Banners would be waving, martial music sounding, when all at once the awful trumpet's sound would be heard echoing over the plains and mountains of earth." The scene was indescribable. Had the archangel's trump really sounded, the feelings excited could not have been much more intense. Mourners were called for, and they crowded the altar, and many were converted. Continued rains caused them to close this meeting after only a few days.

At Independence they held another successful meeting, at which over 30 souls were converted.

The last of this series of camp-meetings was held on the Coast Fork of the Willamette River. This was the most wonderful meeting of all. On the first night there were nine penitents at the altar. The power of God was displayed in a most remarkable manner. Numbers of the men who came to "flag" the camp-ground were overwhelmed by the blessed influence, and were converted to God. There were over one hundred souls converted at this meeting, and the power of the opposition was completely broken.

At Lacall Creek Kelsay was holding a meeting, assisted by C. H. E. Newton and others. On Sunday night Kelsay had preached and made a call for mourners. None came. Appeal after appeal was made without effect, when Newton was seen coming out of the preachers' tent. A peculiar flash and fire of his eye told that he was excited. Kelsay asked him if he wanted to say any thing. "I never wanted to exhort as much in my life," was the reply. And mounting the

stand, he began an exhortation on astronomy. He pointed to the starry heavens above—talked of the planets, one by one, as familiarly as an astronomer. He moved out from the solar system and spoke of other suns and other systems. On and on he moved, seemingly perfectly at home wherever he turned his eye or thought. "These," said he, "are all moving in God's power. He controls them all, and it is against this mighty God you are lifting the puny arm of your rebellion. This power is now exerted in love—love to a lost world of sinners; but the day will come when that power will hurl you into hell so deep that no ray of light will ever find you." His long, bony arms were lifted, his streaming beard and hair swayed in the intensity of his emotion, his eyes blazed as if kindled with the fires of frenzy. Women screamed, men groaned, some few shouted, and when the excitement of fear was at its height he turned the whole thought to the mercy and goodness of God as exercised to save sinners. No invitation was needed. The altar was crowded with penitents, and the work went on till late in the night.

In the midst of one of their series of meetings Bishop Kavanaugh, it is said, preached one of the grandest sermons of his eventful life. His theme was "The Lost Sheep." His representation of the Saviour out in the mountains in search of the lost sheep can never be reproduced. The joy portrayed on bringing him back overwhelmed his entire congregation, and the speaker's voice was drowned in the exultant shouts of the excited multitude.

Oregon Methodism owes much to the labors of James Kelsay. But California was his home, and after

a few years spent there he returned to his native Conference. He is still going in and out with us, with no seeming diminution of strength, though his locks are whitening under the weight of nearly a score and ten years' work for the Master.

Thomas Brown, after laboring one year, was discontinued, at his own request.

H. N. Compton continued in the traveling connection for a number of years, and then located. He was useful in the first part of his ministry, but is not now connected with the Church.

It was at this Conference that the only formal effort for a union of the two Methodist Churches in California was ever made. The initial step was taken by the California Conference of the M. E. Church (North). There had been some talk—as we both were so far removed from the parent Churches in the East—of the formation of an independent Methodist Church in the West. We say there had been some talk of this matter—whether it was ever seriously contemplated or designed by any considerable number of either Church we are not advised. At the session of the California Conference a committee of three of their ablest men, consisting of E. Thomas, J. D. Blain, and S. S. Phillips, were sent as a delegation to our Conference with the expectation that we would appoint a like committee to meet with them, and thus "secure a closer union of the two branches of the Methodist Church in California." Accordingly, on the second day of the session this committee presented itself at the bar of our Conference, and announced that "they were present, and ready to meet a similar committee from the Pacific Conference, should we see fit to appoint one."

A. M. Bailey introduced a resolution to the effect "that a committee of three be appointed by the Chair to confer with the committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

W. R. Gober, M. Evans, and O. P. Fitzgerald were appointed.

These committees met at the M. E. Church, in Sacramento city, at 2 P.M. of the same day, and after an organization and a free interchange of opinions by each member of the committee, they adjourned to meet at 6 o'clock that evening.

After earnest prayer, and an interchange of brotherly love, the chairman of the committee of the California Conference made the following proposition: "That the California Conference will at its next session receive and recognize such members of the Pacific Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, as may offer themselves for membership in the California Conference, in the same grade and standing as they hold in the Pacific Conference, taking the Minutes of the said Pacific Conference as conclusive of standing, passing by single resolution upon all applications on the first day of the session." Which proposition was declined, severally and jointly, by the committee of the Pacific Conference.

This was simply a proposition to swallow us whole, or at least as many of us as were willing to be swallowed. The report of this meeting farther tells us:

After considerable discussion, Brother Gober suggested two schemes as having been talked of in connection with Church union. First, that each of our Annual Conferences should memorialize its respective General Conference to re-establish the line of separation; and, second, that of a separate and independent organization in California.

The second was declined as wholly impracticable. The first, it was thought, was not likely to accomplish any thing, and was therefore dropped.

After this a free consideration of many suggestions was had, but no conclusions reached promissory of effecting a union.

1. It was proposed by the committee of the Pacific Conference to secure Conference action of the two Conferences looking to the cultivation of more friendly relations between the two Churches. To this the response was made on the part of the other committee: "We could not bind our Conferences, not having been delegated to do such work."

There did not appear upon the surface any disposition upon the part of this committee to make any concessions whatever, nor did they seem disposed to even lay the matter before the members of their Conference.

2. It was suggested upon the part of our committee, that as nearly all the Presiding Elders of the California Conference and all the Presiding Elders of the Pacific Conference were at the time present in Sacramento, they should join in an appeal to the preachers and congregations to the same effect. This, too, was declined for the same reason as given before.

3. It was then proposed by the committee of our Conference that the Joint Committee then in session unite in an address to preachers and people for the attainment of this object. This, too, was respectfully but peremptorily declined.

These committees, after this, had one more meeting, and after prayer offered by each member of the Joint Committee, and some exchange of fraternal feeling, they adjourned *sine die*.

It would seem from this that the only purpose of the California Conference was to absorb our Conference, for this committee would entertain no proposition of mutual concession. While, upon the other hand, the committee of our Conference gave them clearly to un-

derstand that, in the first place, they had no power or authority to accept the only proposition they made; and, secondly, that our people had no thought of any such transfer.

While we were willing to entertain and discuss any proposition looking to mere fraternity, and even union upon a proper basis—a basis whereby the cause of Christ could be subserved and furthered—yet we had never, by act or word, given an intimation that we desired to abandon our organization on this coast, by either quitting the field or uniting in a body with the M. E. Church (North).

A committee, consisting of O. Fisher, W. R. Gober, and M. Evans, was appointed to "define our position as a Church in California," which they did in a most able and scriptural report, in which, among other things, they said: "With these principles—that of preaching the pure gospel of the Prince of Peace to men, irrespective of their political predilections or views—we claim the right to go into all the world, and to preach the gospel to every creature. We interfere with no civil government, we invade the right of none. Our banner is the banner of peace—the pure, glorious, everlasting gospel, untrammeled by political creeds or questions of State. Whenever our brethren of the North shall be disposed to unite with us upon this spotless and glorious platform, we shall be most happy to greet them with the right hand of fellowship."

This episode in our history revealed the fact that there was a necessity for our organization on this Coast, and that we were doing a work that no others could or would do for us.

God had set to the seal of his approbation by bless-

ing the labors of our Church and ministry in the conversion of many souls, and by opening doors of usefulness to us. And we would have been recreant to our duty had we not gone forward.

Bishop Kavanaugh's presence and counsel were a great blessing to us at this session. The preaching at the religious services was very spiritual.

On one evening O. Fisher preached one of his most scriptural sermons. His face seemed to fairly shine under the power of the Spirit that fired his heart and tongue. His clear, ringing voice, like the notes of a silver trumpet, echoed and reverberated through the church, thrilling our hearts. As he went on expounding and applying the Scriptures, E. B. Lockley leaned forward and whispered to a brother, "Brother John, that man ought never to die."

At the Missionary Anniversary, Bishop Kavanaugh made an address, in which he indulged in a number of amusing anecdotes, at which the hyper-sensitive conscience of J. M. Fulton was greatly shocked. He leaned forward on the pew and groaned and prayed earnestly. The next day, as the Bishop was holding a meeting with the Mission Committee, making appropriations, a messenger came to the room and announced to the Bishop that a gentleman wanted to see him. On the Bishop's return to the room, a smile lighted up his face as he said, "It was Brother Fulton, come to take me to task for my speech last night. I told him I was too busy to listen to his reproof, but thanked him for his solicitude."

On the last day of this session of our Conference, an old Negro man—Micajah Keelin—appeared in the Conference-room, and Brother B. H. Russell, in his behalf,

presented a paper "asking for aid to purchase his four children, now slaves in Alabama." The honest appearance of the old man appealed to every heart, and although we had been giving to every thing as usual at a session of an Annual Conference, and were well-nigh exhausted financially, yet when Brothers A. M. Bailey and J. Gruwell went round with their hats, they collected the sum of $50. This was our last act before receiving our appointments for the year.

The membership of the Church had increased to 1,202. There were reported 19 Sunday-schools, with 106 officers and teachers, 509 scholars, 2,631 volumes in library, and $753.50 collected and expended for Sunday-school purposes. No record of the number of churches and parsonages is found of this year. Thirty-three preachers belonging to the Conference were stationed, beside several supplies.

CHAPTER VII.

THE seventh session of the Conference was held in the city of San Jose, Nov. 4–10, 1857. No Bishop being present, R. W. Bigham was elected President of the Conference.

Samuel Brown, Martin F. Jones, Drury K. Bond, Isaiah L. Hopkins, and Ira Taylor were admitted on trial, and C. Gridley and Moses Clampit were re-admitted.

Samuel Brown was born in Clay County, Mo., June 5, 1827; came to California in 1849 in search of gold, but was converted at the Gilroy Camp-meeting in the fall of 1854. When he felt called to preach he was living in Nevada City. R. W. Bigham was preacher in charge there. He was licensed to preach by B. H. Russell, Presiding Elder. Though his early advantages had not been great, yet in his zeal for the cause of the Redeemer who had saved him, he threw himself into the work with intense ardor, and has made us one of our most successful, useful preachers. Systematic in all his undertakings, and leading off in every good work, he has the happy faculty of inspiring the people of his charge to do as much for the interests of the Church as any member of the Conference. After all, it is the man who can set his people to work that is the most successful. He is ever willing to take any appointment that may be given him, and he never fails to make any appointment he serves a good one.

He works for the people, and the people work for him. His hand is seen in many places in the material building up of the Church. He is eminently a builder. He commenced this work before his admission on trial into the Conference. While preaching as a supply under the presiding elder he organized the Healdsburg Circuit, secured an eligible lot in the town of Healdsburg, and had the lumber on the ground at Conference with which to build a church. The Rev. L. C. Adams completed the work. He built a beautiful brick church in Petaluma, completed one in Santa Rosa that had been commenced under the administration of George Sim, and built one in San Francisco. His success in this city was a marvel. We had met with so many reverses of fortune in San Francisco that many had almost despaired of ever getting a permanent, successful foothold there. But through the energy, perseverance, and unfailing faith manifested in his work, he succeeded in building a neat little chapel on Minna Street, which was occupied by us as a place of worship for many years. But the location was unfortunate. It was upon a narrow street in a part of the city mainly occupied by a Catholic and foreign population.

When the matter of moving the Pacific Methodist College from Vacaville was determined upon, Brother Brown was stationed in Santa Rosa, and with his zeal, faith, and energy he inspired the people of that city with an enthusiasm akin to his own, and they subscribed largely to have it located there. When the matter was determined, he raised the subscriptions, and personally superintended the erection of the building—not as an architect, but as pastor and trustee of the college. The building was erected at a cost of $22,000.

Last, but not least, it was through his influence that the Board of Church Extension purchased a handsome church in the city of Oakland. His energy has never flagged. The second circuit he traveled, he did the most of it on foot, never complaining, counting it all joy to do his Master's work in any way his providence might direct. When traveling the Coulterville Circuit he walked all the way around it, and it was a work of no mean proportions. Often in the winter he waded through snow knee-deep going from one appointment to another over the mountains. As he says: "My work of life has been a work of love; my life a joyous one." All honor to this faithful servant of Him who trod life's dusty ways to bring us the glad tidings of salvation.

As presiding elder, Brother Brown was ever faithful, spending all his time in preaching, visiting, and working up the interests of his district. His zeal for the missionary cause is very great. When he preaches on that subject all feel that he is in earnest. We trust that he will long be spared to bless the Church with his labors.

M. F. Jones traveled but two years, and was discontinued.

Drury K. Bond was born in Dickson County, Tenn., Dec. 21, 1823. He came to California in an early day and engaged in mining, but, like many others, he was not successful. In the year 1853 he was converted and joined the Church under the ministry of M. Evans, who was at the time stationed in Sonora. Some time after his conversion he felt that he was called of God to the ministry, and conferring not with flesh and blood, he at once entered the ranks of the labor-

ers, and joined the Pacific Conference on trial. At the expiration of his two years of probation he was admitted into full connection. That year he was sent to Yankee Jim's Circuit, and although he felt his health failing him, he pressed on in his work, visiting from house to house, praying and talking with the people. He was the instrument in the hands of God of a number of conversions. Just before the ensuing session of the Conference his health gave way, and he did not reach the Conference until near its close. He took an appointment, but consumption developed, and he rapidly sunk under its wasting power. Some two or three months before his death he went to Grass Valley, where he found a resting-place in the hospitable home of that friend of the preachers, Mrs. T. K. Neal, mother of the Rev. J. H. Neal. His own mother could not have cared for him with more tender solicitude. He died September 12, 1861. He sent this message to his brethren from his dying bed: "Tell my brethren of the Pacific Conference to preach Jesus, and nothing but Jesus, and never give up the struggle."

Brother Bond was a sweet-spirited Christian, faithful in all the relations of life. Before he entered the ministry, as steward, class-leader, and Sunday-school superintendent, he was always in his place, and made all connected with him feel that he was in deep sympathy with them in the work of their salvation. He was happy in the faculty of cultivating the good-will and securing the respect of all.

Isaiah L. Hopkins was born in Baltimore, Maryland, April 17, 1831; came to California in 1852. He was converted at the early age of eight, and from his conversion felt a call to preach. After coming to Califor-

nia he worked in the mines in Tuolumne County. He was licensed to preach October 26, 1857, R. W. Bigham being the presiding elder.

The first year in the Pacific Conference his fortune was to be placed as junior preacher under the great revivalist, J. T. Cox, on the Bodega Circuit, in Sonoma County. Doubtless here he learned many important lessons in soul-saving. The circuit was a very large one, embracing Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Mark West, and Macedonia. Revival-meetings were held at all these points, and many souls were converted and brought into the Church.

In the fall of the year a camp-meeting was held at the old Bodega Camp-ground that was one of the grandest ever held on the coast. The whole circuit was glowing under the faithful preaching of these two men of God, and every thing was ripe for this "Feast of Tabernacles." Willing workers flocked to the meeting, and with the first service the good work began. More than one hundred souls were converted.

The junior preacher received *seventy-five dollars* for his arduous services during the year.

The next year Brother Hopkins was sent to El Dorado Circuit, in the mines. Here he had some thirty or forty conversions. One notable triumph of the Cross was the capture of one of the strongholds of Satan. The keeper of a saloon and dance-house was converted, and his place of business and revelry turned into a church. The counter was cut in two, and one-half of it converted into a pulpit. The partitions of the upper rooms were made into seats for the congregation, while a back room was changed into a parsonage for the preacher.

At Napa and Sonoma he was equally successful. More than 60 souls were converted at a camp-meeting held this year, and a handsome church was brought near to completion in the town of Napa, at a cost of $2,500. By some means in after-years we not only lost this church-building, but lost all our interests as a Church in the lovely town of Napa.

About this time the way was opening for our Church in Oregon, and Brother Hopkins was sent thither and stationed in the city of Portland. He commenced preaching in a rented house, organized with 12 members, and before the year closed the membership had increased to 100 souls. More than 40 were converted at a camp-meeting on the Columbia River, at which R. C. Martin, James Kelsay, and C. H. E. Newton assisted.

The next year he was on the Salem Circuit. Here he found a Church of about 45 members. At a camp-meeting held near Salem, this year, some 40 were converted. He was assisted by O. Fisher, C. H. E. Newton, R. C. Martin, and James Kelsay. One remarkable feature of this meeting was the happy conversion of about twenty avowed infidels. These men, in the wild freedom of frontier life, had thrown off all religious restraint, and openly declared themselves unbelievers. Numbers had increased their courage, and they were bold to avow their sentiments of infidelity. They attended this meeting, and when they witnessed the power of God in the salvation of souls, and heard those men of God preach the gospel in power and demonstration of the Spirit, they saw their refuge of lies tottering to its fall, and themselves left without protection from the storm of God's wrath. They began

to forsake their errors; one after another yielded, until nearly all of them were brought into the Church by a saving knowledge of the Son of God. The foundation of a church-building was laid, which was not completed till the year following. This year (1862) he was happily married to Miss Mary Duncan, who has ever since shared his joys and sorrows, proving a true itinerant's wife, ever interested in the work of the Church.

The next year he was on the Eugene City Circuit, in Oregon, with twelve appointments, most of them in school-houses. He held two camp-meetings this year, beside a number of protracted-meetings. The membership was increased from 160 to over 300. For two or three months of this year he was prostrated with lung fever, on account of which he was forced to seek a milder climate. He was sent to Jacksonville Circuit, where he remained but eight months. Here he erected a church, doing much of the work with his own hands. He was changed by his presiding elder to the Williamsburg and Kirbyville Circuit, two mining-towns. He rented a parsonage, but so attentive were the people to the preacher's wants that his whole expenditure for the year amounted to but *twenty-five cents*, and that was spent for soda to raise his biscuits. On the day that he reached Williamsburg his quarterly-meeting was to be held. The presiding elder got word during the day that his wife was very ill. He had no money, and there was no time to raise him any. Brother Hopkins gave him all he had—two dollars. That evening he went into an old, deserted miner's cabin to secret prayer, and as he knelt down he saw lying before him on the table a ten-dollar gold piece. He looked upon this as a special providence, and as a gift

from that God whose hand knows just where to place those things his children need.

Here the citizens bought a saloon and converted it into a church. As on the former occasion, the counter was transformed into a pulpit.

He found it necessary to leave Oregon for the milder climate of California. Accordingly, in company with the Revs. D. M. Rice and A. C. Howlett, he set out across the mountains on his journey. During the trip the horses of Rice and Howlett were stolen. They borrowed other horses and proceeded on their journey. Just before reaching Colusa they passed two men on their stolen horses. Without saying a word to them, they rode on into Colusa, got out warrants and had them arrested as they rode into town. The preachers got possession of their property, and the men were sent to the State's prison for a term of three years. This year—1865—he was stationed in Colusa City. The year 1864 was what is known as the "dry year." The severest drought prevailed over the greater portion of California than had ever been known since it became a State. In many portions of the State there were absolutely no crops. Hay went up to $80 per ton, and every thing else in proportion. Of course the burden fell with great weight upon the preachers. Sister Hopkins was sick the most of the year. Not only so, but this was a year of great political excitement. Mr. Lincoln had been assassinated, and the hearts of many were fired to an intensity of feeling that required but a breath to set them glowing Brothers Scoggins, Campbell, and several other members of our Church in Colusa were suspected of expressing joy at the assassination, and they were arrested and chained to trees near

the parsonage, where they were closely guarded day and night, none of their friends being allowed to approach them. Here they were kept for several weeks. Others were soon arrested, when they were taken to Alcatraz Island and imprisoned, where they remained until peace was formally declared. During this excitement an officer came to arrest Brother Hopkins, but recognizing in him an old friend, he declined to make the arrest. God honored his laborers even in these troublous times, and souls were converted under his ministry.

From Colusa he went to Gilroy, where he labored for two years. While here he built a church at what is known as the Redwoods.

His next charge was Visalia. It was a long move, but P. P. Byrd, one of the leading members of that charge, took his wagon and was at all the trouble and expense of the move. They took possession of the parsonage and commenced tacking down carpets and arranging to live, when two gentlemen came to the house and told them it was unnecessary for them to proceed any farther, as they held a mortgage on both church and parsonage for $800, and that they were unwilling to wait any longer for their money, and had concluded to foreclose the mortgage at once. They begged a stay of proceedings for two months. They went to work, and, by an entertainment that lasted three days, realized enough to pay off the entire indebtedness. To no one was more due for the success of this enterprise than old Sister Vanvalkenburg. The next summer the old parsonage was sold and a new one built.

A camp-meeting was held each of the two-years'

stay at this point, and over 200 converts were the fruits. While here the town of Visalia was visited by a flood, the water reaching to the window-sills of the parsonage. Sister Hopkins and children were taken out on horseback, Brother Hopkins wading in water waist-deep leading the horse. They took refuge in the Visalia Seminary building, where they were forty-eight hours without food. Every period has its perils, and all times their trials, and there are always enough brave men in God's sacramental army to meet any emergency.

He was removed to the Santa Clara Circuit, where with indomitable energy he built two good churches—one at Bay View and the other at Mountain View. He held a camp-meeting each year, at which there were over 100 conversions.

The next year the Santa Clara Circuit was divided, and Brother Hopkins was placed on what was called Mountain View Circuit. Here he spent two pleasant and profitable years.

The next three years were spent in San Jose Station, where he succeeded in building a beautiful church in the place of the old brick that had stood for a score of years. From San Jose he went to Sacramento, where he did a good work. Again he was sent to the Mountain View Circuit, where he built a neat parsonage.

He was next sent to Fresno Circuit, where he remained four years, paying a considerable amount on a church debt, and building a parsonage. Here his health began to fail. For two years he fought bravely against superannuation. He who had so long led in the charge against the powers of darkness, whose sword was still bright with constant use, could not

bear the idea of turning aside while others went shouting to the fray. But God bade him cease. For years he has been a helpless invalid. In his shattered tenement he waits the Master's call to the "rest that remains to the people of God." Not a cloud hangs between him and the Sun of righteousness. A starry crown awaits our brother. May his end be glorious as his life has been true!

Iry Taylor was born in Franklin County, Tennessee, December 10, 1806. His parents moved to Alabama, where he grew up to manhood and married. In 1837 he moved to Texas, where, in the providence of God, he was brought under the influence of the Methodist preachers who were following men to every nook and corner of our Western frontier. His wife was first converted, and after a long and hard struggle he was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. At once he felt it to be his duty to preach, but he fought against the impression, and to get away from his convictions of duty he joined a company of emigrants to California during the great gold excitement. He settled in the mines. But when he looked around him and saw the class of society into which he had voluntarily thrown his family, he determined, as soon as he could make money enough, to return to Texas. In the meantime his wife adopted the better plan, and began praying that God would send them a preacher, and it was not long before a man rode up to the little mining hotel they were keeping, and asked if there were any Methodists in the town. His wife, who heard the question, said, "Come in; for I know that you are a preacher." It was the Rev. Green Woods, of our Church, who was, like his Master, out in the mountains hunting the

lost and straying. This was in the town of Vallecita. Brother Taylor at once went out and secured a saloon as a preaching-place. There were several *monte* tables in the saloon. As the preacher entered the room one of the gamblers slyly dropped a deck of cards into his pocket. It happened to be the pocket in which he carried his Bible. So when he put his hand into his pocket he drew forth the deck of cards first. With no apparent concern he laid them on the table before him, and then drew out his Bible and laid it on the deck. A titter ran round the room. But the preacher delivered a very feeling sermon, and proceeded to organize a Church. Four united—Iry Taylor, wife and daughter, and another lady, whose name is forgotten. A strong reaction had taken place in Taylor's heart. His experience with godless people had driven him back to his Master and his duty, and at once he went to work to build a church. T. C. Barton and S. Cushing took hold with him with zeal and energy, and it was not long until they had a place in which to worship God.

There were at this time many reckless men in California—men who had once been Christians, and some of them Christian ministers, who, to stifle the clamorings of conscience, indulged in the vilest practices. As illustrative of this, Brother Taylor relates an incident that came under his own observation: "I walked out one Sunday morning, and in passing a saloon there was a man, who went by the name of 'Kentuck,' standing in the door exhorting the people to do better. He made some powerful appeals. (This was all done in mockery.) After which, turning to a man who sat behind him, he said, 'Consecrate the elements.' This man had been a Baptist preacher in the State of Mis-

souri. The other had been, I suppose, a Methodist preacher in the State of Kentucky. They spread the elements—consisting of crackers and whisky—upon a bench. When the man rose, he said, 'Let us pray,' and he kneeled down and prayed, if it could be called a prayer; then arose and invited all that wished to commune to kneel at a bench before the saloon door in the street. 'Kentuck' urged them to come with horrid oaths, telling them if they did not come they should not have any whisky for a week. Four young men came forward and knelt at the bench and received the crackers and whisky, in mockery of the communion. While they were passing the crackers and whisky round, an old Mexican who was present saw his little son, about eight or ten years of age, standing not far off. He stormed at him to leave there *quick*, as it was no place for him. Not long after this small-pox visited the town, and was quite fatal, carrying off a good many. Among those that died were the two preachers and three of the four young men that partook of the crackers and whisky. The other young man promised the Lord if he would spare him, he would lead a different life. He recovered, failed to become a Christian according to his promise, and went blind, and had to be led wherever he went."

Soon after this the church was finished, and the presiding elder, J. F. Blythe, assisted by Morris Evans, J. C. Pendergrast, and others, held a protracted-meeting that resulted in a glorious revival. Among those converted were J. W. Stahl and T. C. Barton, who subsequently became members of the Pacific Conference, and did valiant service for the Master. Barton is still going in and out among us, unwearied in the service of the Re-

deemer. But Stahl has fallen on sleep, and gone to his reward.

S. Cushing and —— Harrell, two others who became preachers, were converted at this meeting. And it may be that Iry Taylor might never have entered the itinerant ranks had it not been for this meeting. Business called him first to Cave City, then to San Andreas. This latter place at the time was embraced in the bounds of the Linden Circuit, E. G. Cannon and F. G. Gray being the preachers. During the year J. F. Blythe, the presiding elder, removed Gray from the circuit, and employed Iry Taylor in his place. The work of the Lord prospered in his hands, and a glorious revival followed his labors. Cannon soon afterward got into some difficulty that interfered with his usefulness on the circuit, and he was removed, and T. C. Barton put in his place. This young man, who had been intimately associated with Iry Taylor in Vallecita, came full of the Holy Ghost. His preaching was with power, and many souls were gathered into the Church through the joint labors of these two men. The meeting continued thirty-two nights. One young man, James Duncan—son of that old veteran, Hiram Duncan, than whom but few laymen in the Church on this coast have done more to sustain the cause than he—was converted during this meeting. He afterward married the widow of J. F. Blythe, and has been an acceptable and useful local preacher for years.

During the year 106 conversions occurred under the labors of these two men.

The next year Brother Taylor was sent to Sacramento Circuit, and the year following he was sent to Vallecita to enable him to settle some business affairs that

he had been engaged in before he entered the Conference. The presiding elder, however, changed him before the close of the year to Stockton Circuit. He says of his labors here: "There was no organization on that work at the time. My wife and I traveled that year from place to place, having no particular spot that we could call our home. In the fall we held a camp-meeting at which there were some conversions—went to Conference, and was returned to the work another year. I rented a house in French Camp, four miles above Stockton, Brother J. C. Simmons being my presiding elder. This was among the happiest years of my life. We had a revival all the year round—had a camp-meeting in McKamy's neighborhood. My presiding elder, J. C. Simmons, was on hand, and such faithful preaching as he did during the meeting I never heard him do before nor since. The altar was crowded day and night. One old infidel, that I had persuaded to come to the meeting, came to me one day with the tears streaming down his cheeks, and said, 'That man's preaching has knocked all the infidelity out of me.' I advised him to go home and burn his infidel library, but he would not. He quenched his convictions, and what became of him I know not."

Brother Taylor relates an incident in his experience this year to show what some of us had to undergo in this pioneer work. He was noted for hunting up those that were living where they were denied the privileges of the gospel. He says: "My circuit extended up the river, and at the upper end, just across the river, was a sort of out-of-the-way neighborhood of some fifteen or twenty families. I made it a rule to visit such neighborhoods, if there were any such near my work.

In this place a friend of mine was living whom I had known in Cave City. After visiting the people and preaching to them, they asked me to give them a regular appointment, which I did. It was some thirty miles from French Camp, where I lived. On Saturday morning I started for this neighborhood. I went to this friend's house, arriving about sundown hungry and tired. The lady was engaged in rendering up the fat of a sheep that had been drowned, it was supposed, in the river. Her son saw it floating down, and as they were short of dog-meat, he swam in and brought it to land. At supper I ate a biscuit and drank a cup of coffee, and went to bed. Between where I lay and the kitchen there was but a thin partition. I could hear all that was said. The lady said to her son:

"'What did you do with the carcass of that sheep?'

"He said, 'I hung it up in a tree for the dogs.'

'I have a great mind to get some of it for breakfast. The preacher is here, and we have no meat. The suet smells all right, and I believe it is good.'

"The son said: 'Well, it was still warm when I pulled it out of the river.'

"'Then,' said she, 'go and bring it to the house.'

"He went out, and in a few minutes brought it in and laid it on the table. My whole nature rebelled against the thought of eating of a sheep that had died—no one knew how. The next morning one of the boys brought in a large fish that he had just caught, and I fondly hoped that that fish would be the saving clause in my breakfast. When breakfast was announced, they had a large dish of fried mutton and a plate of fish. I took a piece of the fish, when lo! it had been fried in the sheep suet! I opened a biscuit—it had been shortened

with the same! I drank a cup of coffee, excused myself, and went out for my horse. When I came back, the lady was preparing to go to church with me in my buggy. This would necessarily bring me back to her house. But I could not help myself. After preaching, a lady asked my friend to go home with her to dinner. I told her by all means to go, and I would take her home in the evening. She consented. When we got there, the lady told her she had no meat. 'I have plenty at my house,' said my friend. She told her to send over and get a piece. Accordingly, a boy was dispatched, and in due time came back with a liberal portion of my 'Nemesis' of a sheep. So when dinner came on, here was this mutton again, and a part of the same fish! I could no more eat of them now than before. I took some potatoes on my plate. They had been warmed over in the mutton gravy! By this time I was growing weak and sick, having eaten nothing since Saturday morning. I drank a cup of tea. It was after sundown before I could get the lady to go home. I drank a little coffee for supper, and went to bed. In the morning I arose and harnessed my horse, and was preparing to leave, when I was called in to breakfast. I had to face that mutton again! Like a coward, I fled from the face of my enemy. I had to drive about ten miles before reaching a house. It was the house of a special friend. As I entered, I said:

"'Sister M., have you any yellow-legged chickens on your place?"

"'Plenty,' said she.

"'Then get me one ready in twenty minutes, if possible, for I have eaten nothing since Saturday morning.'

"It was now noon on Monday. I lay down and soon fell asleep. When I was called, such a breakfast as was spread before me would have tempted any man, much less one in my condition. I tarried under this hospitable roof for two days, until I had made full atonement to my outraged stomach."

He filled appointments for five or six years more, when he was given a superannuated relation in 1868. He bears that relation to the Conference still. He is now in his seventy-ninth year, while his faithful wife is in her seventy-fifth. It is proper in this connection to say that she has been a true itinerant's wife—not only sharing the privations of her husband, but assisting him in his work for the Church. But few women in the ranks of itinerants' wives on this coast have done more than she in actual work for the salvation of souls. Whatever of success has attended the labors of Ivy Taylor, much of it is due to her. She went with him in his rounds of pastoral visitations, talked and prayed with the people. At revival and camp-meetings she was a faithful worker in the altar, pointing sinners to Christ, and comforting the mourners in Zion.

The old couple are leading a quiet life in the town of Vacaville, waiting the Master's call to come up higher, willing to stay and wait, or to go at any moment.

Moses Clampit was re-admitted at this Conference. He came from the Illinois Conference of the M. E. Church. He was a very eccentric man—his eccentricities ofttimes outweighing his better qualities. While eccentricities which partake of the humorous often open the way of a preacher, if he have the good sense to improve the opening, yet they are ever to be regarded as a misfortune. Not only do they do an in-

jury to the individual himself, but younger preachers often pattern after him; and as one who patterns after another is almost always sure to adopt the most objectionable features, it is a calamity to have an eccentric man engaged in the Christian ministry.

Moses Clampit remained in the local ranks for several years before he made application for admission into the traveling connection. He resided in Santa Clara Valley. W. R. Banc tells an anecdote of the old man that gives a fair index to his peculiarities. He had an appointment to preach in Gilroy at an early day, soon after the organization of our Church at that point. "It was on Monday evening. Everybody turned out to hear him. Just as he was laying off the divisions of his subject, a full-grown dog-fight commenced in the yard. Whereupon one and all rushed to look after their dogs. The dogs were legged and parted, when all returned and resumed their seats with as little delay as the nature of the case would allow. The preacher, who had sat down to await the issue, arose, and in a voice as solemn as death, said: 'I had hoped, at least, to be as interesting as a dog-fight, but it seems that I am only a secondary consideration. So much for a preacher of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

Upon one occasion one of the *Twelve Apostles* of the Mormon Church of the Latter Day Saints visited California. He visited Santa Clara, and sought an opportunity to preach, but found a difficulty in getting a place in which to hold a service. We had an old church-building standing in town that had not been used for some time, and some one told him he might preach in that. The appointment was announced.

The members of our Church in the valley heard that there was to be preaching in our church in town, and supposing it to be one of our preachers, turned out in force. The Apostle was not long in undeceiving them. He told them who and what he was. And after preaching some time, he told them that "the signs of an Apostle" were in him—that he could "speak with new tongues; he could take up serpents; and if he should drink any deadly thing it would not hurt him." Brother Clampit, who was present, had been growing more and more restless with every sentence, and when the speaker reached this point, he rose to his feet in the congregation. All eyes were upon him. Pratt, the Apostle, paused, when the old man said: "Look a-here, old man. If you'll take a good dose of—of—er-r (turning to the brother that sat by his side) awee! Brother Rucker, what's that stuff you kill squirrels with?" "Strychnine." "That's it. If you'll take a good dose of strychnine, and it don't knock you as cold as a wagon-tire, I'll jine you." The effect was overwhelming. The crowd, who were growing impatient, broke out into one loud roar of laughter that wound up the exercises.

He had but little patience with instrumental music in the churches. He saw with their introduction scientific or artistic singing by the choir would usurp the place of congregational singing, and hence he frequently took occasion to make flings at it. Having an appointment to preach in San Jose in 1855, the choir led off in the service of song. He eyed the organ and those surrounding it as he would an enemy. After a peculiar prayer, he rose and commenced singing a long-meter hymn in the most unmusical, cracked voice that

ever afflicted a worshiping assembly. The hymn was long as well as the meter, and he omitted not a single doleful note until the last line had been rendered. Then with a self-satisfied air, and with a triumphant look at the organ, he said: "I reckon you think I can't sing, but I've seen the day that I could beat any of your fiddles and Jew's-harps." The young people of town said it was equal to a circus to hear Clampit. One evening he was preaching in San Jose, when in the midst of his discourse a young man rose and walked leisurely out. As he arose, Clampit stopped, and with apparently deep solicitude he watched each step. As he reached the door he spoke to the young man:

"Good-evening, sir!"

The young man turned about, and with all the politeness of a Chesterfield, said:

"Good-evening, Mr. Clampit!"

The effect can better be imagined than described.

No man delighted in his peculiarities more than himself, especially if they seemed to annoy others.

In the year 1853 there was a camp-meeting held under the live-oaks east of the Pajaro Valley. It was the first camp-meeting ever held in that section. There were but few preachers present. But Clampit was among them. He was usually in the habit of preaching very long sermons; in fact, he felt that he had never been licensed to preach short sermons, and he magnified his office. It became necessary to preach him during the meeting. For the glory of God and the good of the meeting, those in power undertook the difficult task of restraining him as to time. Brother B. was selected as the best man to approach him on the subject. He performed his duty, and awaited with solicitude the

result. From the manner in which he entered the pulpit, all in the secret felt that the job had not been a successful one, and only time would reveal what he would do. In his opening prayer he told the Lord of the desire of his brethren for brevity. In his introductory remarks he referred at greater length to the degeneracy of the times in his own characteristic way, making this part of his service as tedious as possible. Then, after spending considerable time on "Firstly," he said, "But I must hasten, or I will not be *brief*, as I was requested." After another stretch, "Well, really, brethren, this is a very interesting part of my subject, and if I were only as religious as my good Brother B., I would shout over it, and pass on *briefly*." And thus he went on, ever and anon recurring to the fact of his having been instructed to be brief. By this time all of the preachers, and especially Brother B., were becoming nervous, when, turning to the offending brother, to the amusement of everybody, he said:

"Brother B., what if I should preach till sundown?"

Brother B. responded: "That would be very unfortunate indeed."

"Not if a score of sinners should be converted."

"That is not at all probable."

Again the preacher, with the utmost unconcern, returned to his subject, and introduced David's visit to his brethren on the battle-field, and his desire to meet Goliath in single combat, and closed the reference with this remark: "His older brethren rebuked the vanity of the stripling as sharply as my brother here rebuked me a moment ago" That was too much for Brother B. He slipped out of the stand, retired from the contest, and left Clampit master of the situation.

History does not record the fact of his ever trying to abridge Clampit's sermon again.

He filled three appointments in the Conference. The first year he was sent to Visalia, the second he was Presiding Elder of the Marysville District, and the third he was stationed in Portland, Oregon. He then located at his own request. While on the Marysville District he crowned his eccentricities by marrying an Irish Catholic, a woman in no sort of sympathy with his work as a Methodist preacher. A few years afterward he died in Oregon. On his death-bed he gave all his earthly possessions, amounting to $75, to the M. E. Church, South, making Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald his administrator.

At this Conference, when the name of the sainted J. M. Fulton was called, A. M. Bailey, the Presiding Elder of the San Francisco District, "amid deep and solemn feeling, announced and related the circumstances of his death." We felt that the member of our Conference who stood pre-eminently near to God had been taken. No more should we hear his sighs for the abominations that were done in the land. No more should we hear his reverend, subdued voice reading resolutions to the Conference on fasting and prayer. We felt that one of the rocks by which our Conference was anchored to the throne had been removed, and though we often smiled at his solemnity, yet our eyes filled with tears as we looked upon the seat made vacant by his removal. Eternity alone will reveal the value of his services to us in the incipiency of our work.

The *Pacific Methodist* had been started by O. Fisher in Stockton during the past year, and at this Con-

ference it was determined to remove it to San Francisco, and O. P. Fitzgerald, who had planned the enterprise and given the paper its name, was elected Editor, and O. Fisher, who was appointed Presiding Elder of the San Francisco District, was elected Corresponding Editor.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE eighth session of the Conference was held in the city of Stockton, October 13–19, 1858. There being no Bishop present, W. R. Gober was elected President of the Conference.

It is to be regretted that for several sessions, including this, none of the reports or statistics of the Conference were recorded in the Minutes. They were "placed on file," and have long since been lost. We are compelled to rely upon memory for many facts in connection with this period.

This session of the Conference was one of much interest. All the machinery of the Church was in full operation. Preachers and people had settled down to the fact that our Church was no longer an experiment in California—that there was an imperative necessity for our existence, and that we would be recreant to the trust committed to our hands if we were to halt or hesitate. Wherever we had labored God had been with us, blessing the work of our hands in the salvation of souls, in the recovery of the backslidden, and in the strengthening of the walls of Zion. The people had come to our help in the building of churches and parsonages, and had cheerfully and liberally supported our ministers. With wonderful unanimity the preachers had held themselves closely to the one work of preaching the gospel without foreign admixture.

The reports of camp-meetings and revival-meetings

were very cheering. A camp-meeting had been held on the Tuolumne River that in many respects was remarkable.

Family feuds had prevailed to an alarming extent in the valley. Several parties had been killed in these difficulties. Infidelity, with brazen effrontery, had achieved a triumph here that led those who had cast off the restraints of religion to become more bold in their attacks upon the doctrines of Christianity. Through the year our preacher on this circuit had labored without apparent fruit. He determined to hold a camp-meeting. When the time appointed came, he found himself almost alone. A few came out and helped him prepare the ground. When the presiding elder—R. W. Bigham—J. C. Simmons, T. C. Barton, Iry Taylor, and others, arrived on the ground the evening the meeting was to commence, they found a simple stand erected under some large trees, a preachers' tent just back of this stand, and only two or three small tents adjoining. Under a large oak the preacher in charge was seen at a stove preparing a supper for preachers and people. He was doing the cooking himself. Other willing hands were soon found among his brother ministers to help him in his work. That night the services began. At each service the crowd grew larger. But an effort at revival seemed like striking with a hammer upon adamant. The preachers talked of the condition of affairs, and held earnest prayer-meetings in secret, pleading with God for help. On Sunday at 11 o'clock R. W. Bigham preached from Isaiah i. 2–4, in which he brought out the awful sin of rebellion, and the ingratitude and folly of not heeding the dealings of God with them. He drew picture after

picture of the corrupters and evil-doers of that day, who had gone away backward. His sermon produced a profound impression. At 3 o'clock J. C. Simmons followed with a sermon from Ezekiel ix. 5–7, in which he portrayed the wickedness and abominations that were done in the land. As he preached his soul caught on fire, and he poured forth a torrent of denunciation against the crimes that were being enacted in that valley. These men preached as having authority, and the people trembled under their word. One of the prominent citizens, and an actor in the scenes that had been a blot upon the fair valley, said of these sermons: "If those men had told one thing more they would have told every mean thing that was ever done in the valley." That night a number of penitents came to the altar—the first sign of revival we had seen during the meeting. One, and only one soul (J. J. Brunow), as far as we know, was converted during the meeting. But the effect upon the community was seen for many years. It prepared the way for a moral renovation. J. J. Brunow, the man who was converted at this meeting, was a German. He became a preacher, joined the Pacific Conference, and was immediately transferred to the Texas Conference, engaged in work among the Germans in that State, and proved a most zealous, useful man.

Another camp-meeting, in Cathey's Valley, near the town of Mariposa, was also a remarkable occasion. Soon after the meeting began the altar was crowded with penitents, and in a few days the work became so deep and powerful that there could be no regularity of service. At all hours of the day and night penitents were bowing and calling for mercy. Sometimes the

people hardly had time to eat, so urgent was the work. Out in the grove, in the tents, under the trees, on the encampment, little groups might be seen at any time praying for and talking to mourners. And glad shouts of the saved were heard on all sides. Very little regular preaching was required, or done, after the first few days of the meeting.

In Stockton, under the ministry of O. Fisher, the most gracious revivals had followed his labors. He held a camp-meeting in the fall at French Camp, where the displays of the divine power were wonderful. Untiring in his labors, Father Fisher preached with great unction and success. Those who saw and heard him at this meeting think that he here surpassed any work of his life. The fruits of this revival are still found in many other parts of the State.

About the same time R. C. Martin and Samuel Brown, two young preachers, held a camp-meeting near Liberty, on Dry Creek, in San Joaquin County. The whole community was brought under the influence of this meeting. About 50 souls were converted and brought into the Church.

A certain Campbellite Christian preacher, who was present at the meeting and heard the preaching and saw the work of these young men, became greatly exercised. He wanted a hearing. He talked here and there as he could get listeners, to the no small annoyance of our preachers. At last he went so far as to offer a horse to Martin if he would give him an hour on Sunday. Martin with his keen little black eye looked him full in the face, and said: "Now, look here. If you don't keep quiet and behave yourself I'll have you arrested and put in the county jail before

night." This settled him, and he interfered with the work of God no more during that meeting.

On the camp-ground a subscription was started to build a church, which was completed that fall, near Scott's Bridge, on Dry Creek. A few years afterward it was moved to Elliot, and is still used as a house of worship.

In the spring of 1858 a most gracious work of God commenced on the Santa Clara Circuit. J. Gruwell was preacher in charge. The meeting was conducted in a little school-house some three miles north of San Jose. This meeting was held night after night for several weeks. J. Gruwell was assisted by J. C. Simmons, then stationed in San Jose. So deep and wide-spread was the interest that it was determined to hold a camp-meeting in the neighborhood in May. Accordingly, arrangements were made, and the meeting held. Quite a number of the preachers of the Conference were present. O. Fisher was the presiding elder. O. P. Fitzgerald, A. M. Bailey, W. R. Gober, T. C. Barton, J. C. Simmons, and others, were at the meeting nearly or quite all the time. Day and night the altar was crowded with anxious penitents, and the work went on until over 100 souls were happily converted to God. Ninety-eight united with our Church at the meeting. One remarkable feature of the meeting was that men would get under conviction at their homes before visiting the grounds at all—would come and be converted. As these men would relate their experience, and tell of their restlessness, and then of the providences that led them to the meeting, and of their happy deliverance from sin, all hearts would be moved and impressed. One admirable feature of California camp-

meetings is to hold an experience-meeting each morning of the meeting at about 9 o'clock. Here not only the members of the Church have the opportunity to speak, but the new converts, and even the penitents. They in the fullness of their hearts tell of the peculiar conflicts, temptations, and experiences through which they are passing, or have passed, and thus furnish the preachers with facts that are invaluable in the prosecution of their work. Not only so, but the new converts are strengthened in their faith, and learn the language of Zion.

It was during this meeting at Berryessa that the voice of J. Gruwell manifested its marvelous power. No man ever connected with our Conference has had such a voice as he. It was loud and strong, but musical. After a sermon by another, he rose to deliver an exhortation. His voice swelled louder and louder until it evidently reached its maximum. It rolled and reverberated among the trees like the thrilling tones of a trumpet. O. P. Fitzgerald, who, during this meeting especially, had labored with his voice, sometimes finding it fail him just as he needed it most, listened at the lion-like roar of this "son of thunder," when he was heard to exclaim, "I would give my right arm to have such a voice as that!" The following day a gentleman who lived four miles down the valley came to the ground and told us that he heard Brother Gruwell's voice at his house.

Perhaps no State in the Union has a climate better adapted to the holding of camp-meetings than that of California. Our long rainless seasons enable us to occupy even brush tents, or booths, if we desire. No shingled arbors, such as were necessary at the East, are

required here. These meetings have been greatly blessed of God, especially in our earlier history.

Joseph Emory, Martin Gier, Benjamin C. Howard, J. Milton Ward, David M. Rice, William M. Culp, Thos. Brown, C. C. Snell, and T. O. Ellis were admitted on trial, and C. H. E Newton, local elder, formerly of the Alabama Conference, M. W. Glover, of the St. Louis Conference, and S. W. Davies, of the Pacific Conference, were re-admitted at this session.

Joseph Emery was born in Pennsylvania. He came to California while quite a youth. He was a diligent, devoted young Christian, who, when he felt it his duty to preach, commenced at once a thorough course of study. He was thoroughly consecrated to the work of the Christian ministry. His first appointment was one well calculated to try his metal. He was on the Redwoods Circuit, embracing a section of country lying west of Santa Clara Valley—reaching, in fact, from the valley to the Pacific Ocean. Most of it was new work and very difficult. But he was faithful in all that was required of him. He rose rapidly, and soon filled some of the most important appointments in the Conference. After working with us for some nine or ten years he was called to the chair of mathematics in Corvallis College, Oregon, a position he has filled with honor to himself and the Church to the present.

Martin Gier remained with us only two years, when he was discontinued, at his own request.

W. M. Culp was born in Barren County, Kentucky, December 5, 1831; lived for a time in Missouri, and came to California in 1854. He was converted in his eighteenth year, and was ever a consistent, happy Christian. He was licensed to preach in 1857, and

joined the Pacific Conference the following year. After preaching two years in California he went with the faithful little band that planted Southern Methodism in Oregon. He was stationed in Corvallis, where he did good service. But he found the climate too damp and rigorous for his frail constitution, and returned to California, and was stationed in Grass Valley. Here he married Miss Missouri Wood, who still survives him. He was a good singer and diligent pastor. Born of Methodist parents and reared in the lap of the Church, his devotion to the cause of Christ was life-long. His personal religious life was marked by a fervent spirit, and his deep feeling often overflowed in shouts and tears of holy joy. He died in the town of Snelling, March 11, 1870. His service to the Church will not be forgotten.

Thomas Brown remained in the work but a short time.

T. O. Ellis had been a practicing physician. He was well advanced in years when he entered the Conference. He was an elder. His first appointment was Presiding Elder of the Los Angeles District. Los Angeles and El Monte were connected with his appointment. At the end of his probation he was discontinued, at his own request.

C. C. Snell filled three appointments while on trial in the Conference, and then was discontinued, at his own request. He was a humble, deeply pious man, and was instrumental in the conversion of quite a number of souls.

P. Strickland was discontinued at the end of the first year.

D. M. Rice filled two appointments in California,

and was sent to Oregon, where he labored until the organization of the Columbia Conference, preaching six years before, and two after, that Conference was formed. After a few years more of labor in the Pacific Conference he located, but was re-admitted a few years ago, and is laboring zealously. He is a faithful, good man, ready to take and do any hard work if the authorities of the Church lay it on him.

J. Milton Ward was born September 9, 1833, in Callaway County, Missouri. He was converted, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, September 9, 1849. He came to California in 1850, crossing the plains. For six years he worked in the mines, and although he had no opportunity to unite with the Church for three years, yet he was faithful to his duties as a Christian, and enjoyed much of the love of God.

He was licensed to exhort May 11, 1858, and to preach the latter part of that year. He was admitted on trial into the Pacific Conference, October, 1858. In 1860 he organized our Church in Shasta. One year he served as College Agent. In 1862–3 he attended school at Pacific Methodist College, the better to fit himself for his work as a Methodist preacher. He was then sent as Presiding Elder of the Jacksonville District, Oregon. He remained but two years in Oregon, when he returned to California. In 1867 he organized the Watsonville and Salinas Circuit. In 1874 he had a severe spell of congestion of the lungs, and was disabled and on the supernumerary list for six years. But he is now effective, and is doing full work. He is a man of deep piety and sterling worth, willing to do any work that may be assigned him.

B. C. Howard was born in Newton County, Geor-

gia, April 5, 1813; was licensed to preach in Kentucky in the year 1840, and came to California in 1854. In the course of his labors in the Pacific Conference he has been in almost all parts of the State, from Shasta in the north to Visalia in the south. He filled appointments regularly from the year of his admission into the Conference to the year 1874, when he took a superannuated relation, and has remained in this relation until now, living a blameless, quiet, happy life. His faithful wife has been a sharer with him of all his toils and privations. A year ago they celebrated their golden wedding, gathering their children and their children's children about them on this memorable occasion. He still feels the most lively interest in our Church on this coast. He is spending the evening of his life in the town of Colusa, preaching as often as opportunity offers, ever ready to second the preacher in charge in any work for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, in whose service he has spent a long and happy life. He says, in reviewing the labors of his life: "God has greatly blessed me in my feeble efforts to preach." Only when the angel reapers have garnered the sheaves of life's harvest, shall it be known how many precious souls have been brought to Christ through the labors of this faithful servant.

M. W. Glover, who was re-admitted, had formerly been a member of the St. Louis Conference. He came to California in an early day and engaged in mining, but was always earnest in his interest in the success and prosperity of our Church. At times he succeeded very well in his mining operations. He attended the Conference which met in San Jose in 1857. Bascom Institute was then enjoying its most prosperous days.

Several artesian wells had been sunk in the valley, and it was desired to have one on the grounds of the Institute. A subscription was started among the preachers to raise $250 with which to sink a well. The preachers were responding in their usually liberal and prompt manner, when Brother Glover, then a local preacher, rose and said he would pay one-half of the amount in behalf of the mines, if the valleys would raise the remainder. A. M. Bailey at once accepted the proposition, and the Conference, by formal motion, thanked these two brethren for what they had done. M. W. Glover paid his half out of his own pocket. This showed the spirit and the liberality of the man. He remained in the Pacific Conference, doing faithful work, till the year 1870, when he was transferred to the Los Angeles Conference.

C. H. E. Newton, a local elder, was re-admitted on a certificate of location from the Alabama Conference. He was in many respects the most peculiar of men. He wore his beard and hair very long—in fact, as long as they would grow, for neither was ever trimmed. He loved the miner's loose dress, and would never change his blue or gray shirt for the starched linen. He wore no necktie, and usually left the top button of his shirt unfastened. He was tall, and had a strange look about the eyes and an eccentricity of movement that would almost lead one to think the strain of but a little more excitement, and the chords that bound him to reason would snap, and he become a maniac. He evidently studied to be thought eccentric. While some natures may manifest eccentricities more than others, yet the habit is a cultivated one. He was a great student and reader, and had an instinct for rare books—knew where

to find them, and how to analyze and treasure up their best thoughts. He was a living encyclopedia. There seemed to be no subject about which he knew nothing, and his readiness to communicate was as marvelous as his fund of knowledge. Some of his sermons were marvels of theological research and knowledge, and his entrance upon any exposition was almost always new and startling. He sought to arrest attention at once, and but seldom failed. Upon one occasion he was to preach at a camp-meeting. After the usual preliminary service, which was made as *unusual* as possible, he sprang from his seat in the stand, rushed to the book-board, leaned over until his long, yellow beard hung at right angles from his long, brown neck, gazed with a sort of wild, maniacal stare at the congregation for a few moments, then shouted: "Old man, where is your text?" Pausing for a few moments more, he threw his body as far back as he had bent forward, and bringing his hand down on the Bible as if he would drive it through the board on which it lay, said: "In that book!" Another pause. Then turning his gaze rapidly from one side of the congregation to the other, he asked: "What is it?" and answering his own question quickly, he shouted: "It's a lie!" The titter that rippled for a moment through the congregation was awed into silence by the indescribable earnestness of the speaker. He continued: "I thought that the Bible was a book of truth, and you say you've found a lie in it; yes, and a big one." For perhaps ten minutes he talked of his text before he announced it. At last opening the hitherto closed book, he turned to Malachi iii. 14, and read, "Ye have said it is a vain thing to serve God," and then he began one of the most masterly vindications of re-

ligion and the service of God we had ever heard. He showed his perfect familiarity with all the leading infidel writers as well as the master-minds in theology. He tore asunder the specious arguments of infidels, and held them up before his audience in such a light that they pitied them in their folly. Then in turn he showed the grand advantages of the religion of Jesus, for the life that now is, and then of that which is to come. Never for a moment did he lose the fervor of the deep earnestness that fired his soul at the beginning.

He was present at one amongst if not *the* first camp-meeting ever held in the State. It was held in August, 1852, just across Deer Creek from the city of Nevada. It was a camp-meeting planned and conducted by J. F. Blythe, then stationed in Nevada City, and J. C. Simmons, stationed in Grass Valley. The ground was chosen on a little flat, all dug and torn up by the miners, known as Gold Run. There were two or three deserted miners' cabins under some tall pine and arbor-vitæ trees. Here a brush arbor was built. An old Negro woman was hired to attend the table and wash dishes. Blythe, Simmons, Newton, and one or two others did the cooking, such as it was They also did the preaching Fair congregations were out in the day-time, while at night and on Sunday large numbers of the miners attended. The most respectful attention was given to all the services, and quite a number of penitents came forward from time to time for prayers. There was but one clear conversion that we knew of, although much good otherwise was effected. The one who was converted was at the altar several days. He seemed in despair Nothing that could be said to him seemed to have the least effect in comforting him. He

said there was no mercy for him. The promises were not for him. At last Brother Newton undertook his case. He sat down by him and told him that there *was* no mercy for him—that he had been such a sinner that the merits of Christ's blood could not reach his case, and that he had just as well make up his mind to be damned. He did this in such an earnest manner that the man was startled, and began to take the other side. Newton saw the effect, and skillfully drove him to the cross, and the man was saved.

It was at this camp-meeting that he preached his celebrated "gee-bug" sermon, illustrating the growth of faith. He told of a certain nobleman that was confined in an immense tower, incarcerated for life. His friends on the outside planned for his rescue. They could see him from day to day at a window high up in the tower. Procuring a gee-bug (of the beetle species) that was remarkably fond of butter, and that would follow the scent of it anywhere, they tied an exceedingly fine thread of silk to it, and then by an ingenious arrangement suspended a small lump of butter just before it by tying a straw to its back. They then placed the bug on the base of the tower with its head pointing directly to the window above. The bug smelled the butter and started for it, dragging the thread. Higher and higher it ascended, watched with the most intense interest by the waiting friends below until it was a mere speck on the granite wall, and then they could see it no more. But they knew it was still climbing by the thread slowly paying out. At last it reached the window-sill, passed over, still following the scent of the butter, until it was discovered by the lone prisoner. He took hold of the frail thread, perceived

what it meant, and began drawing it in to him. To this silk thread was attached one a little larger and stronger, and as the prisoner pulled it in to him his friends below attached other and stronger threads until at last a small rope was taken up, then a larger one, until at last one was drawn up of sufficient strength to bear the prisoner's weight; and when the shades of night fell, fastening the rope on the inside of his cell, he let himself down, and was free. The description was so life-like and graphic, as he went on and on with its presentation, that one could feel his faith strengthening as he listened. He was an exceedingly ingenious mechanic—knew how to work in iron, wood, and precious metals—while his knowledge of chemistry was equal to that of a professor. He could make money, and yet he seemed to care nothing for it. When he entered the Conference he walked his circuits. He seemed to have but little order in his work. He would appear on any part of his circuit, and startle the people oftimes by the most powerful and eloquent sermons. There was that in his nature that enabled him to throw his whole soul into a thought with perfect *abandon*. He would soar fearlessly where other men would not dare to fly. The very giddiness of his flights seemed only to stimulate him to more recklessness of oratory. Had he been well-balanced, with his fund of knowledge and his power over the human heart, there is no estimating the good he might have accomplished. But as it was, he shot like a meteor across the heavens, commanding attention, and then was gone, leaving only the impression of something wonderful, of something strange, and that was all.

His first year, after joining the Conference, was in

the northern mines at Dutch Flat. The next was five hundred miles away at Los Angeles and El Monte. The next was in Salem, Oregon. For four years he preached within the bounds of the State of Oregon, and then with a pack-horse and pony he set out for Idaho, and startled the miners of that Territory by his wild movements and overwhelming oratory. He was elected to the General Conference of 1866, and set off across the mountains with his two horses and camping outfit. He became quite feeble in health, and never returned to the West.

He was born in New Hampshire, though he lived long in Alabama; and when his health failed, he returned to the White Mountains of his native State to end life's pilgrimage where it was begun. He still lives, though far advanced in years.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ninth session of the Conference was held in San Francisco, September 28, 1859, Bishop G. F. Pierce presiding. There were eighteen applications for admission on trial into the Conference, all but two of whom were admitted.

Azariah Martin, from the Gilroy Circuit, traveled three years and located. He labored as a local preacher under the presiding elder for several years. He was a faithful, good, and true man.

L. D. Hargis came with a recommendation from the San Jose and Santa Clara Circuit, and for eighteen consecutive years he took work and filled his appointments to the best of his ability. He then took a supernumerary relation to the Conference on account of his health, and has sustained that relation ever since. He is a faithful man, full of good works, and has the interest of the Church always at heart. He has added much to the material interests of the Conference. He has ever been bold and outspoken against sin. An episode in the history of Brother Hargis will illustrate his fearlessness, and also show the *animus* of parties in certain quarters toward our Church, and the efforts made to involve us in difficulty. In the year 1861 he was stationed in Stockton. The Civil War was raging, and the most intense feeling prevailed on all sides. A plan was laid to get our preacher and Church into difficulty, and on the evening of the third of July a young German met

Brother Hargis at the conclusion of his weekly prayer-meeting, and asked the privilege of ringing the church-bell at midnight. This request was refused. The next morning, soon after daylight, Brother Hargis heard the bell tap. He sprang over the parsonage fence (the parsonage was on the same street with the church, and nearly opposite), and rushed across the street to put a stop to the ringing. He found quite a crowd gathered in and about the church-door, and two men, who had effected an entrance through the window, ringing the bell. He sprang at the rope above their hands, and pulled it with such force as to overturn the bell. He then hurled one of the men back, and with authority ordered them all to leave the church, which they did in short order, uttering bitter oaths and threats. During the day the excitement increased. Brother Hargis asked those who demanded the privilege, if they intended to ring the bell on the Catholic Church. They said, "By no means." The whole matter was aimed at us because we were the M. E. Church, South. Our enemies desired to stir the people against us. Threats were made that at sundown the bell should be rung at all hazards. In the meantime Brother Hargis secured a written order from the trustees of the church forbidding the ringing of the bell. Armed with this, he proceeded to the parsonage. He had also appealed to the sheriff of the county for protection, and had the assurance from that officer that the bell should not be rung. A little before sundown, when Brother Hargis reached the church, he found the street blocked by an excited mob who had drawn up a cannon in front of the church, loaded with old iron, with which they swore they would blow preacher and church to pieces or ring the bell.

An entrance had again been effected by way of the window, and the bell began to ring. As before, Brother Hargis rushed in and seized the rope, and while holding it with one hand, he read the order of the trustees. Hon. Thomas Laspeyre, a member of the California Legislature, Judge Charles Campbell, District Attorney of the county, a young lawyer named Thomas Caldwell, and other prominent citizens were on the ground ready to defend the church against the wanton outrage sought to be perpetrated against it. Brother Hargis had succeeded in clearing the church once more, while the mob about the door were cursing, and calling for the firing of the cannon. Just then a man mounted the cannon and commanded silence, while he read a document, purporting to have emanated from the trustees, giving permission to ring the bell. This at once disarmed the friends of the church, and they withdrew and let the mob have its way. The document was a forgery. It would have been far better, no doubt, to have yielded at once to the demands of the mob. No principle would have been sacrificed, and our concession would have disproved their charge of disloyalty. Opposition only gave them something to chafe against.

Since Brother Hargis has been on the supernumerary list he has been struggling to support a growing family. In battling with the world he has found out its hollowness and insincerity. And although he has had some sad experiences, he says: "Thank God, I am not in the least *soured* at the world. It is just like the world; that is the way it has always been doing A man is a fool that expects any thing better of it. I have learned much by ranching—more than I could ever have learned by preaching. I have not learned theology, but

I have learned something of human nature. I do not know what I shall do for the future. My throat has been better for two years, but the doctor says I have rheumatism of the heart." He rejoices at the good news from foreign fields, and pants to be again in the active work.

James M. Lovell was reared mainly in Santa Clara Valley — was the child of pious parents. He filled eight appointments and then took a local relation for two years, was re-admitted, and after filling two more appointments in the Pacific Conference, transferred to the Columbia Conference, and was stationed in Corvallis. He remained in that Conference two years and returned to the Pacific, and after traveling for three years, was violently thrown from his buggy while on the Healdsburg Circuit, as he was preparing to attend a quarterly-meeting, and received such an injury of the head as to incapacitate him from preaching. He was put upon the superannuated list. He afterwards located.

John J. Brunow was an educated German who had been converted at one of our camp-meetings on the Tuolumne River, and having a desire to preach the gospel to his own people, joined the Pacific Conference on trial, and was transferred to the Texas Conference, where there was an opening field for his labors.

Leander Cately came to California for his health, and after remaining here awhile he felt well enough to take work, and was recommended, as was J. J. Brunow, from the San Francisco Station. He was deeply pious, and fully consecrated to the work of God. Frail as he was, he taxed his energies to their full power in the service of his Master. At times, when preaching, especially

on the subject of holiness—a theme he delighted in—he would soar beyond himself, and with an eloquence born of the Spirit he would carry his audience to the heights of Beulah, and kindle within them intense desires to live always as God would have them. His power in prayer is wonderful, excelling most men in his earnest, fervent approaches to a throne of grace. He was first appointed Agent of the Branch Book Depository, located in San Francisco, after which he preached on circuits for three years and located. In 1870 he was re-admitted. A part of the time he traveled, and a part he was a supernumerary until 1874, when he again located.

J. G. Huff was recommended from the Bodega Circuit. He remained in the traveling connection some six years, and located.

George E. Dean, recommended from the San Francisco Station, continued some few years longer in the work than J. G. Huff. He was not very efficient as a preacher, and in 1870 he was located, at his own request.

Columbus Derrick crossed the continent in the stage with Bishop Pierce, and was recommended by the Bodega Quarterly Conference. He was never admitted into full connection.

R L. Vann, from the Sonoma and Napa Circuit, was also discontinued at the end of his second year.

F. M. Staten, recommended by the Vacaville and Putah Circuit, has proved one of our most faithful men. He was born in Paducah, Kentucky, Nov. 20, 1838; moved to Missouri while yet an infant. He came with his parents to California in 1852, and settled in Solano County, near where the town of Elmira now stands. In 1856 he entered the Ulatus Seminary at Vacaville—

the institution that we afterward bought and converted into Pacific Methodist College. He attended this school for three years; was the first secretary of Ulatus Literary Society, still connected with the college.

He soon came under the influence of the preachers of our Church, and at a protracted-meeting held near his father's house—at which there were over 30 conversions—he was brought to Christ. This was in 1857. He soon felt the movings of God's holy Spirit calling him to the Christian ministry. But he kept these impressions a profound secret until J. F. Blythe, under whose ministry he had been converted, approached him on the subject. He confessed that he felt it his duty, and through the friendly advice of his pastor he was licensed to exhort. In 1859 he was licensed to preach, and recommended to the Annual Conference.

He is a faithful worker, and has added much to the material interests of the Conference. He built a church at Linden in 1873, one at Galt in 1880, and one on the Yuba City Circuit in 1884. He built a parsonage at Sebastopol, in Sonoma County, and during his pastorate at Galt he moved and remodeled the parsonage on that circuit. With the exception of one year, when he located, he has been in the effective ranks. He goes cheerfully wherever sent, and gives his whole time to the work.

A. C. Howlett also came recommended from the Vacaville and Putah Circuit. He filled two appointments in California, and was then sent to Oregon, where he labored until the organization of the Columbia Conference.

W. M. Winters, who came recommended from the Bear River Circuit, was born in Illinois in 1826, and

went to Missouri in 1840. He was a soldier in the war with Mexico; came to California in 1850. He was converted, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, under the ministry of A. M. Bailey; was licensed to preach in 1858. He was sent the first year to the circuit that recommended him. He has proved a faithful, conscientious preacher. He has the happy faculty of securing the confidence and love of his people. Every work to which he is sent is strengthened and enlarged.

The fourth year of his ministry he was Agent for Pacific Methodist College, and succeeded next to J. C. Stewart in that peculiar and arduous work. He has never been physically strong, and this has been much in his way, especially as an agent. At one time, when the *Pacific Methodist* — our Conference organ — was struggling for existence, he turned out, and in a few months secured an endowment of $10,000 for it, to be paid in annual installments for ten years. This endowment fund tided the paper over many hard places, if it did not more than once save its life. In 1863 he located on account of his health, was re-admitted in 1872, and is still connected with the Conference, doing good work.

L. T. Hawkins, from the Clear Lake Circuit, remained in the traveling connection but four years, when he returned to his home in the East.

George Sim is an Englishman, having been born in the city of Chester, England, in 1828. He was the son of a Baptist minister who was pastor of the same Church for twenty-five years. On his death his remains were deposited in the inclosure of the church.

At the tender age of thirteen George went to sea, enduring the hardships and privations of a sea-faring life.

In his voyages he visited ports in almost all parts of the world—the East India ports in the Mediterranean, Brazil, Chili, Peru, and other points. He filled various offices, from cabin-boy to chief officer. In the spring of 1853 it was his fortune to come to California. He was, like the great majority who came out at that time, in search of gold. He went at once to the mines, working in Mariposa, Tuolumne, and Calaveras Counties.

In September, 1858, while engaged in mining on Mormon Gulch, in Tuolumne County, his company was obliged to suspend work for two weeks, on account of a lawsuit with a rival company. In the providence of God a camp-meeting was in progress near Tuttletown, under the direction of H. N. Compton and M. F. Jones, preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. To this camp-meeting George Sim was led. Conviction seized him, and he was led to seek and find the pardon of his sins in believing on Jesus. He who had sailed the seas over, with the world between him and the home of his childhood, here in this land of sin and excitement found peace at a rude camp-meeting altar in the mines.

His change was deep and thorough. With characteristic firmness he turned his back upon the world at the call of God, and gave himself to the work of the Christian ministry He had been led to the Saviour through the instrumentality of the ministers of our Church. Kneeling at her altars, he had received the evidence of pardon, the witness of the Spirit, and in her communion he received the encouragement and help he needed. Examining her doctrines and polity, he saw that the former were in accordance with the teachings of the Lord Jesus, and the latter in harmony

with apostolic practice, and with all his heart he embraced them, and threw himself soul and body with us. And after an intimate acquaintance of twenty-five years with these doctrines and the rules and government of the Church, the conviction of their righteousness has strengthened.

Six months after his conversion he was licensed to preach by the Quarterly Conference of the Sonora Circuit, in June, 1859, J. F. Blythe being the presiding elder. He was ordained deacon and elder the same day by Bishop Kavanaugh, in May, 1864.

He has been useful as a preacher all these years, suffering nothing to draw his mind and heart from the great work in which he has been engaged. The oil which he bears into the sanctuary is always "beaten oil." He is a close student, and is ever careful in the preparation of his sermons. He has traveled in all parts of our work, filling some of our best stations and circuits. Seven years of the time he has been presiding elder. He was sent as a delegate to the General Conference held in Louisville, Kentucky, and was appointed a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference held in London This Conference he could not attend.

Though of late years he has been called to pass through deep personal affliction, yet he has held to his work, and after weary weeks of bodily suffering, God has girded him to the conflict, and he has gone forth in his "loved employ."

B. W. Taylor, from San Bernardino Circuit, was sent to the Coulterville Circuit, but left his work during the year and entered upon an educational enterprise in Visalia. At the ensuing Conference he was discontinued, at his own request

J. W. Leach came to us from the M. E. Church (North). He traveled in the Pacific Conference thirteen years, being presiding elder the last three, when he transferred to the Los Angeles Conference. Some few years ago he returned to the communion of the M. E. Church.

The Church in all parts of the Conference, except in some mining regions, was moving steadily forward. The surface mines in many localities were being exhausted, and towns and camps that were at one time crowded with busy multitudes were almost deserted. Men were turning their thoughts and energies in other directions. Multitudes that had come to California expecting to remain but a few years, charmed by the climate, and seeing the vast resources that lay in her fertile valleys and in her forest-crowned mountains, sent back for their families, and made their arrangements to abide permanently here. To meet these changes, our preachers had to follow the people to the valleys, where towns and cities were rapidly increasing in number and importance—where rich farms were coming under the cultivating hand of the husbandman. Hence old circuits were abandoned, and new ones were forming.

The statistics of the Church at this session revealed the fact that we had 44 local preachers; 2,838 members and probationers; 26 churches, valued at $57,750; 14 parsonages, valued at $8,350. We had collected for Foreign Missions during the year $1,055. We had 33 Sunday-schools in operation, with 186 officers and teachers; 906 scholars; 5,815 volumes in our Sunday-school libraries; and we had raised and expended for Sunday-school purposes during the year $885.95, and 35 conversions were reported among the children.

Plans were adopted at this Conference for the inauguration of a male college. The Bascom Institute, at San Jose, was for the education of females. This institution had been leased to Mrs. R. C. Hammond for a term of years. But at this time a committee was appointed to make arrangements with the lessee to again resume the direct control and management of the school. The failure of this institution in subsequent years, and the growth of Pacific Methodist College, led us to undertake the co-education of the sexes in the latter. This was a wise arrangement, and has worked well for more than twenty years.

During this session, which was held in a rented church in San Francisco, Bishop Pierce made a stirring appeal for a subscription to build a church of our own in this great and growing city, and $2,410 was subscribed on the Conference-floor — most of it by the preachers.

Bishop Pierce spent several weeks in San Francisco, preaching daily, to the great edification of our people. During the progress of this meeting the little Pine-street church, in which we worshiped, was full to overflowing. The Rev. W. A. Scott, D.D., of the Presbyterian Church, came and offered his large church-building for our use, inviting the Bishop and congregation to transfer their meetings there. But the magnanimous, unambitious Bishop respectfully declined, giving as a reason that whatever of influence he had he wanted to give to our own Church and congregation. Nowhere else in California did he preach with such power and effect as at this time. Up to the time of this visit on the part of Bishop Pierce he had not given a very hearty support to our Church on this coast. He had

his doubts about the propriety of the movement, and the success of the enterprise. He did not know that the expenditure of money and labor necessary to carry on the work here would bring an adequate return to the Church, or conduce to the glory of God. But when he came and mingled with the people, and saw for himself, he became fully satisfied that the whole thing was of God, and it ever afterward had his most hearty co-operation and support. The reports of gracious revivals with which God had honored our ministry, that came in from all quarters; the growth of the material interests of the Church; the full-fledged Conference of devoted ministers over which he was called to preside; the long line of candidates, most of them converted and licensed to preach in our midst, that stood before him applying for admission into the traveling connection—were overwhelming in their influence, and sent conviction home to his heart in a way that enlisted him fully and finally in our behalf.

We sent out 61 preachers to different circuits and stations this year, beside employing several local preachers as supplies.

O. Fisher had been on a prospecting tour to Oregon the previous year, and an Oregon District was organized, of which he was made Presiding Elder. The same want of a non-political Church and ministry was demanded in that State as in California. Many people, both from the North and the South, had grown sick of having the pulpit converted into a platform, and of having their political views assailed from the sacred desk by those who professed to be called to feed the flock of Christ. Hence when this devoted little band commenced their labors there, they were hailed with de-

light by some, and scowled upon and maligned by others.

At this Conference M. Evans presented a form for the uniform reception of members into full connection. It was referred to a committee, consisting of M. Evans, J. C. Simmons, and O. P. Fitzgerald, with directions to revise and print for the use of the Conference. So it will be seen that our young Conference, the youngest of the Church, adopted a form for the reception of members before the General Conference adopted the form that now finds a place in the Discipline.

Five transfers came to us at this Conference—John C. Kolbe, John W. Simmons, David W. Epps, N. B. Peterson, and J. L. Burchard.

J. C. Kolbe was of German descent. He was in feeble health. The first year he was sent to Oregon, and stationed at Independence. The next year he returned to California, the climate of Oregon being too rigorous for him, and was appointed to Bear River Circuit; but finding that he was unable to do the work of a traveling preacher, he located. He was a man of great faith and zeal, though somewhat peculiar in his views and manner. He died soon after his location in great triumph.

J. W. Simmons came in company with Bishop Pierce across the continent in the overland stage. He had just graduated at Emory College, in Georgia, in the class with Young J. Allen, our missionary to China. He, too, had caught the missionary spirit that prevailed to so large an extent at Emory College, but had turned his thoughts to California, although he frequently, while here, thought and talked of some foreign field. He filled four appointments within the bounds of our State, and then when the Washoe mining excitement arose, and thou-

sands of Californians went drifting over into Nevada Territory, a call was made to our Church to send preachers there, and at the Conference of 1863 he, with Morris Evans and A. P. Anderson, with J. Gruwell as presiding elder, was sent to that new field. But the venture did not prove a successful one. The "Washoe District" appears but the one time on the records of the Conference.

During the latter part of the war, becoming deeply interested in the fortunes of the South, he located, and in the winter of 1864–5 he made his way to Mazatlan, in Mexico, and mounting a mule, rode across the continent to Jackson, Mississippi, reaching there just in time to hear the last guns and see the star of the Confederacy set. He immediately joined the Georgia Conference, and has labored ever since in that State. He is now a member of the South Georgia Conference, but has ever had a love for California, and talks frequently of coming out and ending his days on our golden shores. He has been very useful in his native State.

D. W. Epps was in bad health when he came to California. Like many others, when he felt the hand of disease bearing heavily upon him, he hoped that a change of climate would restore him. But in the midst of his first year he gave way, and gathered up his feet in death. He labored to the last, however. At a camp-meeting in San Ramon Valley, just before his death, he asked to preach. He stood up in the pulpit, a mere shadow, with death's funeral-torch blazing on his cheeks in its hectic flush, and warned sinners to flee the wrath to come. One man that we know of was convicted under this sermon, who was afterward happily converted to God. His last act was to call the

members of his charge around him in his sick chamber, and hold a class-meeting. His last days were full of peace; calmly he met the monster who had been conquered by his King.

N. B. Peterson was stricken with Panama fever on his voyage to California, and reached us but to die. He had been appointed to San Jose Station, but he died in San Francisco soon after landing. He never opened his commission amongst us. He left a wife and two daughters and one son, who have been cared for by our Conference ever since; and although the children are long since grown, all of them educated at Pacific Methodist College, the widow is still a beneficiary of our Conference.

J. L. Burchard was not present at this session of the Conference, but arrived some time during the year. He came from the St. Louis Conference. He filled several important stations; was presiding elder some five years; but in the year 1870, from some cause, he left our Church, and united with the California Conference of the M. E. Church.

CHAPTER X.

THE tenth session met in Sacramento City, October 17, 1860. Again we were without a Bishop, and W. R. Gober was elected President of the Conference.

On the first day of the session J. F. Blythe presented a series of resolutions, intended to bring out at each session the detailed work of each preacher. The first resolution provided for the appointment of a committee on the state of the work, to whom reports should be made. The second resolution provided for the report by each preacher, whether editor, agent, presiding elder, president or professor in college, preacher in charge or helper, of the number of families visited and prayed with, the number of sermons preached by him, the number of class and prayer-meetings, and love-feasts attended; also the number of times he has attended the Sunday-schools, and the number of lectures delivered by him to the Sunday-schools, with the number of houses of worship and parsonages built and repaired by him in his charge during the year, and the amount collected and expended therefor; also the number received into the Church by letter, on probation, and baptized, discriminating in baptisms between adults and infants. The third resolution provided for a time for said committee on "the state of the work" to present their report, and a religious discussion of the same. The fourth resolution provided for the sending

in of reports by absent preachers. The fifth resolution provided for the raising of a committee at this session, to begin operations at once. The committee was raised, and in due time presented its report. It will give some idea of the work done by our preachers during the year. It is as follows:

The report, though not complete, indicates that the members of the Pacific Conference have not been idle in the Lord's vineyard during the year just closed. The families visited, sermons preached, class-meetings held, Sunday-schools looked after, parsonages and churches built, and last, but not least, the members received into the Church, also the number of conversions and baptisms, prompt thanksgiving to the great Head of the Church. We thank God and take courage. The success of the past makes us hopeful for the future. Therefore,

Resolved, That as members of the Pacific Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, South, that we will endeavor to do our whole duty as recruiting officers, under the command of the blessed Jesus, the Captain of our Salvation, so that at our next Annual Conference we may report an abundant harvest of souls gathered into the Church of the living God.

Below is an aggregate exhibit of the work: 1,346 families have been visited, 2,725 sermons have been preached, 470 class-meetings and 577 prayer-meetings held, 147 love-feasts, 396 Sunday-schools visited, 221 Sunday-school lectures delivered, 8 houses of worship and 3 parsonages have been built, $7,908 collected for Church property, 273 members received into full connection and 894 probationers, 422 conversions, 194 adults and 254 infants baptized, $34,000 secured for Pacific Methodist College, and nearly 200 volumes for its library.

This had been a blessed year for our Church, and the results greatly encouraged us. Our preachers, in their devotion to the *one* work, were getting fast hold of the people's hearts, and God was honoring our ministry. Five young men were admitted on trial into the

Conference—William A. Spurlock, from Santa Clara Circuit; C. M. Hogue, from Watsonville Circuit, Green M. Edwards and Benjamin F. Burris, from Vacaville and Putah Circuit; and Thomas S. Bunch, from Dry Creek and Mokelumne Circuit.

J. M. Rogers, of the Arkansas Conference, was readmitted, and H. Hadley, recommended by the Yolo Circuit, came to us from the M. E. Church.

James L. Porter, a superannuated preacher of the St. Louis Conference, had come to California for his health, and, as he had been working with us for some time, our Conference passed a resolution commending him and his labors, and requesting him to change his relationship, and identify himself more fully with us by transferring to the Pacific Conference—which he did. He was a sweet-spirited, quiet man, and an excellent preacher. He was as frail as an autumn flower, and it was only through the most rigid dieting and painstaking carefulness that he prolonged his existence through a great many years. He never touched flesh of any kind, and had not done so for more than twenty years before his death. No temptation of rare and choice food could lead him to indulge beyond his prescribed habit. With a voice feeble—always in the beginning of a discourse—he would arrest attention and command quiet by its very feebleness. But as he would warm up with his theme, he would put forth more strength and volume of voice, until he could be heard distinctly by a large audience. While he would never become excited in manner, yet at times he would thrill an audience by his deep pathos and quiet eloquence. He made but few gestures, and yet at times his manner was wonderfully touching.

Upon a certain occasion, at a camp-meeting, he was describing the scenes of the crucifixion. One after another of the acts in that wonderful tragedy was limned with a master-hand by the speaker. His pale cheek flushed, his eyes swam in unfallen tears, his voice trembled with deep emotion. The cross was there, the sufferer was in sight; every listener was wrought up to the highest pitch, when the speaker pointed to the sufferer. The wild cry, "It is finished!" broke from his lips; "and then," said the speaker, "the life struggled out of the tortured body, the head fell upon his breast, and all was still." With the word he let fall his own head with a limp motion upon his breast, and a wild wail broke from the lips of many of his audience, as if they were actual witnesses of the sufferings of the Son of God.

Once or twice he took work under the presiding elder, but the most of the twenty-odd years he spent in our Conference he was emphatically a superannuated preacher. He preached almost every Sabbath at some point near his home. He was a bachelor, and lived with his brother on Russian River, below the town of Healdsburg. The savor of his influence was always good. After preaching forty-five years he quietly fell asleep in Jesus, January 18, 1882.

William A. Spurlock for a time was a very useful and successful preacher. Revivals followed his labors in a remarkable manner. In the ninth year of his ministry he was made Presiding Elder of the Los Angeles Mission District. He filled this office for three years, and then the Los Angeles Conference was formed, and he remained in that Conference. He afterward joined the M. E. Church, got mixed up in sec-

ular business, and finally drifted off into an outside holiness movement.

C. M. Hogue was a young man who had had his mind poisoned with infidel notions. Being brought under the influence of a gracious revival in Monterey County, under the labors of R. C. Martin, he was powerfully converted, and at once felt a call to preach, and was licensed as soon as his probation expired. His first work after he was converted was to try and bring his fellow-skeptics back from their errors. He did good work for about eight years, when he united with the Protestant Episcopal Church. When the announcement was made to the Conference, some seven of the leading members introduced a resolution to the effect that "the Rev. C. M. Hogue, recently a member of this body, in changing his Church relations, leaves us with an unblemished reputation as a Christian minister, and in his new field of labor in the Master's service has our earnest prayers for his usefulness and happiness." The vote by the Conference on this resolution was hearty and unanimous.

Green M. Edwards labored in the Conference for a term of sixteen years, and located. He afterward returned to his old home in Missouri, where he is still engaged in his Master's service.

Benjamin F. Burris was born in Cass County, Missouri, in 1833. His parents were of Irish extraction, and Methodists of the Wesleyan type. The daily worship of God around the family altar made a proper religious impression on his young heart, and although left an orphan at a tender age, the seeds of righteousness that had been sown by the hands of his pious parents were preserved. When about sixteen years of

age he was happily converted at a camp-meeting in Missouri, under the labors of that "sweet singer in Israel" and revivalist, the Rev. Warren Pitts, a relative of Fountain E. Pitts, of precious memory. He first united with the Protestant Methodist Church, but on coming to California, in 1854, he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Suisun Valley, under the ministry of the Rev. J. F. Blythe. He was licensed to preach on the Vacaville Circuit in 1860, and joined the Pacific Conference on trial the same year. We believe he has answered the roll-call of the Conference every year since he became a member. His appointments have been well distributed—he having preached all the way from Adin and Humboldt, in the north, to King's River and Visalia, in the south. He is perfectly devoted to the work of the Christian ministry—thinks and talks of but little else. With but a limited education to begin with, he has become one of our best and most successful preachers. Revivals bless his labors wherever he goes. He looks, works, and prays for a revival all the time, and God has honored him with wonderful success. One year (1875) Bishop Kavanaugh turned him loose as Conference Missionary, and let him range from one end of the Conference to the other, holding revival-meetings and helping his brethren. He had great success, and said "that year was a constant feast to his soul." Hundreds were converted under his ministry.

He is quite corpulent, sometimes pulling down the beam at 225 pounds avoirdupois. Always clean shaven, and wearing a straight-breasted coat, he is often mistaken for a Catholic priest. When in the city of San Francisco he can travel on almost any line of street-

cars without being asked by a conductor for his fare, so universal is the impression that he is a priest. It is said that upon a certain occasion, while passing through the mountains on horseback, in a wild, out-of-the-way place, he was called upon by an Irish family to enter their cabin and "confess" them, they having been denied that privilege for a long time, and the burden of their many sins sorely oppressing them. He had hard work to convince them that he had no power to absolve them.

He is exceedingly absent-minded, and is constantly blundering and falling into ludicrous scrapes. No one enjoys a rehearsal of them, when he is once out, more than himself. The second year of his ministry he was preaching in a school-house on the Penn Valley Circuit. It was a hot day; the mercury was registering 110° in the shade. The house was full to overflowing, which helped to raise the temperature. It was an important occasion, and he had taken extra pains in preparing his sermon. He stood behind the teacher's table, on which stood an open ink bottle of small dimensions. As he warmed with his subject and the weather, perspiration stood in beaded drops on his smoothly-shaven face. Soon an unfortunate gesture overturned the ink. It was not the preacher's habit to notice such things as that. The ink spread in a black lake on the table. After using his handkerchief a time or two, he threw it upon the table. When he again brought it to his face and removed it, the whole congregation broke out into a laugh at the ludicrous appearance of the speaker He had everybody's notice, whether he had their attention to his theme or not. He had not the remotest idea what his congregation were laughing at.

In his confusion he sweat more freely and mopped more frequently, each time increasing the blackness of his face. He stuck to his text and tried to call in the seeming wanderings of their minds, but all in vain. At last he closed the service abruptly, and as good old Sister Davis approached him, he said:

"I wish I knew what you all are laughing at."

"If I had a looking-glass I would show you," she replied.

Just then he caught sight of his hands, and comprehending the situation, he joined in the laugh as heartily as any.

An experience of twenty-five years has not improved him an iota on this point—he makes about as many blunders now as ever. And yet with all his absent-mindedness, when in the pulpit he is all at himself. Full of his subject, and panting to save sinners, he holds steadily and firmly to whatever theme he has in hand. He is never wanting in expedients at a revival, and is untiring in his labors. When duty calls he is ever ready, and his sword is kept bright by constant use. He may be called the revivalist of the Conference.

Thomas S. Bunch was one of the best of men, full of religious zeal, but his early advantages were so few that he found the habits of his youth, especially in his expressions, to be greatly in his way. He discontinued after one year of trial.

James M. Rogers had preached for a number of years in the frontier work in Arkansas. He had braved all the dangers and endured all the privations of that new country with all the faithfulness of a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He swam the swollen rivers, lay out in

the swamps, encountered the perils of the wilderness infested with savage wild beasts and not less savage Red men, all for his Master. He traveled three years as an effective man, the fourth he was put upon the supernumerary list, and the following year was superannuated.

On the 17th of September, 1867, the old soldier received the order from the Captain of our salvation to lay aside his armor and enter into rest Joyfully did he hear and obey the summons. His death was most triumphant. The very room where he met the messenger seemed hallowed.

Thomas S. Burnet was the brother of California's first Governor. He was a thorough Methodist, the ex-Governor was a Roman Catholic, and he had still another brother who was a preacher in the Campbellite Christian Church. T. S. Burnet was a clear, logical preacher. He filled nineteen regular appointments in the Pacific Conference, and in 1879 transferred to the Columbia Conference.

H. Hadley traveled one year, and located, at his own request.

It was at this Conference that O. Fisher, who had been in Oregon, presented the claims of Corvallis College to the Southern Methodists of California. Finding buildings in that place that were to be sold, he used what little available money he had of his own and secured the bargain, pledging the Pacific Conference for the sum of $500. As related elsewhere, he raised the full amount at this Conference. The financiering of a body of Methodist preachers is a marvel. Receiving what might be called a bare subsistence, with the burdensome expense of a move every few years, they give

like princes whenever any interest of the Church is presented to them The greater portion of this $500 was given by the preachers. And this was not all that they gave during the session. There were calls every day, and to all of them they responded.

The quiet, the humorous E. B. Lockley had raised money enough among his brethren to purchase a chair for O P. Fitzgerald, editor of the *Pacific Methodist*, and in due time he arrested the regular business of the Conference to present it. This was done in a most facetious speech. With other things, catching the chair by the top and twirling it round on the tripod, he said: "You see, my brother, that this chair can *gyrate*. So you are to be like a bee in the heart of an apple, going round and round, gathering sweetness from all sides, and if need be to *sting*"

The reports showed a steady growth in all the departments of the Church. There were 54 local preachers; 31 churches, valued at $69,250; 20 parsonages, valued at $11,000; our membership amounted to 3,393; our Conference collection $455 65, for Missions $878.90; 71 Sunday-schools were reported with 339 officers and teachers, 1,877 scholars, 90 conversions among the children, 9,257 volumes in libraries, while $1,618.89 had been collected for Sunday-school purposes, and our people had contributed $25,671 for the support of the ministry.

When the name of J. F Blythe was called, he rose in his place, trembling with feebleness (for he was slowly drifting into consumption, and felt the energies of his manhood giving way), and said: "Brethren, I have just closed my fifth year as presiding elder in the Pacific Conference. No unpleasant word has ever passed between me and the preachers during the five

years. I have met you, brethren, in ten Conference-sessions. I may never meet you again. If I do not, I want you to tell my boy, who has been dedicated to God in baptism on this Conference-floor, and try and impress it upon his mind, that I wish him to be a Methodist preacher. Brethren, if I meet you no more on earth, I'll meet you in heaven." As he slowly passed out, all felt that his work was done, and that in all probability he would answer the roll-call above before he should hear another in the Pacific Conference. But God gave him another year of suffering. He had in great feebleness labored on the Mariposa Circuit. But now he came to Conference with his arms reversed, and when his name was called, he said: "I have received fifteen appointments, but the hardest one is the one I expect at this session—that is to have to stay while others of you go. I have ever desired to *do* the will of God; now I am called upon to *suffer* it. And, blessed be His holy name, I am ready to stand still and see His salvation." Amid a shower of tears, on motion of his presiding elder, he was placed on the superannuated list. It was his last Conference.

CHAPTER XI.

THE eleventh session of the Pacific Conference was held at the Macedonia Camp-ground, near the town of Sebastopol, in Sonoma County, Oct. 2–8, 1861. God had blessed this place of tabernacles in a most wonderful manner. We had many strong friends in this neighborhood, and as they had erected a large and substantial shingled arbor, we concluded to try the experiment of holding a session of our Conference where our members could come and camp and enjoy the religious services of the session. A large number tented on the ground. There was a large, free table well supplied with good, substantial food. Nearly all the members of the Conference were present, and the revival fire kindled almost with the first service. We were again without a Bishop, and Morris Evans was elected President.

La Fayette Lodge of Free Masons had a large and comfortable hall in the town near by. Dr. E. D. Harris, the Master of the Lodge, was a member of our Church, and they tendered us the use of the hall in which to hold our sessions. We were thus removed from the noise and confusion of the camp, and yet were sufficiently near to get the full benefit of the meeting when not in session.

The war had begun, and the whole land was stirred with the most intense excitement, and yet as a Church we had held so faithfully and undeviatingly to our

grand underlying principle of preaching the gospel of Christ alone, that gracious revivals had blessed all parts of the Conference, and we had hardly ever enjoyed so much spiritual prosperity. The preachers came to the Conference camp-meeting full of holy fire. The people were on a high tide of religious enjoyment, and such a session of the Conference was never seen before.

J. C. Simmons, by Conference resolution at the previous session, had been requested to preach a sermon on the first Wednesday evening of the session from Hab. iii. 2: "O Lord, revive thy work." At its conclusion, the answer came in the conversion of five souls.

The heavy hammering that we received because we were Southern Methodists only drove us closer together, and closer to Him of whom it is said: "He shall be as an hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest."

Those who were received on trial at this Conference were: Augustus P. Anderson, Richard Y. Anderson, William M. Armstrong, James H. Neal, Silas L. Howard, and James M. Overton. Re-admitted, D. O. Shattuck and J. S. L. Wood.

A. P. Anderson was recommended from the Santa Clara Circuit. He was a young man of good education and fine address, quiet in his manner and neat in his habits of dress. He was sent first to Corvallis, Oregon; then to Salem, Oregon; and his next appointment was to Austin, Nevada Territory. Two years he was stationed at Vacaville, and one year at Petaluma. He then changed his Church relations, taking orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, in whose communion he still remains.

R. Y. Anderson, his brother, was much younger than he. He was converted at the great May camp-meeting, near the city of San Jose, in 1858. He was licensed to preach and recommended to the Annual Conference by the Santa Clara Circuit. He traveled but two years, and, growing tired of a preacher's life, discontinued and let his license expire, and gave up the ministry.

W. M. Armstrong came recommended from the Drytown Circuit. He filled eight appointments, and located in 1869. He is still a local preacher in our Church, and expresses regrets that he did not continue in the itinerancy. He feels that his life would have been more of a success, and he would have been able to accomplish more for the Master.

J. H. Neal came with his parents to California at an early day. He was then a mere boy. His father settled in Grass Valley, Nevada County. When J. F. Blythe was sent by Dr. J. Boring to establish our Church in this town and Nevada, in September, 1851, he preached his first sermon in the house of his father, T. K. Neal. His mother had been a member of the Baptist Church in Missouri, but his father was not a member of any Church. There were present twenty-five or thirty persons, a few women and children among them. There were but few women in California, and especially in the mines, at this period. Brother Blythe at once proceeded to organize the Church. A man by the name of Harbin, and perhaps two others, joined. Soon after, S. K. Hutchison and Mrs. Frances Neal (the mother of J. H. Neal) united with the Church.

The first of March, 1852, J. C. Simmons was sent to

take charge of the Grass Valley Station. It was then called Centerville, but soon lost this name, and is now known only as Grass Valley. J. F. Blythe had put up the hull of a church on a lot donated by T. K. Neal. J. H. Neal was then but a boy. He had broken two young oxen, and was doing a driving business hauling cradles, long-toms, sluice-boxes, and other mining implements about the mines. With his two young oxen —*Charley* and *Taylor*—he hauled all the material for this church. When J. C. Simmons arrived, there were neither shutters to the doors nor sash to the windows. One of the first acts performed by him was to borrow some tools and make a pair of panel doors for the church, though he had never attempted such a thing before.

Not long after his arrival, one Sabbath evening, a more than usual solemnity rested upon the congregation. After the benediction had been pronounced, a few young men lingered about the altar. He approached one of them, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, asked him if he did not want to be religious. He tremblingly responded in the affirmative. As he kneeled, two others kneeled with him A few of the members of the Church were present, and they began praying for them and instructing them in the way of life. At length all three of them were happily converted, almost at the same moment. These three young men were J. H. Neal, Chesley Ray, and William Smith, and were said to be the first souls converted under the ministry of our Church in the State. It sealed our mission as divine and our call to this work as of God. This "handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountain: the fruit thereof has shaken like Lebanon."

J. H. Neal led a consistent Christian life, and as he approached manhood he heard the call of God to the ministry of his word. He was licensed to preach, and entered the Conference on trial at this session; and, with only a brief interval, has been laboring with us ever since. Two years he was presiding elder. He has in many respects had a hard struggle with the world. But with his trust in the providence of God, he has held to his one work, and many in the last day will rise up and call him blessed.

His mother, Mrs. Frances W. Neal, was one of the elect ladies of California. Reared a Baptist, she knew nothing of Methodism until she came to this State. After joining our Church she became a thorough and enthusiastic Methodist. Like Lydia, she ever constrained the ministers of God to share the hospitality of her home. With a zeal that a period of thirty years could not quench, she took upon her the ministering to the saints. Never was she more happy than when they were gathered about her table, or when she was busy supplying their wants. For many years she was the chief pillar in the Grass Valley Church, and when God counted her boy worthy, putting him into the ministry of the Church of her love, no Spartan mother ever gave her son to the service of his country more joyfully than she. It was the crowning glory of her life to know that her "James Henry" was out among the reapers shouting the harvest home.

When the sainted D. K. Bond, of our Conference, felt the arrows of the destroyer rankling in his bosom, he turned his failing footsteps to Sister Neal's door, knowing that she would be a mother to him as he felt his way down the rocky banks of the Jordan. Had

he been her own "James Henry" she could not have made him more welcome, or done more for him. As consumption did its slow but steady work, her hands never wearied, her care never ceased, until with a mother's tender touch she closed his sightless eyes, and laid him down to rest in his last, long sleep.

As a slight manifestation of appreciation, the Conference at its next session, by Conference action, presented Sister Neal with a fine family Bible. The Conference at the same time gave a like gift to Rufus F. Martin, who assisted in nursing Brother Bond. Her care for the ministers of Christ was not without its reward, even in this life. All of her children and her husband were brought to Christ through their instrumentality. "Vinny Leal" (Neal), whose "Trip to the Golden Shore" has been painted in such heavenly colors by the Rev. R. W. Bigham, was her babe—her youngest child. All the family have joined company above, save J. H. and an older sister. It would require a careful inspection of the book of the recording angel to know the value of this one woman to our Church in California and to the cause of Christ.

Silas L. Howard was a son of the Rev. B. C. Howard. He labored only part of the first year.

J. M. Overton was born in Jackson County, Missouri, in 1836; came to California when not yet grown. Attending a camp-meeting near Linden, in 1858, he was happily converted to God, claiming the Rev. J. C. Simmons as his spiritual father. He was licensed to preach on the Vallecita Circuit in 1860, under the ministry of the Rev. S. W. Davies. He joined the Conference in the fall of 1861. He has been a useful man. Many souls have been brought to the cross through

his faithful labors. He has been peculiarly successful in building up charges that have run down. Time and again has he been sent as a forlorn hope to such, and never has he failed. He stands ready to go anywhere "the powers that be" may direct. It is always a great comfort to a faithful preacher to know that he is serving a Captain that himself was "made perfect through suffering"—one who is always with his followers, and will reward them, not according to their *success*, but according to their works. To stand as picket-guard or hold an outpost is as important as to lead a grand charge against the ranks of the enemy. The principle laid down by David in regard to the spoils of war is the principle by which David's greater Son shall reward his servants and soldiers. With the exception of two years, when he was in the local ranks, Brother Overton has been in active service, and he has done faithful work.

D. O. Shattuck was formerly a member of the Louisiana Conference, and was re-admitted at this session. He was a man well advanced in years, and of large and varied experience. He was a lawyer as well as a preacher. He remained in the Conference but two years; was Presiding Elder of the Petaluma District, and did us good service. He was connected with the first class of the Southern Methodist Church ever organized on this coast. He was present in San Francisco when A. M. Wynn gathered the first little band in that city. He is one of earth's noblemen; has held to his integrity and to the fortunes of the Methodist Church, South, through all the years of its history on the Pacific Coast. He was present at the organization of the Pacific Conference, though not a member, and aided us

much with his counsel and advice. Nearly all the members that composed the Conference at its organization were young men, men of but little experience, and in the many points of difficulty that arose in the course of the business of the Conference his wisdom and advice was of infinite service. Having had large experience as a lawyer, his legal information gave his counsels additional weight and value. He spent many years in San Francisco, but much of his time has been passed on his delightful little farm in Sonoma Valley, near the town of Sonoma. He has ever been the fast friend of the preachers, and he and his excellent family have often refreshed the weary itinerant by their hospitality. When a Southern Methodist preacher entered his home, he was made to feel at once that he could lay aside all restraint and surrender himself to his ease and enjoyment. Being well posted in theology, in history, in law—in fact, ready on almost any subject that might arise—the young preacher especially found a visit to his home a blessing to him. His sermons were always clear and logical, his illustrations forcible, and his language correct and well chosen. While sitting under his pulpit ministrations you could not resist the conclusion that you were listening to a master in Israel. He has often given expression to the deep regret he felt that he did not give himself wholly to the work of the Christian ministry. As the world views it, he has been a successful lawyer. He has stood the peer of the best—has won position and achieved fame. But all this he regards as hollow and vain. The precious talents God has bestowed upon him have not been used in the channel that might have brought the largest revenue to his Master; and once or twice in the late even-

ing of his life he himself stood before the members of the Pacific Conference and confessed his error, and warned the young men of the Conference not to follow his example.

For many years he has suffered from a rather strange affection. While in apparently perfect bodily health, his brain has been so affected that he cannot preach or undertake any thing that requires consecutive thought. At times his mind will be acting as clearly and as powerfully as at any period in his life, when, in a moment, every thought will leave him, and all will be blank. When asked to assist in recalling some facts in our early history, he said: "I have been trying to recall the first days of Southern Methodism, that I might comply with your request, and send you some notes; but my mind is almost a blank, my health is bad, but my heart is all right." In his old age his mind is staid on God. His experience of personal piety and communion with God is uninterrupted. No shadows fall upon his moral powers, no blanks occur there. Jesus, whom he hath served so long, keeps him in perfect peace.

A few years ago his wife, who had ever been a faithful servant of God in ministering to his followers, was called away to her reward on high, and now the dear old saint and soldier is waiting his call to join her above.

J. S. L. Wood, also re-admitted at this Conference, traveled but one year, and located.

O. P. Fitzgerald, W. R. Gober, and O. Fisher were elected delegates to the General Conference, but on account of the Civil War that body did not convene.

During this Conference-year another school venture was undertaken. B. W. Taylor had started a school in Visalia, and now offered it to the Conference. A com-

mittee, consisting of J. C. Pendergrast, S. W. Davies, and J. C. Stewart, was appointed to investigate the condition of the school, and report at the ensuing session. After a time this school was taken under the wing of the Conference. It was called the Visalia Seminary, but after a few years it passed from our hands.

We were now in the midst of our national troubles, and our movements as a Church were watched with more jealousy than ever before. . The Conference therefore appointed a committee, consisting of W. R. Gober, J. F. Blythe, and O. P. Fitzgerald, to prepare a Pastoral Letter to be sent out to the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in California and Oregon. It was carefully and prayerfully prepared, and very opportune. The address was as follows:

Dear Brethren:—We, your pastors in Conference assembled, take this occasion to give you some words of advice and encouragement. This, we think, is rendered the more necessary by the peculiar trials through which our Church on this coast is now passing.

From the first landing of our ministry upon this coast they have encountered bitter prejudices and strong opposition. This opposition has been greatly intensified recently by political excitement and national troubles. Our enemies have regarded this fact as an unmistakable indication and immediate fulfillment of their oft-repeated predictions of our speedy downfall as a Church, and have spared no pains to fasten this conviction upon the public mind. The only reply we have ever made, or intend to make, to these croakers, and others like them, is simply to point them to what God hath wrought by us. In reviewing our labors for the Conference-year now closing, we find much cause for thanksgiving to the great Head of the Church for the success with which he has crowned our labors. Notwithstanding the excitement which has swept over the country, stirring up sectional

prejudice, and agitating the public mind, God has graciously owned our special effort, and blessed us with glorious revivals in various parts of the country. In a few instances, at least, these meetings have been attended with extraordinary displays of saving power such as are rarely witnessed in this or any other country. Between six and seven hundred souls have been happily converted to God through our instrumentality during the year. This we refer to with deep and heart-felt gratitude as the very best evidence of what we are doing, and as indicating whether or not our mission on this coast is ended.

These results also afford confirmation, if confirmation were needed, that the platform of our Church is scriptural and right. The Church is neither a political nor a politico-religious association. Our business is with the gospel; our mission is to "spread scriptural holiness over these lands." We aim to save the country from ruin; not by controlling its politics, passing resolutions, or preaching upon the crisis, but by saving the people from their sins. Preaching the pure word of life is God's accredited instrumentality for the salvation of the world. The gospel is intended for all people, of every age and country. The Church which confines itself to its legitimate work of preaching the gospel and saving souls is always in the right place when surrounded by sinners, and has no need of changing her tactics or altering her platform to suit political changes. The same gospel that saves men in time of peace will save them in time of war. And when all men are saved by it, there will be no war. The gospel which makes men true Christians will at the same time make them good citizens.

Our advice to you, dear brethren, is to obey the laws of the land and worship the God of your fathers. "Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's." Avoid carefully exciting discussions and entangling associations. Give no occasion of offense. Cultivate peace with all men. Do your whole duty to God and your country.

We trust you will cordially receive, liberally provide for, and cheerfully co-operate with, the ministers now sent out by us to serve you as pastors during the ensuing year. You need no argument from us to convince you of the importance of the

means of grace and ordinances of the Church. These you need and must have; but unless served by our ministers, many of you will be entirely deprived of these. We now realize more fully than ever before the magnitude and importance of our mission on this coast.

Past successes place the seal of God's approbation upon us as a Church. By divine providence we came hither, by divine providence we have been sustained, and by the same Almighty aid we intend to stand by our work, and discharge our duty in the future.

The hostility to us as a Church, marked and intense as it is, has in all probability not yet reached the culminating point. But however this may be, our duty is plain, and we dare not shrink from it. And although our enemies may continue to predict our overthrow, and labor and pray for the fulfillment of their own prediction, although the storm of persecution may rage, the waves of political excitement run high, and national troubles shake the country from its center to its circumference, still, while permitted to live and enjoy freedom, and while God continues to bless us with success, we are here to live and die with you. Use all the means of grace, public and private; stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free; and may the God whom you serve bless you with all needed good.

CHAPTER XII.

THE twelfth session of the Pacific Conference was held in San Jose, Oct 1, 1862. On first roll-call forty-one preachers answered to their names. We were again without a Bishop. The cruel Civil War that was raging in our land was at its height, and there was no communication between the sections. Our Bishops were all shut in within the lines of the Confederate States

A. M. Bailey was elected President of the Conference, and we at once adjusted ourselves to Conference work. Only two applicants for admission on trial appeared—T. H. B. Anderson and Lewis J. Hedgpeth—both recommended from the Chico Circuit. They were both admitted. W. T. Luckey, who had been elected President of Pacific Methodist College, had arrived some time previous to the Conference. He came as a transfer, on trial, from the Missouri Conference. He was in his second year. Though few in number, this was a valuable acquisition to the Conference, and all three of them have done us good service.

T. H. B. Anderson was born in Grundy County, Missouri, May 26, 1842. His parents were from Kentucky, but settled in Missouri in 1838. He came to California with his parents in 1860, and settled on Dry Creek, Butte County. He was not afraid of work, and for two years was variously employed—sometimes in the hay-field, sometimes steering a plow through the

furrowed field, sometimes amid the dust and clatter of a threshing-machine, sometimes cutting saw-logs or making fence, and sometimes, like Elisha, maneuvering with oxen. Whatever he did, he did to the best of his skill. He had been a member of the Church in his native State, brought his Church-letter with him, and gave it to B. H. Russell, the preacher in charge of Chico Circuit, in August, 1861, thus fully identifying himself with our Church on this coast. In June of the following year he was licensed to preach, T. C. Barton being the presiding elder, and J. H. Neal the preacher in charge. The Quarterly Conference at which he was licensed was held at his own father's home on Dry Creek. He began at once to preach—began right among his old friends and neighbors.

His first appointment by the Conference was a hard one—Point Arenas Circuit, up among the loggers and tan-bark peelers. He had to preach in school-houses, in private dwellings, or anywhere he could get an audience. These were troublous times. Political excitement was at fever-heat. The people who had heard the fervid eloquence of the ardent young preacher thought they saw in him "the dark horse" that could win a political race, and he was prevailed upon to run for the Legislature. Fortunately, he was distanced in the race. At Conference, like a true man, he saw and acknowledged his error, and from that time forward confined his labors to the whitening harvest of his heavenly Master. And many have been the well-bound sheaves he has brought in with rejoicing. His second appointment was the Vacaville Circuit, where Pacific Methodist College was located, and he made good use of his opportunities to still farther improve his mind

and increase the fund of his knowledge. He loved study, and these surroundings in his early ministry proved a blessing to him. In the eighth year of his ministry he was made Presiding Elder of the Colusa District. It was through his energy that a handsome district parsonage was built in the town of Chico, while he was presiding elder of that district. After remaining two years on this district he was appointed to the Santa Rosa District. But here his constitution, never very vigorous, gave way, and he was threatened with a complete overthrow of health. With the dread of consumption pursuing him, he took a trip to Texas. The first year he was placed upon our superannuated list, but the next he had so far recovered as to ask a transfer to the North-west Texas Conference. He filled two appointments in that Conference, doing good and full work, when he re-transferred to the Pacific Conference in 1876. He was appointed to Colusa Station for three years in succession. While here he built the very best church in Northern California. It would be an ornament to any city. He went from Colusa to Sacramento City, where he remodeled our church, and added many important improvements. He was sent to San Francisco, and preached in a hall in the western part of the city. During his administration the Russ-street Church was moved from the lower part of the city to its present fine location, on Bush Street, in the western addition.

About this time Pacific Methodist College was passing through a crisis, and the eyes of the Conference were turned to him to tide it over. He was stationed in Colusa at the time, but with his characteristic zeal and hope he took hold of the work, in addition to his

duties as pastor at a distant point, and as Agent and President *pro tem.* of the College, he wrote letters to his many friends, went from place to place in person, and before the year expired had things in a shape to lift a debt of several thousand dollars at the Conference that had, like the "Old Man of the Sea," well-nigh strangled the institution. The appeal made at the Conference was prefaced by one of the clearest, most forcible reports as to the condition, importance, and value to us of the college that had ever been presented to that body. In all the long, hard struggle his courage never failed, and he had the happy faculty of inspiring others with his hopeful spirit.

Only one year in the history of his connection with us was he local, and this was owing to ill-health.

L. J. Hedgpeth, the only classmate of T. H. B. Anderson, was also a faithful man. For twelve years he filled appointments in the Pacific Conference, traveling from Shasta in the north to Millerton in the south, laboring cheerfully in whatever field his lot was cast. In 1875 he transferred to the Los Angeles Conference, and at one time went as far east as Arizona, enduring hardships known only to a faithful itinerant who labors in new and uncultivated fields. At times he has been on the ragged edge of physical suffering, denied even the necessaries of life, enduring all in the name and for the sake of Him whose servant and soldier he was. The brightness of his crown will doubtless be in proportion to the brightness of his gospel sword that has flashed all along the Pacific Coast from beneath the shadows and snows of Shasta to the shifting sands of Arizona.

W. T. Luckey had been recommended to the Trustees of Pacific Methodist College as a successful teacher,

and they invited him to come out and take the presidency of that institution. He was at the time at the head of Central College, La Fayette, Missouri. He came and took formal charge of the college some time before the session of the Conference. He was a man of vigorous constitution, of commanding appearance, and had had large experience for one of his age in teaching. Under his management the school rose rapidly in numbers and importance. It was at his suggestion that the female department was added to the college—an arrangement that has worked well for a period of over twenty years. It has, to the satisfaction of the Pacific Conference, solved the problem of the co-education of the sexes. Dr. Lackey was a sound, logical preacher, but teaching was his delight.

In 1867 he resigned the presidency of the college, and the following year located, at his own request.

He was at one time Principal of the State Normal School in San Jose, filling that responsible position with fidelity and credit to himself.

In 1876 he visited Philadelphia, and immediately on his return, in the full strength and vigor of his manhood, he was stricken with paralysis, and died.

At this Conference a demand was made for an enlargement of the college-building, the one in use being too small to accommodate the increasing patronage.

A very serious discovery was made with reference to the endowment fund. It consisted mainly in notes given by different individuals for various amounts, ranging from $25 up to $1,000. The interest on these notes was to be paid annually. It was found very expensive and very difficult to collect this interest, costing almost as much as it was worth—the parties giving these notes

living in all parts of the State. Not only so, but changing circumstances were rendering many of these notes worthless. We also saw that in a little time many of them would be outlawed, and we would realize nothing from them. An effort was made, and the Agent so instructed, to collect these notes as rapidly as possible—a movement that met with only partial success. Many found it much easier to give a note than to pay the money. And so, from one cause or another, our endowment of $30,000 dwindled to a very insignificant figure. Agent after agent was put into the field with varying success, until the unpleasant fact was forced upon us that we would have to secure a new endowment or depend upon tuition-fees for the support of our teachers.

Owing to the fact that all communication with the Publishing House was cut off, we formally closed our Book Depository at this Conference. Not only so, but we had suffered from a flood the preceding winter, and the *Pacific Methodist*, our Conference organ, had been suspended. We felt this the more keenly because we could not get the home Church-papers. Dr. Fitzgerald, the Editor, had fought manfully to sustain the paper, using much of his own personal means to keep it alive, but was at last compelled to yield to the heavy pressure and suspend.

The material interests of the Church were advancing. We had a parsonage on the San Ramon Circuit, a church and parsonage at San Jose, two churches and a parsonage on the Santa Clara Circuit, two churches and a parsonage on Gilroy Circuit, a church at Petaluma, a church and parsonage on the Bodega Circuit, two churches and a parsonage on the Healdsburg Circuit, a

parsonage in Ubiah, a church and parsonage on the Napa Circuit, two churches and a parsonage on Suisun Circuit, a church in Sacramento, a parsonage on the Cosumne Circuit, a church on the Mokelumne Circuit, two churches on Drytown and Volcano Circuit, a church on El Dorado Circuit, a church and parsonage on the Calaveras Circuit, a parsonage on Cacheville Circuit, a church and parsonage at Colusa, a church-lot and parsonage at Chico, a church-lot and parsonage at Yuba City, a church at Grass Valley, two churches and a parsonage on Yankee Jim's Circuit, a church and parsonage in Visalia, a church and parsonage in Mariposa, a parsonage on Merced Circuit, two churches and a parsonage at Montezuma, a church at Vallicita, a church and parsonage at Stockton; besides our college property at Vacaville and school property at San Jose and Visalia. There were sixty local preachers, and nearly 3,000 members of the Church.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE thirteenth session was held in Petaluma, October 7, 1863. O. Fisher was elected President. We had indulged some faint hopes that Bishop Kavanaugh would reach us. But every thing in the East was in confusion. And as all the other Bishops were straitly shut in, Bishop Kavanaugh had all he could do to look after the Church along the border.

No one could yet foresee the results of the war, and many of our people began to despair of Episcopal visitation. Early in the session a memorial was presented from the Santa Rosa Circuit, praying that, as a matter of expediency in the present calamitous state of the country, we would modify our Church relations, and declare ourselves an independent organization on this coast; and that our young ministers might be ordained so as to administer the sacraments, we would elect a Bishop from amongst ourselves, etc.

This memorial was referred to the Committee on the State of the Church, composed of D. O. Shattuck, S. W. Davies, W. R. Gober, B. R. Johnson, O. P. Fitzgerald, T. C. Barton, A. M. Bailey, J. L. Burchard, and J. Gruwell. After due and careful deliberation, this committee, through its chairman, D. O. Shattuck, presented the following report, which was adopted:

The Committee on the State of the Church, to which was referred the memorial of Dr. E. D. Harris and others, the official members and laity of Santa Rosa Circuit, beg leave to report:

That they have been seriously impressed with the importance of the questions discussed and presented in said memorial, and have given the subject as much consideration as their other duties would permit.

We admit the facts alleged, that many of the preachers of the Conference entitled to ordination remain unordained, and agree with the conclusions of the memorialists that the Church and also the unordained preachers suffer thereby. It is farther admitted that these evils should be remedied as soon as it is possible to do so.

We also concede that New Testament Bishops and Elders were one and the same thing, and that Elders may scripturally ordain ministers; and if our Discipline had not forbidden the exercise of these powers, except in a certain contingency that has not happened, we should not hesitate in our present emergency to recommend the ordination of all those entitled thereto. But having made our vows, not to mend but to keep them, we cannot ordain without revolution. We admit the right of revolution whenever it is deemed necessary, in order—

1. To perpetuate our existence as a Church.

2. To perform our duty as ministers of the Church of God in spreading scriptural holiness over these lands.

We would not attempt to conceal the difficulties which our connection with the Mother Church, in the present convulsed state of our nation, throws in our way. They need not be magnified nor enumerated. They are known and felt by all of us.

But admitting all these facts and conclusions, the question of expediency arises: "Whether to bear the ills we have, or fly to others," the effects of which upon our beloved Zion we know not.

Our difficulties, though great, are not so numerous or unbearable as those of our fathers during the Revolutionary War. We have some ordained ministers—they had none. If our connection with the Mother Church raises prejudices against us, their connection with Mr. Wesley, of known opposition to the rebellion, created prejudices against them of greater magnitude, and more general, if not more malignant. Yet they bore these deprivations and this load of prejudice for seven long years and survived them.

An independent Church on this coast by many for years has been felt as a necessity, and the probability is that if our last General Conference had held its session, and especially if the delegates from this Conference had attended it, the act of independence would have been consummated, or else a resident Bishop would have been provided. But Providence ordered otherwise.

If a General Conference could now be held, we doubt not our plea for independence would be admitted and the act performed. Nor would we disguise the fact that our independence may become a necessity Should the Southern States be subjugated, a continued connection with the Mother Church would hazard our usefulness here. Should the independence of the Southern Confederacy be acknowledged, a separation from that Church might be expedient, perhaps necessary. And in view of these facts, could we now be set off as an independent Church, your committee think it would tend to our prosperity and usefulness.

But the question of revolution is a more serious one, and should not be entertained without a clear and harmonious view of its necessity. For a bare majority of this Conference to take so decided a step against the expressed will of the minority would be adding an element of strife to our present difficulties. The question is too new to expect harmony of action in its favor. Comparatively few of the laity or clergy seem to have considered it

The memorialists, though highly respectable and greatly beloved, compose but a small part of our Church on the Pacific, and we have no means of knowing whether a majority would favor it, while we hear of some who decidedly oppose all innovation.

In view of all the facts, your committee recommend the passage of the following resolutions:

1. While our connection exists with the Mother Church, and while we have living Bishops, we cannot legally ordain by Elders.

2. We deem it inexpedient, at present, to change our Church relations.

3. That A. M. Bailey be appointed a committee to correspond with Bishop Kavanaugh, and ascertain the probabilities of an early Episcopal visitation to this coast, we pledging ourselves for his expenses.

4. That those unordained, in charge of circuits, be requested and instructed to inquire for and ascertain who desire baptism on their respective works, and inform the presiding elder at each quarterly visitation, with a view to its consummation.

Thus it will be seen that the Pacific Conference was true to the Mother Church in the most trying hour of its history. The unanimity with which the Conference voted for the adoption of this report showed the heart of the preachers, and no doubt there was a like feeling in the vast majority of the laity. Even those who prayed for a change felt that they were driven to it only by dire necessity. We having no paper at the time, the Rev. T. M. Johnson, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, who was publishing a small paper, sent a letter to the Conference, kindly offering the columns of his paper to our preachers to publish any Church news we might desire.

On motion, the Secretary was directed to furnish a list of Appointments, and any other matter he might think proper, for publication in *The Presbyter*.

But we began devising plans for the resurrection of our own paper, and O. P. Fitzgerald was requested to confer with Wick B. Parsons in relation to publishing a paper for the M. E. Church, South, on this coast.

T. D. Clanton presented his certificate of location from the Missouri Conference, and was re-admitted. He filled fourteen regular appointments, and then took a supernumerary relation to the Conference for a few years, and then located. Brother Clanton was a sweet singer, and during the time he was connected with the Conference did us faithful work.

A resolution was passed by the Conference requesting the Bishop to transfer A. E. Sears and J. B. Short, both

of the Missouri Conference, and both living in Oregon. This was subsequently done by Bishop Kavanaugh.

In view of the unhappy condition of the country, it was resolved to appoint a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer in behalf of the Church and country, which was carefully observed with great profit by many.

The correspondence with Bishop Kavanaugh, urging him to come to the next session of our Conference, had the desired effect, and he hastened to us as soon as he could arrange his matters to come. As soon as he arrived there was a buzz of excitement in certain quarters. He was looked upon as an emissary of the South, and it was thought that his coming must be political. Some one, fired with more zeal than knowledge, more spleen than conscience, went before the military authorities in San Francisco, and, under oath, made such a representation of the objects and purposes of the Bishop's visit to this coast as to induce the authorities to order his arrest. Knowing that there would be various representations, even by friends, of this important chapter in the history of our Church, we wrote to the Bishop for a full statement of the facts, and received from his own pen the following rather facetious reply:

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 14, 1878.

Rev. John C. Simmons—*My Dear Brother:*—You will please excuse me for my very long neglect of your favor of November last. The last year with me was one of constant activity, ranging through Kentucky, West Virginia, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Illinois, and Arkansas. I had not time to keep up my correspondence, which greatly increased upon me until I had for a considerable time to give it up almost entirely. And now since my Conferences are over, I have, as I could gain the time, been writing myself out of debt. I am now nearing that blest shore.

But to the points of your inquiry in regard to my arrest, release, etc.

You will remember that during the war, in the year 1864, your Conference appointed a committee to correspond with me to see if I could not be induced to go out to California to ordain the preachers eligible to orders—I at the time being the only accessible Bishop to you, and your Conference for four years without a Bishop, and by consequence your preachers eligible to orders without ordination. Seeing your condition, I determined to go to you, and being on the north side of the war-line, went to New York and embarked for San Francisco by the way of the Isthmus.

Soon after my arrival in California and entrance upon my duties, correspondents of papers commenced an insidious attack upon me, insinuating that I might be a recruiting officer of Jefferson Davis. Upon the robbery of some of the stages of the State, it was generously and patriotically suggested that the Rebel Bishop and his party were availing themselves of this means to get money to send the recruits over to the Southern army for the service of the Rebellion These rumors induced the editors of papers to take up the cudgel, and many of them were out in furious terms upon the Rebel Bishop. So general was the assault that I had determined to go myself before the military officers in power and explain my presence on the Pacific Coast and my only business among the people. But before I reached the city, and while I was at a camp-meeting near Copperopolis, about thirty miles from Stockton, the conscience of some zealot required him to go to the office of the Provost Marshal in San Francisco, and, as I suppose, on oath, testified that "I was a citizen of Georgia, had crossed the military lines by a Confederate pass, and was on the Pacific Coast without any visible business, and therefore supposed to be a political emissary of Jeff. Davis"

These charges being presented to General McDowell, he sent an officer one hundred and thirty miles to bring me before the Provost Marshal of San Francisco. This office was then filled by General Mason, of the United States Army. Captain Jackson was sent to make the arrest. I was in the habit of lodging at night at a public house in Copperopolis. The Captain arrived at my lodging a little after breakfast. Brother Burchard—then

the Presiding Elder of the Stockton District—and I had taken a walk to some mining-grounds, and were collecting some specimens of mining-quartz and some crystallized quartz On our return to the house I was informed that there were a couple of gentlemen there that wished to see me. The gentlemen soon made their appearance. I noticed that one of them seemed to scrutinize me with serious and interested look, approached me, and said that he desired a private interview with me, and proposed that we should go behind a house that stood not far from the hotel, and said, "I have no objection that your friend should go with you." I had no idea of being arrested—thought probably the gentleman wished to get married, and was in search of a parson; but after we got secreted behind the house, he informed me that General McDowell had sent him to take charge of my person and property, and take me to San Francisco. I told him I would go with him—that it was my next day's destination by my own arrangement. We then retired to my room, where he searched me to see what papers he could find upon my person, and took charge of my baggage. Brother Burchard told the Captain that I had an appointment to preach at 11 o'clock on the camp-ground. He said, "Very well, I will stay and hear the Bishop." He charged us very seriously and earnestly to keep the fact of my arrest a profound secret. We thought the caution a very wise one. The knowledge of the fact would have produced a great excitement, which we were anxious as well as he to prevent. We all then went to the meeting. I preached, and the meeting closed. Captain Jackson had taken from me a written pledge that I would meet him the next day at Stockton, and to Stockton he went one road, and Burchard and I another. We went that night to where before we had been entertained—at the house of General Douglas, an emigrant from Tennessee. Burchard and Douglas being Masons, Burchard put him upon the square, and told him of my arrest. The General came to me, and said, "Bishop, where is your baggage?" I told him that I had met a couple of gentlemen at the camp-meeting who were so polite as to take my baggage for me to Stockton, smiling when I said it, for I knew what he meant, and was bound not to explain, and he returned the smile.

On the next day we went on to Stockton, and found the steamer for San Francisco at the wharf, the Captain not having yet arrived. In due time, however, he came aboard. He told me that he was instructed by General McDowell to treat me very respectfully, which he was all the time careful to do, never indicating that he had any control or authority over me; and that if he ever used a by-word in my presence, he would apologize. We associated as very agreeable companions, and became mutually attached before we reached our destination Some time after we met on the boat he asked me whether he should pay my passage and secure my state-room, or would I prefer to provide for myself. I told him that I would pay my own way. Finding that state-rooms were scarce, I had the Captain assigned to my room. He was a larger man than myself. When we retired to bed, I suggested that he take the lower berth. He laughed heartily, and said, "I understand your politeness—you are afraid that I may break down upon you." I told him I thought it would be something of a calamity, and that he did not credit me much for my politeness.

Our boat reached San Francisco in the night; so when we awoke in the morning we were at the wharf. I arose and dressed myself—he still asleep. I awoke him, and said, "Captain, I am about to leave you, Captain, and thought I would let you know it." "Well," he said, "meet me at my office at 12 o'clock." "I'll do so; good-morning." At the hour of twelve I reported at his office, Brother Andrew M. Bailey with me. He now opened my baggage, examined my letters, and whatever documents I had. Among other things he got hold of a little book I had, in which I noted at what places and on what subjects I had preached. He examined this so long that Brother Bailey remarked, "Bishop, I think the Captain is disposed to study preaching a little." Getting through this examination, he proposed to take me to the Provost Marshal So delicate was he in his manners toward me that, in taking me to the next officer, he would not walk with me, but was studious to be either before me or behind, so that he and Brother Bailey reached the office of the Provost a little ahead of me. I then entered, and was introduced to General Mason. I did not hear Captain Jackson tell the General any

thing. Brother Bailey told me afterward that when he met the General he simply said, "I found nothing."

The truth is, about the only dread I had was coming before the Provost Marshal. In Kentucky this office was uniformly filled by persons of narrow, contracted, and bigoted minds, whose rule of judgment was under the control of a blind and bitter prejudice, giving but the slightest chance for justice, much less for mercy. I was afraid of nothing else. I was not an offender against the Government—nothing but falsehood and prejudice could convict me. So soon as I had a sight of the person of General Mason I was perfectly quiet in my mind. The structure of his head, the manly form of his features, gave me assurance that the little, the low, and the base were not there. I was quieted all through at once—was afraid of nothing. Every thing about the man showed that he was qualified for the sacred trust assigned him. I found that the promise of his appearance was fully redeemed in his conduct. He asked me into his room, and to be seated; and there, alone, he disclosed to me the charges upon which I was arrested—which charges I have already given, concerning my being a citizen of Georgia, crossing the military lines with a Confederate pass, being on the Pacific Coast, etc. On finishing his statements, I said to him: "General, your witness has not learned to lie after the manner of his master; he generally puts in a little truth to gloss and give plausibility to falsehood. This is a fabrication from the beginning to the end. I am a native of Kentucky—never lived out of the State but two years in my life, and those two I spent in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio. When I came to this coast I had no military lines to cross—of course had no pass to cross the lines. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of which I am a Bishop, has an Annual Conference on this coast—had been four years without a Bishop. A number of young ministers were eligible to deacon's and elder's orders in the Church—could not administer the sacraments of the Church without ordination. The presence of a Bishop was a necessity to the Church, and so much was this felt that the Conference appointed a committee to correspond with me, to see if I could not be induced to come out here and relieve them. In compliance with their wishes I came, and that is my

only business here. So far, therefore, from having no visible business here, I have a specific business to which I have been giving my attention, not in a corner, but after due notification, and before large congregations."

General Mason then remarked, "Bishop, I think if you will write these statements down, they will be satisfactory to General McDowell." I replied, "I will write them. To whom shall I report them?" He said, "To me, and I will report them to General McDowell." I wrote out the statements and gave them to the Provost Marshal, and he took them to McDowell. I said to General Mason, "When you see General McDowell, please say to him that I would like to see him, because I think I know his relations in Kentucky largely." General McDowell sent me word that he could see me the next day at one o'clock. So at the appointed time, having Brother Bailey with me, I presented myself at the General's office. He arose, and met me at the door, and said, "How are you, Bishop?" "Very well, I thank you; how are you, General?" "Very well." Brother Bailey being introduced, we were invited to seats. I said, "General, I have come to see you, not in regard to my case—that I supposed you would settle before I should see you—but because of my supposed large acquaintance with your relations in my native State. Since I see you, I am assured that I am not mistaken—you are so clearly marked by family resemblance as to settle the question of your relation to the Kentucky McDowells." He said, "O yes; my father was a native of Kentucky, and I once attempted to count my cousins in that State, and went up to thirty-two, and thought I would stop." We had a very pleasant conversation about Kentucky relatives, friends, etc.

Brother Bailey then said, "General, the Bishop has an appointment at San Jose on next Sunday. I wish you would let him go and fill it. The fact is, you will have to, or go and fill it yourself, for we do not like to fill the Bishop's appointments." The General said, "O I do not care where the Bishop is, so he lets me know where he is." I told him the week after that I had another appointment at Gilroy, some thirty or thirty-five miles farther. He replied, "It makes no odds." I suppose he had determined to release me, and wanted to know where to address me.

I then reminded the General that on coming in I had stated to him that I did not come to see him about my own case, but since I was there, if there was any point on which I had not given him satisfaction that I hoped he would then interrogate me to any extent he pleased. I saw my written statement lying on his table. He reached out his hand and laid it on the document, and said, "Bishop, your communication is perfectly satisfactory; but what are you, a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, doing away out here on this extreme Western coast?" My answer was, "We have a Conference out here which was organized when California was a Territory, and when the Churches North and South might regard it as common ground until it should become a State and settle the question as to whether it should become a free or a slave-holding State. After it became a State, and determined it should be a free State, we then started the question whether we should abandon the field; but our people begged us for their souls' sake to stay and preach the gospel to them. If we did not, they would have to hear it from Abolitionists or not hear it all—that they could not, would not hear it from Abolitionists. For their souls' sake, then, we staid." "But," said the General, "the North and the South are at war." I replied, "A pretty palpable fact, General; but I hope you are not going to charge the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, with the war, when the Church was organized in 1845, and the war commenced in 1861." He said it was the opinion of able politicians that the division of the Methodist Episcopal Church was the entering wedge that brought on the war. I told him that if it were the fact, the North drove in the wedge. The South was opposed to the separation of the Church and the agitation of the question that induced it; but nothing could induce silence on the subject, and no threatened consequences could change or modify the Abolition rage until the fatal war ensued. Again, the General said, "Why is it that you append the word 'South' to your Church? It is offensive, and stirs up prejudice against it." I explained: "The word 'South,' as appended to the name of our Church, has but two significations. 1. It is *geographical;* the Church divided on a line running mainly east and west. Our Church was on the southern side of the line, which was suggestive

of the *South*. 2. It is a Church *designation*. On the separation of the Church it was thought to be best and safest that the northern side of the line should retain the original name, as the principal property of the Church, which was held as the joint property of the Church—viz , such as the publishing houses, chartered fund, and property pertaining to missions, etc —was located in the North. The Southern portion of the Church asked no change in the Discipline of the Church. The North would have it, cost what it might. Hence, in the division, the original name was granted to them. The Church, South, fond of her old name, thought she would change it as little as possible, and at the Convention held for the purpose of considering whether the circumstances demanded for our safety a division of the Church, this question was left for the South to determine. The membership had voted *six to one* in favor of a new organization. Obeying their behest, the Convention ordained a separate organization. When they came to settle on the name, they called it METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH, taking the old name entire, and then, after a comma, added the word 'South' And this, General, is all that the word means with us."

The General still urged his objections to the word "South," and asked my opinion of it as a Church designation. I told him I had no partialities for, and some objections to, it "My objection to it is that it is a sectional name, when a Church should be for the benefit of the world." He was pleased that I had the objection, and urged that it was unwise in us to adopt and adhere to it—it brought down upon us so much hostile feeling, sectional, political, and partisan. He kept up such a war upon the word "South" that at length I became a little excited, and said, "I hope, sir, that you will not decide my case upon that naked word 'South.'" He flushed a little in his face, and said, "Don't call it that 'naked word'" I replied, "You have repeated it so often as to suggest that phraseology." I saw that the subject was becoming unpleasant, and I thought it wisdom to change the subject (for my case was not decided yet), and a pleasant state of feeling again ensued

It occurred to me that the General had been very much annoyed by repeated complaints of persons, blind with prejudice

and bitter in feeling, trying to involve the subjects of their suspicion. I said, "General, you are old enough to know something of the blindness and bitterness that grow out of narrow-minded prejudice and bigotry." The suggestion seemed to revive a recollection of a sad experience, and he replied in tones of grief and disgust, "O I do, I do." I thought that such had been the complaints pressed upon him that his representation was but an echo of what he was continually hearing.

The General and I parted in a pleasant state of feeling. I never did blame him or any other officer concerned in my arrest. They not only treated me with respect, but with reverence. Their entire bearing was gentlemanly and kind.

On closing this interview I went (as permitted) to San Jose to fill an appointment. While here a Negro man was driving me around in the city—took me to the post-office, where I received my release from General McDowell. The release was unconditioned and unqualified I asked my driver if he ever had any free-papers. He said he had. I told him that until now I never had any, but had just received mine.

In the document of release the General says: "The word 'South' being appended to the name of the Bishop's Church may explain to him a great deal of the persecution he has suffered." On this item the witty and satirical *News Letter*, of San Francisco, remarked: "The General is right. It won't do to have any more South hereafter nohow. In this city we have South Park—that must be pulled out and cast into the Bay And there is that South Pole sticking in this globe—that must be pulled out and thrown away It will not do to have any more South."

You will remember that after it was all over I published an account of the whole affair. If I have the documents I do not know where to find them, and hence I write this whole account from memory. Some one told me, when last in California, that he or she, whoever it was, had all these documents in preservation. Were you to advertise for them, I think you would get them.

I do not know that you will have any use for all that I have written; but I thought I would give you the whole narrative, and that you might use it or not at your own discretion. Very truly yours, H. H Kavanaugh.

This arrest took place on July 19, 1864, at a camp-meeting held near the town of Copperopolis, some thirty miles above Stockton. Had not the whole matter been managed as quietly and as prudently as it was, no doubt the most serious consequences would have followed. The most intense excitement prevailed in the breasts of many on both sides. Many who made no profession of religion, and who had watched the course and conduct of our Church and preachers during all the years of the war, felt to indorse us in our efforts to keep the Church free from political entanglements. They saw how earnestly we were laboring for the salvation of souls, and with what favor God regarded us, as manifested in the success that attended our ministry. They also saw how bitter was the feeling in other Churches against us; and it required but a spark to inflame them beyond the power of control.

To show the feelings of our enemies, as expressed in the religious press of the period, we give a quotation from *The Pacific*, a paper published by a body of Congregationalist ministers, the motto of whose paper was: "First Pure, then Peaceable—without Partiality, and without Hypocrisy." In an editorial headed, "A Rebel Bishop in California," they say:

> We noticed some time since that Bishop Kavanaugh, of the Southern Methodist Church, landed on this coast. The Bishop presides over a Church made up wholly of Rebels. His home is among them. So far as we know he is entirely identified with the Rebellion. In what way he came through the Union lines, what pretenses availed to transfer him from disloyal to loyal territory, whether he passed openly or clandestinely, we know not; nor do we know what special occasion called him here. There is not a fragment of the Methodist Church, South, left in this State. It

has long since ceased to be in the main a power for any thing but evil. Some of its edifices have been sold, others are deserted, and what of this denomination remains represents a hopeless, dying concern—but distinguished in death as in life for venomous hostility to the Union. Its secession from the loyal Methodist Church was a sign of the treason which culminated in an open attempt to destroy the Union. Nor does the new name, "Pacific Methodists," recently adopted, in any way change the character of the organization. The heart of the thing is *treasonable*. It is the blighted branch of a Church on which is the blood of thousands of brave men who have fallen in defense of the Union. To come, therefore, in this crisis to preside over *such* a concern, in a loyal State, in the ordinary capacity of a Bishop, seems at first like a pious comedy. If it has more significance, it is because treason is never a comedy.

These "scattered sheep" need no fold. They are the wolves trained by their teachers here, as well as at the South, to howl at loyal men and to bite in secret only because courage and opportunity are lacking to do it openly. What good can come, then, from this visit? Will the Bishop enjoin obedience and fidelity to the lawful Government of the country? If he does, the lines of the Southern army of traitors will never open to receive him again. Will he pray for the President of the United States, or for the preservation of the Constitution? If he does, he will be doomed to stay on the soil of patriots. Will he, coming from the very bosom of the Rebellion, indorse by act or speech, or even by his reticence, the cause of Disunion? It is fair to presume that he comes to this coast, by virtue of his position and location, as one having complicity with Rebels. His official sanction has given them aid and comfort. Would a loyal Bishop be allowed to go South, in advance of the Union army, to look after loyal Church-members? By no means. Why, then, does a disloyal Bishop come here to look after disloyal members? We should be glad to welcome the Bishop as an embassador for Christ. Before we do that, however, we ask him to take the oath of fidelity to the Union. The men in these days who, in the best sense, are loyal to God, are also loyal to their country.

Such articles as these from the religious press of the State had stirred men on both sides, and it required but little to have roused them to bloodshed. The chief actors in this scene well knew it, and wisely kept their movements from the public. No one, as he sat and listened to the burning eloquence of the Bishop that day at the Copperopolis camp-meeting, would ever have thought that he was then under arrest, and that the officer under whose control he was was sitting in the audience.

The letter referred to in the Bishop's article, written to General Mason, was as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., July 20, 1864.

Brigadier-general John S. Mason, Assistant Provost Marshal:

General—Dear Sir: I arrived in California a few weeks ago on business exclusively connected with the Church of which I am a member, and am here on no political mission of any character whatever. I am a native of Kentucky, in which State I have resided all my life, with the exception of about two years passed in the city of Cincinnati. The printed Minutes of our Church will show my whereabouts from the year 1823 to 1854, when I was elected to the Episcopacy. From that time to this my residence has been at Versailles, Kentucky. Since the commencement of the war I have never crossed the military lines, nor entered any State in rebellion, except on a visit to Nashville, Tennessee, then in possession of the Federal troops and under their control, together with the whole line of road from my residence to that city. I have never been a politician, nor in any manner participated actively in political affairs, and have never preached politics, either before or since the war. On the contrary, I have invariably discouraged it in the ministry of the Church over which I had, in some sense, the supervision. For the truth of this statement I appeal to all who have ever heard me, or know my conduct on this coast or elsewhere.

The particular occasion of my present visit to California is as follows. The Pacific Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has been for four years without the presence of a

Bishop. During this period a number of the members of the body were elected to the order of deacons and elders in the Church, and for want of ordination could not administer the sacraments of the Church This ordination became an imperative necessity. The Conference passed a resolution appointing the Rev. A. M. Bailey to correspond with me on the subject of a visit to this coast to ordain these ministers. This resolution is on the records of the Conference, and is mentioned in the correspondence between the Rev. Mr. Bailey and myself. This correspondence with me was ordered because I was the only accessible Bishop able to travel so far and perform the functions of the office. I came here on this business alone, and on no mission, either directly or indirectly, connected with politics or the war, and, least of all, to stir up dissension or encourage opposition to the Government or its laws. Residing as I do in Kentucky, where great diversity of opinion prevails in regard to the war, I have deemed it my duty as a minister of the gospel, not only to abstain from participating in political affairs, but, on the contrary, to mitigate as far as practicable the asperity of feeling which prevails so widely in that State. I have deemed mine to be a mission of love and peace, and have so acted, both there and here. So far as I know, my conduct has never been questioned in Kentucky by the military authorities, where I have lived so long and am so widely known, notwithstanding the intense excitement which has prevailed in that State

Under the circumstances, I find myself, comparatively a stranger on this coast, and far from my home, suddenly arraigned before the military authorities on charges preferred by persons wholly unknown to me. That I am deeply pained by this proceeding I candidly confess—not so much because of any personal injury to myself, as because of the reproach it brings on my sacred calling and on the Church with which I am connected. I acknowledge, however, with pleasure, the courtesy which has been extended to me by all the officers connected with the affair. And trusting that this explanation of my conduct and motives may prove satisfactory, I am very respectfully yours,

H. H. Kavanaugh.

This affair did us no harm as a Church, but brought us more prominently before the general public as a branch of the Church of Jesus Christ, whose distinctive feature is non-interference with politics, actuated by the sole desire to spread scriptural holiness over the land. Very many and unjust things were said of us in the secular as well as the religious press—things we do not now wish to recall—and only a desire to be faithful to the history of this period has impelled us to write what we have.

On the 22d of May, 1864, soon after the Bishop's arrival, he called for those preachers who had been elected to orders to meet him at the Stone Church, on the Suisun Circuit. Of these, John W. Simmons, John M. Ward, George Sim, Joseph Emory, James M. Lovell, Green M. Edwards, Thomas S. Burnett, Benjamin F. Burris, William A. Spurlock, and Samuel Brown, were ordained deacons; and Samuel Brown, John W. Simmons, John M. Ward, Joseph Emory, and George Sim, were ordained elders.

No one could estimate the benefit derived by our Church on this coast by this visit of Bishop Kavanaugh. He strengthened our hands and encouraged our hearts wherever he went. The following resolution was offered in Conference, and passed by a rising, unanimous vote:

Resolved, That as a Conference we hailed with peculiar pleasure the second visit of Bishop Kavanaugh to the Pacific Coast; that his labors among us have been highly edifying to our people, that his presence and counsels have greatly strengthened our hands and encouraged our hearts; that his administration as presiding officer of our Conference has to the greatest degree been satisfactory and beneficial; and now that the claims of the Church elsewhere imperatively call him away from us,

he will carry with him our affections, will be followed by our prayers for his continued prosperity and usefulness; and that, should he find it compatible with his duty to return and make his permanent abode among us, it would be at once a matter of universal gratification to our people and an omen of good to the cause of God on this coast.

To this he feelingly responded.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE fourteenth session of the Pacific Conference was held in Sacramento, September 1, 1864, Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh presiding. J. C. Stewart, who had acted as Secretary for four consecutive years, was not present, and O. P. Fitzgerald was elected Secretary.

But one young man presented himself for admission on trial at this session. This was William A. Finley, the first graduate of Pacific Methodist College that had applied for admission into the ranks of the itinerancy. He traveled one year in California, when he was called to the Presidency of the Corvallis College, in Oregon. He remained at the head of this institution till the year 1872, when he was transferred to the Pacific Conference, and put in charge of the Gilroy High School. While President of the Corvallis College he had the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him by Wofford College, South Carolina, being the youngest man to receive this title that has ever been amongst us. He remained in charge of the Gilroy High School for two years, when that enterprise was abandoned, and he was put in charge of Stockton Station. He filled this station for two years, when he was elected President of Pacific Methodist College, which position he filled until 1883. He located in 1884, and started a female school in the town of Santa Rosa.

The districts in Oregon were so far removed from

the seat of the Conference, and the expense of travel to and from the Conference was so great, that the undergraduates in that part of the work selected a committee of examination among the preachers there, and held their examinations, sending their report to Conference. Hence the following resolution was adopted by the Conference:

Whereas, our brethren in Oregon are so far removed from us that it is inconvenient for them to attend the sessions of the Conference; therefore,

Resolved, That we adopt the examination of the undergraduates, made by a committee there, and reported to this Conference.

The China Mission, during these years of war, being cut off from communication with the home Church, felt very deeply its isolation. Dr. Young J. Allen, having been a classmate of J. W. Simmons, one of the members of our Conference, was in communication with him, and by permission Brother Simmons made a statement to the Conference respecting information recently received from the China Mission, and concluded by offering the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved, 1. That we, the members of the Pacific Conference, do extend to our beloved brethen, Young J. Allen and Wood, in our China Mission, our warmest sympathies and earnest prayers to God for their continued protection and prosperity.

2. That we, the members of the Pacific Conference, will, on the second Sunday of December next, take up a collection for the benefit of our China Mission.

One feature of our connection with the China Mission should not be overlooked. In the year 1856 O. P. Fitzgerald was preacher in charge of the Sonora Circuit. He made an appointment at Shaw's Flat on Sunday afternoons. The only visible fruit of that preach-

ing was the awakening and conversion of a Prussian named Manthi. He was convicted under a sermon on the Holy Spirit. He had been reared and confirmed in the Lutheran Church, but on hearing that sermon he found that he needed something more than he had ever received, if the doctrine taught in it were true. The next sermon by Brother Fitzgerald was on the same subject. This deepened his conviction. He wept and prayed in his miner's cabin, and being led by the Spirit, he was born into the new life. His conversion was clear and joyous, and at the next quarterly love-feast, in broken English, and with streaming eyes, he told the story amid the amens and sympathizing tears of the little band of Christians at Sonora, where the love-feast was held. This would seem but a small matter—the simple conversion of a Prussian miner, in a little log-cabin, amid the mine-scarred mountains of California, and his joining the M. E. Church, South, merely because one of its ministers had providentially led him to Christ. But let us turn another leaf in the history of this miner. He proved faithful, becoming a useful member of the Church in Sonora. But after two or three years, being a sailor, his old passion for the sea came upon him. He went to San Francisco, where he shipped for China, bearing his priceless "pearl" with him. In China he identified himself with our Mission. He stood up for Christ. It was a critical period in the history of that Mission. The resources of the Mission were cut off by the Civil War raging in the United States, and Brother Lambuth wrote that Brother Manthi's faith, zeal, and pecuniary help aided in the saving of the Southern Methodist Mission at that time. Without his help the difficulties would have been overwhelming.

And so in the mysterious providence of God a sermon preached in an obscure mining-camp in California resulted in the conviction and conversion of a foreigner, who carried across the Pacific the fire that rekindled the expiring flame of missionary zeal and activity in China.

In view of the mighty openings that are now developing in the China Mission, had the Southern Methodist Church accomplished no other good, this one fact would more than repay all the outlay of money and the expenditure of labor on the Church on the Pacific Coast. God calls us to work, and he takes care of the fruits of our labor.

CHAPTER XV.

THE fifteenth session was held in San Francisco, October 4, 1865. Being again without the presence of a Bishop, O. P. Fitzgerald was chosen President.

Our Secretary for the past four years—J. C. Stewart—having been killed the past year in Mexico, as he was trying to make his way home, E. K. Miller was chosen Secretary, a position for which he was eminently qualified, and which he held by unanimous vote of his brethren for a period of twelve years—in fact, until he left us by transfer. So accurate and faithful was he that his records passed unchallenged by the committees of the General Conference, and at times received the highest commendation. He was received into our Conference at this session by transfer from the Missouri Conference. He had suffered greatly during the war; had been sorely persecuted, and he, with W. F. Compton, from the same Conference, came to us for respite and refuge, and two more devoted, faithful men we have rarely had in our body. By long and diligent labor they proved themselves worthy and well qualified.

J. O. Foresman was transferred to us from the Kansas Conference; was sent to Mariposa Circuit; labored one year, and located.

George Howard, J. A. Burns, and J. N. Turner were admitted on trial.

George Howard was a son of the Rev. B. C. How-

ard. He traveled but one year, and on account of failing health he was discontinued, at his own request. He soon went down under the hand of consumption.

J. A. Burns was sent to Oregon, and when that Conference was organized the following year, he remained with it.

J. N. Turner traveled but one year, and discontinued, at his own request.

W. F. Compton, son of William and Luna Compton, was born in the State of Virginia, Aug. 29, 1832. His parents were deeply pious, and he grew up in a religious atmosphere. He was converted, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Sept. 26, 1846. He emigrated to Missouri in 1856; was licensed to preach by the Centenary Quarterly Conference, St. Louis, Mo., April 2, 1857, E. M. Marvin being preacher in charge, and R. A. Young presiding elder. With these holy and healthful influences surrounding him, it is not strange that the young preacher should then and forever consecrate himself to the work of God as performed by an itinerant Methodist preacher. In the fall of the same year he applied for admission into the traveling connection, joining the St. Louis Annual Conference on trial. He was placed in charge of a circuit the first year, and the year following he was junior preacher, under the Rev. E. M. Marvin, at the First Church, St. Louis. He filled several important stations in his native Conference. But during the war—and especially during the latter part of it—the persecutions that befell our Church in Missouri were exceedingly annoying. Many thought the very existence of Southern Methodism was threatened, and that in all probability it would not survive the pressure. Brother Compton's health being delicate, and

he being thoroughly disgusted with the state of affairs as they obtained in Missouri, and desiring to try a new climate, and once more enjoy the privilege of preaching the gospel of the blessed God, without let or hinderance, the remnant of his days, he took his little family and started across the plains for California. He was regularly transferred, and took work in our Conference. He has filled some important stations since his connection with us—among them San Jose, Petaluma, Santa Clara Circuit, and Modesto; besides, he was Presiding Elder of Santa Rosa District for four years, and is now Presiding Elder of the San Francisco District. For some years his health has been gradually giving way. But his hand has not relaxed. With a zeal born only of duty to God, he has pressed on in his noble work, not sparing himself. He has fought the inevitable with wonderful courage and persistence. Perfectly devoted to God and his cause, never sparing himself, he is ever prone to underestimate his own ability and usefulness. We will miss him when we are called to go out to battle without him.

E. K. Miller was forced from his native Conference by the same persecutions that afflicted Brother Compton, and he came with the same exalted purpose—that of preaching the gospel untrammeled. He was a most excellent preacher, and took high rank at once in the Pacific Conference.

One thing for which the Pacific Conference is noted, is the pleasure with which it receives transfers from other Conferences, and the prominence it at once accords to those worthy of prominence. Transfers have ever shared our best appointments. Brother Miller was sent to Sacramento, San Francisco, San Francisco Dis-

trict, Colusa, Santa Clara, and San Jose. He was ever ready for work. The willingness with which he accepted the onerous labors of the Secretaryship of the Conference, and bore them through all his connection with us, is evidence of this fact. But although he lived and labored with us for over twelve years, yet his heart frequently turned to his old home, and at last he asked a transfer, and returned.

All through the war we had been looked upon with suspicion, our movements watched, and in many quarters the most bitter prejudices existed against us. But our preachers were driven, if possible, more closely to the grand principle that gave us being as a Church. They avoided any and every thing that savored of politics in the pulpit. The war and its varied fortunes were never touched in our religious services. We held with undeviating firmness and persistency to the one work of preaching the gospel. No attacks, public or private, could provoke us to reply.

When Mr. Lincoln was assassinated, in some instances spies were sent to our churches to hear what would be said; and when they heard nothing but the gospel, they were ready to destroy our churches and banish us from the State.

The District Judge of Sonoma County approached J. C. Simmons on the streets of Petaluma, and asked him:

"Did you know, sir, that there was a strong talk of tearing down your church, and running you out of this town?"

"Yes," he replied; "and if you desire to do it, you have the full power, and I and my friends have no physical power to resist you; but, sir, if you dare to

touch God's house, or to harm a hair of my head, we will remand you to a higher Power who has promised to be our defense."

Said he, "Why did you not mention Mr. Lincoln in your sermon last Sabbath?"

"Why, Judge, I am a minister of the gospel, and I will never deviate from my fixed principles for any thing on this earth, living or dead."

After some other conversation they parted.

At Vacaville it was different. Though we had one of the most conservative of presidents in the Rev. W. T. Luckey, yet some unknown person, in a day or two after the assassination, set fire to our college-building, and burned it to the ground. Of course, not knowing who did it, nor the motives that prompted the act, we could never say *why* it was done. But friends and foes seemed to understand that it was done because it was the property of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The building was burned at night. The next morning Dr. Luckey and the professors pulled the bell out of the hot embers, hung it upon a pole near the ruins, and rung it for the assembling of the classes. Partitions were hastily torn out of the boarding-house, and thus school-rooms were improvised, and not a recitation was omitted. Our friends rallied to our help, and at this Conference we find the following in the Report on Education:

Your committee, to whom was referred the subject of Education, take pleasure in reporting that the educational interests of our Church on this coast were never in a better condition than now. Notwithstanding the terrible storm that has raged around us and the pressure upon us for the past few years, and the destruction of our college-building and furniture by the fire in April last,

yet under the wise leadership, and by the untiring energy and zeal of President Luckey and his faithful co-laborers, the Pacific Methodist College has moved steadily forward in its career of prosperity. The steps taken immediately after the destruction of the old for the erection of a new college building have been crowned with a degree of success far exceeding the anticipations of its most sanguine friends. The contract for the new building has been let, and the work is in progress The ceremonies in connection with the laying of the corner-stone will take place on the 17th instant (October), the building will be completed by the first of May, and if the winter is not unusually severe, it will be ready for use before that time.

The aggregate number of students last year was 208. The number in attendance at this time is 135. Among these are several young men preparing for the work of the ministry, and who will soon be knocking at the door of your Conference for admission into the traveling connection. . . . The past success and present prosperity of this institution, so remarkable under the circumstances, being as it is such a signal indication of divine goodness and blessing, call for your most devout and heartfelt gratitude to the great Giver of all good. The recent attempts at its destruction have, under God, tended only to extend its reputation, and widen the circle of its healthful influence. It has now a reputation and is exerting an influence for good never before attained, and is destined, under the efficient management of its able and laborious faculty, to become at no distant day just what its founders and patrons desire it should be—the institution of the Pacific Coast.

Accordingly, on the day indicated in this report, the corner-stone of the new building was laid, and the work of putting up a concrete building begun. But here again we made a sad and fatal mistake. The sand of which the mortar for the concrete was formed was largely impregnated with fine particles of black soil, known as *adobe*. When the walls of the new building had been completed to the second story, and the necessary

timbers put in, there came on a heavy rain-storm. The whole atmosphere was impregnated with moisture, the *adobe* began to slake, and the whole thing gradually settled down into an indiscriminate mass of mud, and this mud-pile lay on the only good site in our possession for a building, and we had to be at the expense of carting it away. But in due time it was done. Another corner-stone was laid, and a large, two-story brick building was erected. This building was occupied by us until 1871, when we closed out all our interests at Vacaville and moved the college to the far more eligible location of Santa Rosa, in Sonoma County.

Near San Jose we had a neat little church-building, the fruits of the great May camp-meeting in that neighborhood in 1859. Some time after we erected this church, the M. E. Church also put up a building a few hundred yards south of ours. During the period of excitement, when the college was burned, and many thought the time had come to drive us as a body from the State, because, forsooth, we were a part and parcel of the veritable Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a plan was laid for the burning of this church. An emissary was hired to do the work, and he was furnished with instructions to go out into the Beryessa neighborhood "and burn the 'South' church." He happened to know but little of Churches, or Church difference, and so he went and fired the church that was on the *south*, which was burned to the ground, while ours escaped.

These were fearful times. For four long years so familiar had men become with scenes of bloodshed and destruction that they had no taste for any other literature. Every paper was so filled with accounts of battles, the movements of armies, the numbering of the dead,

that people would hardly talk of any thing else. When the smoke of battle cleared from the great fields of carnage they longed to hear of the killing of thousands and tens of thousands, and even women could talk of war with a gusto that was appalling. And although the war was now over, and peace had been declared, yet many were not satisfied, nor would they be until every thing contrary to their notions had been removed from the land. And it seemed nothing but the restraining grace of God could hold some men back from farther destruction and bloodshed.

Never, in a single instance, did our preachers or people swerve from their fixed principles; and God put his everlasting arms about us, and we were protected from the wrath of our enemies.

The Pastoral Address sent out at this session of the Conference will give a correct idea of the state of feeling and affairs that prevailed at this period. The committee who prepared it was composed of O. Fisher, W. R. Gober, and J. C. Simmons, and the sentiments expressed in this address were heartily indorsed and prayerfully sent out by the other members of the Conference.

Beloved Brethren:—In our annual Christian salutations and godly councils, we deem it proper to call your attention briefly to the fact that the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, stands upon the old platform of Wesleyan Methodism. She has never changed her creed nor her policy. God has smiled upon the Church, South, from the beginning, and still smiles upon it. Prior to the late unhappy war no Church on earth was more prosperous than the Church, South, and during that dark and gloomy hour the Pacific Conference has suffered perhaps as little decline as any other Church on this coast. And recently the Lord has been pleased to pour out his Spirit upon many of our

charges, and refreshed us with glorious revivals of religion, in which hundreds have been added to our Communion. For all these mercies we thank God and take courage. Let no man, therefore, persuade you that the Church of your choice must come to an end on this coast. Methodism in the South lived through the old Revolutionary War, and through the late British War, and through our own national bloody war, and still lives on, and will live through all wars, despite all opposition, if we will only be faithful to God and one another. For God will not forsake his people, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against his Church The M. E. Church, South, is a non-political Church, and is not, therefore, necessarily affected by civil revolutions or changes in earthly governments. Her business is to save souls, without regard to their political creed. Her mission is spiritual, not secular. She is by divine help to spread scriptural holiness over the land. The religion she is to preach and maintain is the religion of divine love—love to God, and love to man.

We could not, therefore, as a Church, take any part in the late war; we could only deplore it, weep over it, and earnestly pray for the return of peace. And now that it has come, by the good providence of God, instead of disbanding, as our enemies would gladly have us do, we should, and we humbly trust we will, give ourselves with renewed vigor to our holy and heavenly work of saving souls. And under the smiles of our Divine Master, whatever may be the political changes in the world, the moral and religious wants and necessities of man are the same, and in reference to the duties of Christians changes not. Under every possible phase of politics it is still awfully true that without holiness no man shall see the Lord. And except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. The M. E. Church, South, claims to be the humble representative of gospel religion, commissioned by the Lord Jesus Christ to labor for the conversion of the world from sin to holiness, and from Satan to the living God. Christ has solemnly declared to all civil governments that his kingdom is not of this world, and that therefore his servants will not fight against them, so that they have nothing to fear from Christians of the true gospel school, nor from the spread of gospel holiness. Therefore, standing as we do before the world

on a simple gospel platform, committed to nothing save the spread of scriptural holiness and the salvation of souls, there is no reason for any change, either in our creed or Church economy. Nor can we conceive that any emergency can arise that will make a change necessary. . . . And now, dear brethren, we humbly commend you to God and the word of his grace, who is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified. Brethren, pray earnestly for us. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be upon and remain with you always. Amen.

How much the Church owes to the faithfulness of the Pacific Conference in holding their position in California no one can ever estimate.

There were those in high places that opposed the planting of Southern Methodism on this coast, and that time and again advised the recall of our forces. They felt that the expenditure of men and money to build up our Church here was just that much loss to the Church. But God intended that the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, should not be pent up by geographical lines, but that it was to become a mighty factor in bringing the world to Christ. A political, or rather a geographical, line had been run through the great Methodist Church in America, and the Church, South, felt in honor bound to observe the solemn compact that set this bound about her. This compact was broken by the other party. The Plan of Separation that the South held as sacred was ignored by the M. E. Church (North), and thus with their own hands, in the providence of God, struck off the shackles and restraints that this Plan had placed upon the Church, South.

When the gold-fields of California were thrown open to the world, and the mighty human tide set in to these shores from every land, many of the people of the

South came, and soon began to call for pastors of their own Church to supply them with the gospel of the Son of God. We heard and heeded the call. Once out in the opening field of the world, with the ever-ringing voice of Jesus bidding us *go*, we began to feel our call as never before to do our part to fill the world with the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the deep. Our commission we now felt to be the world. And the lights kindled in Mexico, in Brazil, as well as all along the shores of the Pacific, attest the fact that we are not disobedient to the heavenly calling. We now can understand why we came to California, why God sustained us through the struggle of infancy, why he built a wall of protection around us during the cruel Civil War, and why his smiles rest upon us to-day. California and the Pacific Conference is the breach through which the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has come out to fight the powers of darkness in all lands, and to help in the evangelization of the world. And we look to see the day when it shall be the base of supplies, when hundreds and thousands shall be sent out to conquer all Asia, with her multiplied millions, for Christ. Geographically, no point can surpass us in importance; we stand in the very gateway of the East.

During the year 1865 an important victory for our Church was gained in Oregon. Up to this time a mortgage rested upon Corvallis College. J. Kelsay, as agent, had been doing all that he could to lift the mortgage. But a sort of apathy rested upon our friends. At last the mortgage was foreclosed and the property sold. It was bought by the Presbyterians, who took advantage of the depreciation of United States currency, and paid off the mortgage in greenbacks. We had ninety days

in which to redeem the property. Brother Kelsay went to work with a will, and with the leverage of this sale he raised our friends to the proper effort, and ere the ninety days had expired he raised the last dollar and redeemed the property. Of course he paid in greenbacks, too. And we have stated these facts—both that the mortgage was paid in greenbacks, and that we redeemed in greenbacks—because some have thought to blame our agent for this last transaction. This statement sets the matter clearly before the world.

At the next session of the Oregon Legislature there was to be made an appropriation of 90,000 acres of land to some college in the State, the interest of this appropriation to be used in paying the tuition of two pupils from every senatorial district in the State, and this interest was to go for nothing but tuition. Various colleges in the State were working to secure this appropriation. One of the leading members of our Church, B. F. Burch, of Independence, Polk County, was a member of that Legislature, and through his influence the land was donated to Corvallis College. The property of the college, independent of this State appropriation, was at the time worth about $5,000 It was presented to the Pacific Conference at this session free of debt. With the tender was a request that we appoint a man to the presidency of the institution. Accordingly, the Rev. W. A. Finley, a recent graduate of Pacific Methodist College, and member of our Conference on trial, a very promising young man, was appointed.

The success of our Church in Oregon had been so great, and the remoteness of that part of our work was such, that it was thought best to set it off into a separate Annual Conference, and accordingly the following res-

olution was introduced by J. M. Ward and O. P. Fitzgerald, and adopted:

Resolved, That the Pacific Annual Conference respectfully request the General Conference at its approaching session to set off that part of the Pacific Conference now embraced in the Jacksonville, Oregon, and Idaho Districts as a separate Annual Conference, to be known as the Occidental Annual Conference.

The General Conference did set this part of our work off into a separate Annual Conference, but called it the Columbia Conference.

Arrangements were also made to revive our paper under the title of *The Christian Spectator*, and O. P. Fitzgerald was unanimously elected Editor.

The delegates elected to the General Conference were W. R. Gober, O. P. Fitzgerald, and J. C. Simmons.

The two first named attended the session of the General Conference, held in the city of New Orleans, and did good and efficient work in that memorable Conference. The most radical changes ever effected in any one General Conference of our Church were effected at this—changes that have demonstrated the wisdom of those who proposed them.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE sixteenth session was held in Petaluma, October 10, 1866, Bishop Kavanaugh presiding. This dear old Bishop had been with us so often, had traveled so extensively through the Conference, and endeared himself by the ever-deepening interest manifested in our work, that we began to feel that he was *our* Bishop. It was with peculiar joy that we welcomed him back upon this occasion. His opening talk to us on this occasion, though brief, was marked by such a tender, fatherly feeling, that all hearts were moved.

Joseph E. Miller, an elder in the Protestant Methodist Church, joined us at this session. Somewhat advanced in life, yet strong and vigorous, he came to us ready to live, to labor, and to die with us.

The second year he was sent to Los Angeles, within the bounds of which district he remained and labored until the organization of the Los Angeles Conference, when he took his place in that body, where he remained for a number of years, and finally located.

John Maclay came to us from the M. E Church. He had grown tired of the ceaseless turmoil in his Church in regard to politics, and he came to us for refuge and rest. He was a strong man, and a good preacher, and was made Presiding Elder of the San Francisco District for two years, when he located, at his own request.

John F. Campbell, Alexander Groves, Joel Hedgpeth, and George W. Wood were received on trial.

John F. Campbell came with his father to California in 1846, some years before the discovery of gold. His father (William Campbell) settled in Santa Clara Valley. He was present when the city of San Jose was laid out, and it is to him that that city is indebted for its wide and roomy streets. The intention was to lay them off about twenty feet wide. But he protested, telling them that San Jose would some day be a great city. He pleaded with them to make the main streets one hundred feet wide, but they thought this out of all character, and put them at their present width—sixty feet.

J. F. Campbell was born in Saline County, Missouri, November 8, 1839. He was raised in Santa Clara Valley—saw it when there were but a few white families living in it, when its fertile plains were dotted here and there with the low, tile-covered adobe houses of the Mexicans—saw them give place to the grand march of American enterprise that has converted the whole valley into a veritable Eden. His father owned the first saw-mill that ever converted the giant redwood-trees that crowned the surrounding mountains into lumber for fencing the farms and building the residences of the aspiring American population that was taking possession and pushing the indolent Mexican to the wall.

At a gracious camp-meeting, held near his father's mill—first called Toll-gate Camp-ground—in the fall of 1855, he was happily converted to God. Soon after his conversion, feeling even then the movings of the Spirit that called him into the Christian ministry, he manifested a fixed purpose to educate himself. For years he struggled with poverty, but by industry and economy he managed to pay his way through college, graduating at Pacific Methodist College in May, 1865,

ten years after his conversion. Soon after he was licensed to preach, and delivered his first sermon right among his relatives and old friends. The first year of his connection with the Conference, according to the arrangement of the General Conference, he completed the studies of the two years prescribed, and was ordained deacon. He traveled one year more, and was compelled to ask a discontinuance, that he might perfect the title to certain lands that his father had given him. This occupied him till 1872, when he again entered the Conference. Of studious habits, he did not neglect his books while engaged on the farm. He was faithful wherever sent; and the people to whom he ministered felt that they had a pure-minded man of God for their pastor. In the latter years of his ministry his health began gradually to decline, and yet he never relaxed his labors or spared himself, but pressed on, doing all in his power for his Master. His last appointment was the Potter Valley and Upper Lake Circuit. Toward the latter part of the Conference-year his health grew rapidly worse. He sought to arrest disease by a visit to some of the numerous mineral springs with which this region abounds, but all in vain. As his end approached, he talked calmly and pleasantly of death. He knew himself to be a servant of the mighty Conqueror of Death, and hence he had no fear of his approach. His ministerial life had been one of sacrifice. Frequently upon poor circuits, he paid out of his own hard-earned means for his own support, that he might have the privilege of preaching the gospel. In all the relations of life he was ever found to be an upright, devoted Christian gentleman.

He had been spending some time at the Witter

Springs, in Lake County, and on the 9th of October, 1878, he started for his home, knowing that his end was near. On the way, when within five miles of his home, he was taken so ill that he had to be taken from the stage to a private house. There was only a lady in the house at the time. Seeing that she was greatly alarmed at his condition, he tried to speak to her. Unable to do so, he motioned for writing material; but when it was brought his hand failed to obey his will, and he sunk in an unconscious state. His wife was sent for, but it was not until the next day that he returned to consciousness. Quietly he gave directions as to the disposition of his children, and then sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. This was October 10th. Twelve days afterward his brethren of the Pacific Conference were answering to roll-call, but he was not, for God had called him from labor to rest.

Alexander Groves came to California in an early day, and settled in Los Angeles County. At that time we had no preachers in that region of the State. The "Irrepressible Conflict," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and books of this ilk were firing the heart of the M. E. Church, and the pulsations of the mighty excitement were felt in all the pulpits of that denomination on this coast. Everywhere there was agitation. At Los Nietos they had a society, and among their members were Alexander Groves and a number of others who had united with them because they were Methodists and wanted a home. But the constant agitation of the subject of Abolitionism in private and public was very distasteful to them. They felt that the house of God should be a place of refuge from political excitement—a place where men of all political views should be allowed to worship

God in quiet; but they found no rest. They applied to their preacher for the address of some Southern Methodist preacher, but he would not give it. When the presiding elder came along he was duly advised of this request, and in writing for the *California Christian Advocate*, he mentioned the fact, and, among other things, said: "These people want a preacher of their own kind, and as I once made a visit to the South, and know something of the *peculiar institution*, perhaps I would suit them." This letter fell under the eye of the Rev. J. F. Blythe, who was at the time (1854) Presiding Elder of the Stockton District. He at once determined to visit that part of the State and investigate for himself the prospect for the establishment of our Church in that county. When he reached Los Nietos, he found that A. Groves, C. C. Snell, J. S. L. Wood and wife, Benjamin Norris and wife, Matthew Tyler, Edward Russell, and Mrs. King, had withdrawn from the M. E. Church and organized a class of their own, and were holding weekly meetings. Brother Blythe preached a number of times for them, and formally organized a class of sixteen members. He left them with the promise that they should have a preacher the next year. Accordingly, J. T. Cox was sent to them from the Conference held in Sacramento, April, 1855. This was the beginning of our Church in that section of the State, that has developed into an Annual Conference of twenty-six preachers and over one thousand members.

Brother Groves was a quiet, unostentatious man, studious and diligent. He filled three appointments in the part of the State now occupied by the Pacific Conference, and then was sent to Los Nietos, and the following year the Los Angeles Conference was formed, and

he remained a member of that Conference. At one time he was almost alone in Arizona, faithful to the Church of his love, laboring to establish Southern Methodism among the people of that Territory.

Joel Hedgpeth was born in Buchanan County, Missouri, December 18, 1840. He was converted and joined the M. E. Church, South, at a camp-meeting held on his father's place, in Nodaway County, Mo., in 1854. Soon after the family moved to California. At a camp-meeting held on the Visalia Circuit, near his father's residence, September, 1860, he was licensed to preach, T. C. Barton being the presiding elder. He was ordained deacon at the time he entered Conference, having been a local preacher long enough to entitle him to this order. He is a clear thinker, and most chaste, beautiful preacher. His sermons as he preaches them would read well, so well arranged are they, and so accurate the language in which they are expressed. He is still with us in the full vigor of his manhood.

G. W. Wood was born in the State of Georgia, November, 1809. His parents died while he was yet an infant, and his aged grandmother took him to raise. She also died when he was but about six years of age. This grandmother was a devoted Methodist of the old school, and went regularly to class, taking her little charge with her. Though but a little child, the relation of Christian experience heard in the class-room made a deep impression on him, and there the good seed was sown in his tender heart that germinated after the lapse of fifty years. He came to California in an early day, mingling with the excited throng that rushed here to seek for gold. But amid all the demoralizing influences brought to bear against him, he never lost his self-re-

spect, nor descended from his position as an honorable, high-toned gentleman. He did become skeptical in regard to religion, and was ever bold to declare his want of faith. His greatest delight was to discuss Christianity and tell his objections to it. In May, 1860, he attended a camp-meeting held in Pajaro Valley, near Watsonville. One night, as he rode home from that meeting, near the hour of midnight, the scenes and events that had transpired on the camp-ground fresh in his mind, he was startled by the suggestion: "I wonder if I will ever see my old grandmother again?" His infidelity rushed to this first breach that the Holy Spirit had made in its approach to his heart, and he exclaimed aloud: "Of course not! There is no hereafter." But the thought still haunted him. He became excited, and began to tremble. God seemed near, and the light of his presence revealed the utter fallacy of his skeptical notions. The seemingly impregnable barriers with which he had fortified his soul were tumbling down under that simple question: "I wonder if I will ever see my old grandmother again?" He seemed again to hear her simple story of love and trust. He felt the touch of her hand on his head He *knew* she had been sincere in her professions of the religion of Jesus. He could not doubt *her*, if he did doubt the very existence of God. When he reached home, and had put up his horse, he went in and threw himself upon his bed, and tried to shut out the scenes of his childhood, and hush the voices that sounded in his heart from the class-room and love-feast of the long ago. But it was all in vain. He became so deeply convicted that he thought he should die. He thought he would go back to the camp-ground and tell the preachers his troubles, and see if they

could not help him. But then he knew it was after midnight, and he concluded to wait till morning, if God would let him live that long. So deep was his distress that he began calling upon God for mercy and for pardon, and before the dawn he heard and answered. The next day he came to the meeting to tell us what great things the Lord had done for him.

With characteristic zeal he sought at once to preach the faith which once he destroyed. He was licensed to preach by the Watsonville Quarterly Conference in 1861, and in 1862 he was employed as a local preacher on the King's River Circuit. In 1863 he supplied the Dry Town and Michigan Bar Circuit. On September 4 1864, he was ordained deacon, and supplied the Sonora Circuit. In 1866 he was received on trial into the Conference and sent to the French Camp Circuit, with instructions from the Bishop to spend most of his time and labor in rebuilding the Stockton church, that had been partly destroyed by fire. We had no preacher stationed in Stockton for a time, and the church had been rented for school purposes to the city authorities. He was quite successful in this work. Whatever work he did for the Church he did with all his might. His labors for Christ were not confined to the pulpit, but his most effective work was done in the family circle. Gifted with rare conversational powers, he used these powers in directing men and women to Christ. He was very successful in building up the Church and securing revivals wherever he labored. When admonished by his physician and friends that his labors were too great, and that he could not endure them, his reply was: "I want to die with the harness on." God gave him the desire of his heart, for on September 14, 1871,

on his way to his last appointment, when within two miles of Plainsburg, while seated in his buggy, angels swept down the sky and bore the old soldier to his home in paradise.

He was one of the few preachers who made it his business to sell religious books among the people, and to-day, all over the circuits he traveled, may be found Methodist books that had been dropped here and there, to do good after he was gone.

The previous year O. P. Fitzgerald had been stationed in San Francisco, and in addition to his pastoral work he had commenced the publication of the paper under the title of *The Christian Spectator*. C. A. Klose took the financial management of it, and by both these brethren giving their services without pecuniary reward, they were enabled to report at Conference that they had brought it safely through the year not only without a dollar's indebtedness, but with a small balance in its favor. This subject of sustaining a paper by our Conference has been one that has tried the nerves and fathomed the capacity of both preachers and laymen. It has been a constant struggle to keep one afloat. The membership of our Church is so limited on the coast, and so few of the friends on the Atlantic side feel enough of interest to take it, that it has ever been a battle for mere existence. But, with the exceptions of brief periods, we have managed to sustain one, and the universal verdict of Bishops and friends from a distance is that our paper, in point of real merit, ranks among the best.

Though the Columbia Conference had been organized out of a part of our members, yet we were enabled to report 39 Sunday-schools with 217 officers and teachers, 1,480 scholars, 4,885 volumes in library, $965.60 col-

lected for Sunday-school purposes, and 21 conversions among the children. We also reported 29 churches, valued at $61,800; 22 parsonages, valued at $11,765; while there had been 435 conversions.

The Columbia Conference was organized by Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh, September, 1866. The following preachers were present, and took part in the organization: C. H. E. Newton, A. E. Sears, James Kelsay, D. C. McFarland, J. B. Short, Levi Van Slyke, W. A. Finley, R. C. Martin, D. M. Rice, Thomas Brown, A. C. Howlett, J. Emery, J. W. Craig, and R. C. Oglesby.

These were a faithful band of tried soldiers of Jesus Christ. Theirs had been no easy task. While there was a door of usefulness open before them, "there were many adversaries," and the opposition they met was bitter and of long continuance.

There never has been, there never will be, a time when there will be no call for self-denial and sacrifice for the cause of Christ. We may be disposed to look back to the days of our fathers, when amid untold hardships they planted Methodism on this continent—when on horseback they threaded the blazed paths in the deep solitude of the wilderness, hunting up the hardy pioneer and preaching to him Jesus, encountering the fierce wild beasts and not less savage red men, swimming swollen torrents of unknown depth, often spending the nights hungry and cold, with the gathered leaves for a bed, a saddle for a pillow, and a saddle-blanket for a cover. We look at these and say, These were heroes, and we shall never look upon their like again. But were the history of our brethren in Oregon faithfully portrayed, it would be a companion picture to that that illustrates the work of these fathers. Christ has never

wanted for faithful, brave soldiers—soldiers like Ezekiel, who was told not to fear, "though briers and thorns be with him, and though he should dwell among scorpions." The promise of God was that he would "make his face strong against their face, and his forehead strong against their forehead — as an adamant harder than flint had he made his forehead." The men who planted Southern Methodism in Oregon had to be not only men of courage, but men of endurance, men fully consecrated to the cause of Christ, who would count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus their Lord. Hear one of them:

As to how we got along, you may suppose we had trouble. Our enemies tried to set us in the wrong light, and falsely accused us of being secretly sent out there as secession sympathizers, and in league with the Rebellion. We were plied with questions as to our political views and alliances. One man was so anxious to know my politics that he pressed me one day to tell him what I was politically. Well, I told him I was a Secessionist and a Union man both. Then he wanted me to explain myself. I told him I believed in seceding from every thing that is wrong, and I believed in union with God and every thing that is good and right. What do you think of my position? He said I was right, and from thenceforth asked me no more questions about politics.

We had a hard time financially. Our wants were poorly supplied, we had no missionary appropriations, and our pay was very small. We sometimes went hungry, and wore clothes that were not of the finest or most expensive. We traveled in summer through heat and dust, and in winter through drifting snows and beating rains, muddy roads and high waters, pelting storms and freezing nights. But out of all these troubles the Lord brought us in peace.

At one of my camp-meetings trouble was anticipated, but every thing was quiet until about one o'clock on Sunday, when an old gentleman took me aside and said: "Parson, you will find something under the head of your bed If you have no use for it,

you can let it stay there. but if you need it, you will have it." When I went and raised the bed, there, to my astonishment, lay a belt with a large Colt's revolver and a Bowie-knife. But I had no use for such carnal weapons The Lord was our defense, and there was no disturbance. I learned afterward that the plans had all been laid to break up the meeting, but our enemies found that our friends were on the ground prepared to meet force with force, and they wisely forbore.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE seventeenth session was held in San Jose, October 1, 1867, and was presided over by Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh. He had not left the coast since the last Conference, but had traveled extensively through both California and Oregon, visiting all parts of the work and preaching constantly. It was wonderful what amount of preaching he was able to do, and did do.

During this year he surrendered himself to the will of his brethren, and went wherever they directed, and preached as often as they desired him. He traveled well, ate well, slept well, and preached well. In fact, preaching seemed to have been his chief delight. Had he ceased his pulpit labors at once, no doubt the reaction would have been fatal. He cared not where he preached. He was just as willing to go into some little schoolhouse in an obscure neighborhood and pour forth strains of gospel eloquence for an hour and a half as to enter the carpeted pulpit of some lofty city church where waiting hundreds were ready to listen to his stirring strains.

After the usual opening exercises of the Conference, he in a brief and very impressive speech gave an account of his extensive travels and labors during the year in California and Oregon. His remarks inspired all hearts with encouragement as to our work on the coast.

He saw every thing in the outlook to woo us on to more of zeal and labor.

John M. Alsanson was the only candidate for admission on trial at this Conference. The following brief history of his conversion and connection with our Church we give from his own pen:

I was born August 2, 1828, in Goetzis, near Lake Constance, on the Rhine, in Tyrol, Austria, and reared in the Catholic faith. My parents were pious and observed family worship. When about ten years of age, in company with other children, one Sunday afternoon, the services for the day being over, but the doors being left open till the ringing of the curfew bell, I went into the village church. It was in Lent, when the four altars of the church were decorated with huge pictures of our Lord's passion, as is customary in Catholic churches during that period. Whilst contemplating these pictures, a strange and wonderful feeling came over me. Tears burst from my eyes, indescribable emotions swelled up in my childish heart, prominent among which was love to Him who endured so much for my sake. It made a deep and ineradicable impression. True, it was lost sight of and almost forgotten in the subsequent years of an unbelieving, worldly, and wicked life, brought about, no doubt, to a great extent by association and intercourse with wicked companions, and the glaring inconsistencies and immoralities of some of the Catholic priests, such as drunkenness, gambling, and irreverence of God and religion. Some of the instructors in the schools which I subsequently attended were men of this character. The result was that the majority of the 1,200 students at the University of Innsbruck became skeptical, if not outright infidel, in their tendencies. Such was my condition. Religiously I was at sea—had no definite ideas, no creed, and knew nothing of the Bible, as I had no access to it. But then I knew something of the doctrines, the rites, and superstitions of Romanism, which had been taught to me all along from childhood. This was my religious status when about twenty years old, in 1848, when my whole life-current started off in a different direction.

The mode of education and choosing a life-calling in Europe

especially in my native country, forty-five years ago, differs greatly from that which obtains here. After an eight-years' course of study—six at the gymnasium, as it is termed, and two at the University—the students had to select out of the three professional courses, as they were called—medicine, jurisprudence, theology—or enter some polytechnical institute. All of these courses were very expensive, except theology, where board and tuition, in fact, every thing, was free. Hence the sons of poor parents had no other opening but that of the priesthood. My means, being an orphan, were almost exhausted, and the priesthood being so repulsive to me, I concluded to come to America. I landed in New Orleans, January 1, 1849. I afterward went to Ohio, thence to Missouri, spending three years in these two States. In 1852 I came to California. For years I gave no attention to the subject of religion. In the year 1860 I heard the Rev. Samuel Brown preach in a mining-camp near Coulterville, Mariposa County. For many long years I had heard no preaching, had attended no church. His preaching arrested my attention, and the labors of this earnest servant of God changed the whole current of my life. I began to reflect. I was hungry for religious information. I bought a small pocket Bible, the first I ever possessed. It is still in my library. Fletcher's Appeal I also read with interest. The following year, under the ministry of the Rev. George Sim, I united with the Church. When I received Methodist teaching, that remarkable scene, with its concomitant feelings and emotions, in the church of my native village, some twenty-three years before, which had seemingly been forgotten, came back with wonderful vividness. Then I knew what it meant. All was made plain. Christ met me there.

Thus was this man led step by step to the knowledge of God as it is in Christ Jesus. And the awe-stricken boy, amid the flickering tapers and pictures of Romanism on the banks of the Rhine, becomes in the providence of God an able minister of the New Testament among the Sierras of California.

In the fall of 1864, having been recommended by the

Coulterville Class, he was licensed to preach by the Snelling Circuit Quarterly Conference, J. L. Burchard being the presiding elder, and D. A. Jamison secretary.

He was employed in 1866 as a supply on the Sonora Circuit, and the following year admitted on trial in the Pacific Conference.

Brother Alsanson is a tall, slenderly-built Austrian, with a strong German accent. He has ever been a hard student, and, having a retentive memory, he has his mind well supplied with the thoughts of the best authors, is well posted in doctrine, thinks deeply, and expresses his thoughts with clearness and beauty. To the cultivated his accent adds something of a charm to his speech. He is ever earnest in the pulpit, and has done us good work. Those who have sat longest under his ministry appreciate him most. His heart is in the work, and he esteems no labor or self-denial too great to be endured in the service of Him who led him by so strange a path to the enjoyment of the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

As there was but the single applicant for admission, we felt the need of humbling ourselves before God, and hence the following resolution was adopted on the second day of the session:

Resolved, That we will observe the Friday before the first Sunday in December next as a day of fasting and prayer to the great Head of the Church to raise up, call, commission, and send forth laborers into the whitening fields on this coast.

While God fully understands the wants of his Church, he nevertheless has commanded his followers to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers into his harvest, and the Church that fails to do this

will soon find the ranks of her ministry thinned and deserted. A profound sense of this fact pressed itself upon our minds, and hence we resolved to make amends.

During the previous year the Rev. W. T. Luckey, D.D., had resigned the Presidency of Pacific Methodist College. He retired with the love and esteem of all connected with the institution, and the Rev. J. R. Thomas, D.D., LL.D., at the head of Emory College, Oxford, Georgia, was tendered the Presidency. He accepted, and at once came out and assumed control of the college. He was a man of vast learning, and one of the noblest of the noble. He continued President of the college until its removal to Santa Rosa, when he removed to Mendocino County, and has lived in retirement ever since. He was once or twice elected Superintendent of Public Instruction in his county, and several times he has had charge of a school; but he lives in retirement amid the quiet of his little home, exerting a blessed influence on the community in which he dwells.

Among the noble acts of our Conference was the surrender of all the missionary drafts held against the Missionary Board to assist in paying the "old missionary debt." The following is the resolution adopted by the Conference, and cheerfully acquiesced in by those in possession of these drafts:

Resolved, That the preachers of the Pacific Conference holding drafts against the Missionary Society are requested to relinquish the same, and these drafts be placed to the credit of the Pacific Conference in payment of its proportion of the "old missionary debt," as assessed by the late General Conference.

This "old missionary debt" was a debt of honor. During the war our Church was cut off from all com-

munication with the outside world, and we had no means of sending money to sustain our Mission in China. The Rev. Dr. Carleton, of the M. E. Church (North), in the city of New York, took the risk, and sent all the money that was necessary to keep the Mission alive, trusting to the honor of our Church to repay him should we ever be able. When our people came out of the war, utterly ruined financially, one of the first things done by them was to pay this debt. The preachers of the Pacific Conference were poorly able to give up these drafts, but they cheerfully did it to the amount of $2,140, and have never been the poorer for it. We admit that it was not a very equitable way of meeting our share of this old debt, for it forced some of the preachers to pay from one to two hundred dollars, while others who held no drafts paid nothing.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE eighteenth session was held in Sacramento, October 7–17, 1868, Bishop E. M. Marvin presiding. This was Bishop Marvin's first visit to our coast, and this was a stormy and protracted session, lasting ten days. But with the utmost patience did he bear all the responsibilities and labors of the Conference. There had been misunderstandings among some of the members, and a thorough and careful investigation of these things became necessary. But out of all our difficulties the Lord in his kind providence brought us. In many respects it was a memorable Conference. The saintly Marvin came to us in the fullness of the gospel of Christ. He read the parable of the ten virgins, and after some very impressive remarks he conducted a prayer-meeting that was characterized by great fervor and religious interest. He made the impression, without seeming to try to do so, that he was a man who lived near to God. Placed at the head of a band of Methodist preachers, it was an easy matter for him to kindle the deepest devotion, and lead them into a happy state of religious enjoyment.

David F. Overton, Lewis C. Renfro, and J. K. P. Price were received on trial at this Conference.

D. F. Overton, after traveling four years, located, at his own request.

L. C. Renfro was born in Henry County, Missouri, February 1, 1843. His people, who came originally

from Kentucky, were all Missionary Baptists. He was the first of the family to break ranks and join the Methodist Church. The family moved to California, and settled in Yolo County, in 1853. Here he was raised. The foundation of his education was laid in the public schools. At the age of seventeen he was soundly converted to God. He had aspirations for a higher education than the public schools could give him, and turned his thoughts to Pacific Methodist College, then in its infancy. He entered college in the fall of 1861, and continued his course until he graduated in 1867. While in college he was upright in all his deportment, and exerted a healthful religious influence among his fellow-students. The visits of his pastor to his little "cabin on the hill" were always met with a cordiality that showed that he appreciated them. Soon after his conversion he was put to work. In college he did not refuse when called upon to do any thing for the Master. Hence he has never known any thing else than to work and to prosper. He heard the voice of Jesus in the beginning of his Christian career, "Occupy till I come," and he has never known a period of idleness.

He taught school for a year after graduation, and then entered the itinerancy, where he has found abundant opportunity to work for God and his Church. His indefatigable labors have brought prosperity to the Church wherever he has been sent.

He had hard work completing a church in Colusa his first year, and yet he found time to complete two years' study in one, passed a creditable examination, and was ordained deacon by Bishop Marvin at the ensuing Conference

He has filled some important stations, and always does his work well.

In 1871 he was elected Assistant Secretary of the Conference, and served in that capacity till 1877, when he was elected Secretary, which position he has held to the present. His records pass unchallenged by General Conference committees. His motto is, "Faithfulness in small as well as great matters."

J. K. P. Price was born in Sebastian County, Arkansas, June 30, 1843. His family moved to California in 1853. In the fall of 1858, at a camp-meeting held by the Rev. J. Kelsay, he was converted. Some years after he felt moved to preach the gospel, and, conferring not with flesh and blood, he gave himself unreservedly to the work of God. Naturally of a timid disposition, he at first had a hard struggle. But encouraged by his brethren and a strong sense of duty, he pressed on in his noble work, steadily rising in usefulness until he has reached the presiding eldership.

He, like many others, owes much to the pious atmosphere that surrounded his early life in the home circle. His parents were deeply pious, and he saw in those he loved best the marks and signs of genuine Christianity.

There were reported at this Conference 50 Sunday-schools, with 345 officers and teachers, 1,891 pupils, 66 conversions among the children, and $1,451.75 collected and expended for Sunday-school purposes. The net increase in the membership of the Church was 260, and the net increase in Church-property was $5,429.

Thus we were steadily advancing in all the interests of the Church; and although we were not making the rapid strides of many who belonged to the older Con-

ferences, and who could not appreciate the difficulties with which we had to contend, yet this was encouraging. Sometimes not to lose is to gain. Simply holding one's position is worth as much in the final summing up as to advance.

For two or three years O. P. Fitzgerald had been editing *The Christian Spectator* at his own risk. It was not in the hands of the Conference, and although it was looked upon as our paper, yet it was an individual enterprise; and the Conference and Church were under a lasting debt of obligation to Dr. Fitzgerald for this paper. It had won its way to prominence, was now upon what was regarded as a safe basis, and the Conference therefore adopted it as their organ, pledging themselves for its support.

Bishop Marvin remained on the coast during the year, visiting from place to place, and preaching and laboring in revivals wherever he went. He would preach, and when penitents presented themselves at the altar for prayers, he came down among them and labored with all the ardor and zeal necessary, never sparing himself. He strengthened the hands of the ministers and Church wherever he went.

His stay and labors with us demonstrated the importance to us and our work of a Bishop remaining on the coast all the while. Our work on this coast was peculiar, and we needed some one like Bishop Marvin to direct and assist us in sustaining the Church and carrying on the work in which we are engaged; and we hope yet to see the day when one of our General Superintendents will reside in the State.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE nineteenth session was held in Vacaville, in the college-building, beginning October 6, 1869, Bishop E. M. Marvin again presiding. His stay with us during the year had bound him closely to all our hearts. He had spent two weeks in Vacaville, laboring in an extensive revival of religion, in which many of the students had been converted, and the Church strengthened and blessed. The citizens and students there were sharers in the pleasures of this Conference.

We had but a single applicant for admission on trial in the Conference—J. W. Allen—recommended from the Los Angeles District. He was appointed as assistant or junior preacher on the San Bernardino Circuit with M. W. Glover, and when the Los Angeles Conference was organized he remained with it, and is still an honored member of that body.

Four were re-admitted—viz.: J. P. Jones, formerly of the Montgomery Conference; J. L. Brown, of the Missouri Conference; and J. M. Lovell and A. M. Bailey, formerly of the Pacific Conference. Of the last two we have spoken elsewhere.

J. P. Jones was a good preacher and useful man. It was through his labors and instrumentality that the church in Vacaville was erected. We had always used the college chapel as a place of worship, but he, with others, thought we ought to have a church-building, and it was accordingly put up in 1871.

He labored with us until 1873, when he located, at his own request. Afterward he united with the Los Angeles Conference, but is again in the local ranks.

J. L. Brown was sent to San Luis Obispo, and also became a member of the Los Angeles Conference at its organization, we believe.

We received by transfer J. Kelsay, D. M. Rice, J. W. Craig, and John Wood, from the Columbia Conference. All, except the last named, were in orders. He was in his first year. Also Abram Adams, from the Mobile Conference.

Kelsay and Rice had been members of the Pacific Conference.

J. W Craig was an Oregon-made preacher. He was licensed to preach while he was yet a lad, and from the first he gave promise of great power and usefulness. He was eminently scriptural in his preaching; besides, there was an unction accompanying all his ministrations that held his audiences spell-bound. No young man ever licensed on the coast gave richer promise of usefulness than he. But from some cause in after-years he seemed to be shorn of much of his strength. He remained a member of the Pacific Conference until 1874, when he returned to his native Conference.

John Wood was a young man, a brother-in-law of J. W. Craig. He did good work in our Conference for a number of years, when he transferred to the Los Angeles Conference, where he still labors.

A. Adams was sent to San Bernardino Circuit, and as that point was in the bounds of the Los Angeles Conference at its organization, he remained in that Conference.

At this session a committee, consisting of Jesse Wood, Samuel Brown, M. W. Glover, J. G. Shelton, and L. J. Hedgpeth, was appointed to prepare and report a plan for a Church Extension Society; and in due time they presented the following plan, which was adopted and put into immediate execution:

Your committee, appointed to report a plan for the organization of a Church Extension Society, beg leave to offer as their report the following resolutions:

Resolved, 1. That we organize a permanent Society, to be styled "The Church Extension Society of the Pacific Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South."

2. That the Society shall be composed of a President to be appointed by the Bishop from among the preachers of this Conference, a Vice-president, Secretary, and Treasurer, and a Board of Directors, composed of one preacher in each presiding elder's district in the Conference. All of them shall be elected annually by the Conference.

3. That when all the officers and directors have had sufficient notice given them of a meeting, the presence of five others, with the President, shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

4. That the presiding elders of the Conference shall be *ex officio* Corresponding Secretaries of the Society, whose duty it shall be to furnish information to the Society of means and measures within their districts.

5. That it shall be the duty of the Society (1) to devise a plan for raising funds to aid in purchasing church and parsonage lots in desirable places, aid in erecting church and parsonage buildings thereon, and for the support of its own missionaries; (2) to procure from the local ranks or otherwise ministerial aid for the occupation of new territory, subject to the jurisdiction of the presiding elder nearest the work; (3) to furnish information as to the dimensions, style, and probable cost of church-buildings and parsonages.

6. That the Bishop be requested to appoint a missionary, to act under the direction of the Society, for the furtherance of its objects, whose salary shall be paid out of the funds of the Society.

So it will be seen that the Pacific Conference moved in advance of the General Conference on this line a number of years. We saw and felt the necessity of such an organization; and although in its practical workings it did not accomplish any great things, yet it showed the wisdom of our Conference in its organization.

There had been a good deal of antagonism between ours and the M. E. Church (no fault of ours); but now they seemed inclined to cultivate more fraternal relations with us; and the California Conference of the M. E. Church, at its session a few weeks previous to ours, appointed a committee of two of their leading members—viz., E. Thomas, D.D., and M. C. Briggs, D.D.—as fraternal delegates to the Pacific Conference, who, upon their introduction, presented the following written expressions of fraternity:

To the Bishop and Members of the Pacific Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Dear Fathers and Brethren:—At the late session of the California Conference of the M. E. Church, the undersigned were appointed to attend your session, and bear to you the fraternal considerations and greetings of that body. In pursuance of that appointment and the mission it implies, we salute you in the name of our common Lord, and in the faith and interests of our common Methodism.

Having a common origin and aim, and—abating a regretful parenthesis of some twenty-five years—a common history, it seems to us duly right and proper that we should cultivate the amenities and exchange the courtesies that pertain to Christian brotherhood, and that are pre-eminently fitting among those whose peculiar views of gospel truth make pre-eminent the profoundest and most comprehensive charity—supreme love to our Lord Jesus Christ—and from equal love to each other. To our apprehension the harmony of union, communion, and co-opera-

tion must come of the charity that hopeth all things, thinketh no evil, never faileth. We are persuaded that this love—heaven-descended—is possessing in large and augmenting measure hearts too long estranged, and that its frank expression and free outflow will refresh and render fruitful places of Zion long waste and desolate.

The occasion or cause of our separation, and the too passionate controversy thence arising, we would remember only as incentives to hearty and deep repentance, and as the inclination to a higher and sublime devotion to our divine and cherished mission—spread of scriptural holiness over these lands—in the restored oneness for which we now love to hope and pray; one leadership, the exponent of which is our itinerant General Superintendency; one sentiment animating the entire forces of American Methodism, the energy of our wonderful and aggressive system; the pure faith and rich experience of our fathers, held and realized by all the embattled hosts of our Zion; our only foes irrational and credulous skepticism, arrogant and ambitious popery, absorbing and consuming worldliness, and all the forms and phases of vice thence arising. These considerations granted, we may push the conquests of the Cross over all the regions wasted by sin, and hasten the reign of righteousness and peace.

Tendencies to organic union are marked among the religious bodies. Nor can we fail to note that divine and all-embracing charity pauses not at lines of sect or party, but is self-diffusing as the light, and warming as the sun's rays, and seeks to make itself universal. We have no theory to present, or plans or measures to name. Nor are we charged with proposals. We come as brothers from brothers with fraternal salutations. If your hearts are as our hearts, give us your hands, and the union of hearts and hands in the service of the Lord will overcome the obstacles of official and organic union—the consummation which will hasten the era of peace on earth and good-will to men, as it will heighten to joy of heaven. [Signed] E. Thomas,
M. C. Briggs.

O. P. Fitzgerald, W. R. Gober, and J. C. Simmons

were appointed a committee to respond. In due time they made the following response:

Fraternal Messengers:—The undersigned, appointed by this body to respond to the address presented by the Rev. Drs. E. Thomas and M. C. Briggs, as fraternal delegates from the California Conference of the M. E. Church to the Pacific Conference, feel fully assured that they are the exponents of the real sentiments of our preachers and people when they say that they hail this overture for more friendly relations with devout and profound gratification. It is our hope and prayer that the tendency and movement toward a better understanding and relations—when in the spirit of our holy Christianity—will continue and increase; that God may be glorified, and that the kingdom of our common Lord may be advanced. Reciprocating cordially the kindly spirit and fraternal expressions contained in the address of these brethren, we recommend the appointment of two members of the Pacific Conference as fraternal messengers to the California Conference at its next session.

[Signed] O. P. FITZGERALD,
W. R. GOBER,
J. C. SIMMONS.

After quite a number of kindly speeches had been made on the part of members of the Conference, Bishop Marvin made some telling remarks with reference to the M. E. Church still holding property that belonged to us in various parts of the country, that had been wrested from us by the strong hand of war. He said that he wanted to see this property restored before the hand of fraternity was extended; that, as a man that loved righteousness, he could not "gush" with sentiment until wrongs were righted and property restored. And in view of the fact that the Bishops of the two Methodisms were planning for a full and equitable adjustment of the difficulties and differences existing between

the two Churches, the Conference adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That we heartily indorse the reply of our Bishops to the propositions of the Bishops of the M. E. Church (North), made to them at their recent meeting in St. Louis, as appropriate, kind, and Christian in its diction, tone, and sentiment.

[Signed] Jesse Wood,
Samuel Brown

The propositions referred to came from the College of Northern Bishops, expressed to our Bishops in their annual meeting in St. Louis, in May of this year (1869), conveyed by Bishops Janes and Simpson. This overture resulted in what is known as the "Cape May Commission," at which "conflicting claims to property were adjudicated, both on general principles and in special cases; and directions were laid down regulating the occupation of places, as well as property."

This Joint Commission, which held its sessions from August 17 to 23, 1876, in the beginning of their deliberations, without a dissenting voice, adopted this basis and declaration of the two Churches:

Status of the Methodist Episcopal Church and of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and their co-ordinate relations as legitimate branches of Episcopal Methodism.

Each of said Church is a legitimate branch of Episcopal Methodism in the United States, having a common origin in the Methodist Episcopal Church organized in 1784, and since the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was consummated in 1846 by the voluntary exercise of the right of the Southern Annual Conferences, ministers, and members to adhere to that communion, it has been an evangelical Church, reared on scriptural foundations, and her ministers and members, with those of the Methodist Episcopal Church, have constituted one family, though in distinct ecclesiastical connections.

The results of this Commission were finally indorsed by the ecclesiastical bodies of both Churches.

The delegates to the ensuing General Conference elected at this Conference were—clerical, O. Fisher, T. C. Barton, and E. K. Miller; lay, W. T. Rucker, W. E. Cocke, and W. R. Bane.

A review of the year's labors by the Committee on the State of the Work filled them with gratitude for the success that had attended our labors. They say: "The state of the work is decidedly encouraging, whether we regard it from material or spiritual stand-points, in its actual, comparative, or prospective aspects. . . . . Church-property has been acquired, beautiful temples have been erected and dedicated to God, pecuniary embarrassments have been removed out of the way of both Church and educational enterprises, new projects have been inaugurated, new fields have been entered and occupied, and yet so inviting is the territory still beyond us that the heart of every devoted member of our little band pulsates with renewed ardor as he lifts up his eyes to the whitening fields and catches the sentiment of apostolic zeal to carry the gospel to the regions beyond. . . . Our statistical exhibit this year will show an increase of membership over the preceding of some 572. . . . . Our future, brethren, on this coast is a glorious one, if we are true to ourselves, our Church, and our God."

CHAPTER XX.

THE twentieth session was held in Stockton, October 5, 1870, Bishop W. M. Wightman presiding. This was Bishop Wightman's first visit to our Conference, and we were very much impressed with his dignity and scholarly appearance.

Only three candidates for admission presented themselves at this session—Robert H. Rhodes, from Stockton Station; Asbury P. Black, from Millerton Circuit; and Thomas K. Howell, from Visalia Circuit. All were admitted.

R. H. Rhodes was sent as junior preacher on the Santa Clara Circuit, but gave up the work after a few months' trial, and was discontinued at his own request at the ensuing session.

A. P. Black was born in Cherokee County, Ga., November 8, 1842. He was one who sought the Lord in childhood. He united with the Church when but nine years of age, although he did not experience a satisfactory change of heart until in his thirteenth year. He was teaching school in his native State when the late Civil War occurred. He was then but nineteen years of age. Promptly closing his school, he enlisted as a soldier; and although so young, his virtues were so much appreciated that he was placed in various positions of trust and responsibility. But amid all the excitement, turmoil, and temptation of that awful period, he never forgot that he was a soldier of Jesus Christ, nor that his first

allegiance was to him. His Bible was his constant companion, and night and morning in his tent he read its sacred words of comfort and consolation.

In the year 1866 he was licensed to preach by the Quarterly Conference of Calhoun Circuit, North Georgia Conference. In 1869 he came to California and located in the bounds of the Millerton Circuit. He was in feeble health when he joined the Conference. His first work was on the Stockton Circuit. His zeal and faithfulness on that work left the impression upon saint and sinner that he was a good man. A foreigner, contemplating his character, once remarked: "I think he is the best man I ever saw. If preachers were all as earnest, faithful, and pious as he is, they would convert the world."

The next year he was sent to the Sonora Circuit. Here he soon won all hearts, working diligently and prayerfully for the Master. His labors at the close of the year culminated in a glorious revival of religion. Although the people of the circuit knew that his health was hopelessly gone, yet they desired his return, and he was accordingly sent back. He preached but five sermons after Conference, when he turned his steps to the little parsonage, that an affectionate people had fitted up for him, to await the end For two long months or more he had to wait and suffer the will of his Saviour. During this period of waiting he talked to all who came to see him, impressing them with the fact that it was good to trust Christ and be resigned to his will. When the final hour came, calling his wife and children to his bedside, he gave them his parting benediction, and with the expression, "Blessed Jesus!" upon his lips, he fell asleep.

Thomas K. Howell was born in Pope County, Arkansas, September 17, 1843. He was another example of early piety. When but a little child he became much interested on the subject of religion. His mother taught him the usual prayer of childhood: "Now I lay me down to sleep." This he could not comprehend, and asked her to give him a prayer that he could understand, when she gave him the following formula that pleased him, and that he repeated many times a day: "O Lord, make me a good boy; help me to obey my mother, and when I get to be a man, make me a good Christian." When in his sixteenth year he became deeply concerned about his soul's salvation, and sought for the evidence of his acceptance with God with all his heart; and while raking hay in his father's field, God let in the light of his Spirit and thrilled him with the consciousness of pardon. With this blessing came the call to work for Jesus. At once he began to cast about in his mind how he could best fulfill the will of God. His first desire was for an education. He entered Pacific Methodist College, and graduated in 1867. He was soon called to a chair in Visalia Seminary, which he filled to the entire satisfaction of all concerned for the space of three years.

His first appointment was to the Visalia Station, where he labored with great acceptability among the people with whom he had lived three years. The next year he was sent to Vacaville, where he had been educated. His consistent life in college only prepared the way for usefulness on this charge. He was very successful here. The next appointment given him was Petaluma. He went and preached the first Sabbath after Conference, and returned to Vacaville to close up

his matters there, and make a short visit to his parents in Copperopolis.

In conversation with his mother, who had always been his spiritual adviser, soon after his arrival, he spoke of his own labors to build up the cause of Christ. He said it did seem to him that the gospel of Jesus was so precious, and so well adapted to the wants of our race, that when he presented it to the people they would embrace it gladly. "But," said he, "they do not; and I fear I am not sufficiently holy myself, and I thought I would come home, and here in these mountains I would fast and pray until God would bless me with more of his Spirit, and thus fit me for his work."

The following Sabbath his mother found him alone, with tears running down his cheeks (a very unusual thing with him—he scarcely ever wept). At her approach he said, "O mother, I have had such overwhelming manifestations of the goodness of God I am melted into tenderness! I cannot help weeping."

Soon after reaching home he was attacked with intermittent congestive fever, accompanied with hemorrhage of the lungs. After the first attack he grew better, and his friends thought he would soon get well; but a more violent attack dashed all their hopes, and they felt that God had led him home to die. He "was tranquil amid alarms," and with perfect composure arranged all his worldly business, not forgetting his *Alma Mater*, leaving one hundred dollars of his little store for Pacific Methodist College. When he mentioned some of his brethren in the ministry to whom he was ardently attached, his brother proposed to telegraph for them. "No," said he; "they are all at work for Jesus, and it won't do to call them away from their work."

He talked all the time of the Church, expressing the most ardent desire for its prosperity and success. Even when in delirium, his mind in its wandering dwelt on nothing else. The most hallowed influences filled the room where God's chosen servant was waiting for the heavenly messengers. Just before he died, he said, "Jesus, precious Jesus! my race is almost run. I have followed Jesus faithfully. I shall soon be in heaven. God bless you all." His dying ear caught the sound of coming bands of angels, and he spoke of their music, saying, "Do you hear the singing of that band of angels? I can hear it distinctly." The voices of these celestial messengers fell upon his ear ere the vail of his earthly tabernacle was rent. The whole community was deeply moved by his death. One man, a professed infidel, as he stood by the corpse, said, "If there is a heaven, Tommy Howell has gone there." His death occurred December 3, 1872.

Thus these two loving, sweet-spirited young preachers entered the Conference together, and were both called from labor within a few months of each other.

No subject that has ever engaged the attention of the Pacific Conference has given it more solicitude than the sustaining of a religious paper in our midst. At almost every Conference it has come in for its full share of attention. And the appeals for help have been urgent and long-continued. For several years O. P. Fitzgerald had been editing *The Christian Spectator*, and carrying much of its burden. But a change was thought by some to be for the best; and while the Conference by formal action said, "While we express our appreciation of the ability of the Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald as an editor, and our high estimate of his services in

that capacity, we indorse the action of the Publishing Committee in assuming the editorial management of the paper during the past year, and we heartily tender to the members of that committee, and also to W. B. Parsons, who has so efficiently co-operated with them, our cordial and hearty thanks for the able and efficient manner in which they have discharged the difficult and delicate duties devolving upon them. We also take pleasure in expressing our confidence in C. A. Klose, and our high appreciation of the services he has rendered to Southern Methodism on this coast in publishing the *Spectator*."

Dr. Fitzgerald was at the time State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and during the year some misunderstanding had arisen between him and the publisher with reference to certain modes of obtaining advertisements for the paper that became a matter of conscience with Dr. Fitzgerald, and for much of the year the Publishing Committee had had entire control of it. At this Conference an Editorial Committee, consisting of W R. Gober, W. F. Compton, and G. Sim, was appointed, with Wick. B. Parsons, a layman, as managing editor. This arrangement lasted for one year, when Wick. B. Parsons offered to take the entire control of the paper, and publish it for the Conference, and C. A. Klose was instructed to turn over to Brother Parsons all the property of the office. Its name was changed back to *Pacific Methodist*, and since then Wick. B. Parsons has been the sole editor.

It was during this year that the Board of Trustees of Pacific Methodist College, at their annual meeting in May, had brought before them the question of the removal of the college.

Vacaville had been selected mainly because buildings were already on the ground. It was regarded as a healthy location, and we could commence operations at once. But after a ten years' experience, we began to discover our mistake. While we had enjoyed a measure of prosperity, we felt that we had come far short of what ought to be our growth and standing, after all the labor and means expended there. Some of the leading members of the little community were opposed to us, and were throwing their weight of influence against us. We felt that there were other communities in the State that would extend to us much more of sympathy and patronage than we were receiving here, and the question was brought squarely before the Board at its meeting. The matter was discussed at length, and propositions were made to make the change, provided any other community would offer greater inducements than we enjoyed at Vacaville. At the same time, the opportunity was given the latter place to make propositions to us to have the college remain in their midst.

The friends of Vacaville, seeing what they were about to lose by their own action, rallied, and asked a sufficient delay to enable them to see what could be done for the college in their midst. The counties of Solano and Yolo were canvassed by an active committee; and though liberal propositions of endowment were made, yet Santa Rosa came in with a bid, pledging themselves to give ten acres of ground in the heart of their city, erect thereon a better building than the one we now occupied, and add $15,000 to our endowment.

Santa Rosa was located in the heart of one of the most beautiful valleys in the State. A railroad from San Francisco was being built, and the climate was all

that we could ask. Under these circumstances it was decided to move, and accordingly the order was given. The buildings at Vacaville were disposed of at a merely nominal figure, and all our interests as a college in that place were sold to the Baptist denomination. They took hold with commendable zeal, but after about the same length of experience as we had had, gave it up, and moved their interests elsewhere.

Immediately after the adjournment of our Conference, Bishop W. M. Wightman proceeded to San Bernardino, where he organized the Los Angeles Conference with the following members: William Moores, M. W. Glover, R. A. Latimer, A. Adams, William Monk, W. A. Spurlock, G. E. Butler, J. E. Miller, D. M. Rice, and Alexander Groves.

This organization took place October 26, 1870. Two of these original members have withdrawn from the communion of our Church—viz., W. A. Spurlock and G. E. Butler. William Monk returned to Texas after a few years, and D. M. Rice has found his way back into the Pacific Conference.

These men deserve more than a passing notice. Some of them have passed in review before us, having formerly been members of the Pacific Conference. We shall avail ourselves of the sketches written by the able pen of the Rev. C. B. Riddick, D.D., now of the Pacific Conference, who wrote them for the *Pacific Methodist*. Dr. Riddick says:

The Rev. William Moores was born in Smith County, Middle Tennessee, January 26, 1808. He preached his first sermon on the 3d of July, 1835. That fall, in October, he was received on trial as a traveling preacher into the Tennessee Conference. In 1838 he trans-

ferred to the Alabama Conference, where he continued for seven years. In 1846 he was transferred to the Arkansas Conference, which at that time included the whole State of Arkansas. A few years after (in 1850 or 1851), the Little Rock (formerly called Ouachita) Conference was formed, and he remained in that Conference until the fall of 1869, when he was transferred to California—remaining, however, in the Little Rock Conference, on Ouachita Circuit, until August, 1870, when he came West, and was present, as before stated, at the organization of the Los Angeles Conference. He traveled both the Los Angeles and Santa Barbara Districts, and labored on station and circuit work until 1882, when, at San Luis Obispo, he was superannuated, which relation he now sustains. Tennessee, Alabama, Arkansas, and California! Veteran of half a century, well done! Over all these broad lands has he gone, preaching the gospel, and thousands have been led from "sin's destructive way" under his ministry.

Brother Moores is a unique man. His convictions are so deep that those who do not understand him often construe them into prejudices. He is regarded by some as an austere, intolerant man, but I have never found him so. He has always been as gentle as a woman to me, and who that has ever visited him at his own house, and witnessed his genial, child-like spirit in the midst of his family, can have such a thought of him? I feel richer to-day for having known this holy man of God, and indeed, my wife and self have learned to reverence, with a feeling akin to filial devotion, the almost sacred and altogether saintly presence of Father Moores. I can never forget the first time I saw him—a bronzed, stalwart-looking old gentleman, at home on a visit to

his family from the far-off Santa Barbara District. I remember he found some objection to my wife's dress, but he did it in such a gentle, sweet-spirited way, that to this day she loves him as a father. He is a strong preacher, and at times rises to heights of startling and impassioned speech.

He is a firm believer in Christian perfection as "a second blessing," and in his old age, as he nears the "valley of shadows," he seems greatly moved on this subject. Grand old man! *he lives holiness*, and who will quarrel with him whether it be a gradual or instantaneous work? At the last session of the Los Angeles Conference I was compelled, as his presiding elder, to approach him on the subject, having learned that he had joined a "Band of Holiness," under the auspices of the "Southern California and Arizona Holiness Association." I thought I knew the man well enough to be sure that he meant no wrong to the Church that had licensed him to preach, and under whose vows of ordination he had so long "gone in and out" as a preacher, and I was not mistaken. Who that was present at that Annual Conference in Los Angeles City last fall can forget the occasion when this venerable man rose up, at the call of his name for passage of character, and stated that if the joining of a band of holiness under what was considered another Church organization had given his brethren offense he was sorry, and he would immediately withdraw from it. At once the sympathies of the whole Conference, so far as I know, were with him, and his character passed without a dissenting voice. There has always been an honest difference of opinion upon this subject among Methodists, as to manner and mode, but never as to the fact and possibility

of Christian holiness; and if a man clings to the Church, that Church whose great mission has been to "spread scriptural holiness over all these lands," I have no quarrel with him. Would to God we were all baptized with the spirit of fire and entire consecration to the great work to which he has called us! I am persuaded, as I grow older, that temperamental differences furnish large grounds for Christian forbearance, and he is wisest and drinks most deeply of the spirit of true religion who cultivates the grace of Christian charity. "And to godliness add," says the apostle, what? Can any thing be added to godliness? Yes—"brotherly kindness." I close this brief sketch with a quotation from a letter received from him a few weeks ago. He will pardon me for introducing it here: "I am now in my 77th year, and I must say, like Jacob of old, few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage. I mourn because I was not fully awakened to the subject of heart purity, entire sanctification, at an early day of my ministry, and induced to seek and obtain that great Bible doctrine in my own experience, then I should have been divinely qualified for the work of the ministry. No one can tell how many more souls I should have been instrumental in saving, and how much bitter heart-sorrow now in my old age I should have been relieved of in retrospecting past life. I am very thankful I have a merciful High Priest, who is touched with the feelings of our infirmities, and is able and willing to save all of them to the uttermost who come to God by him. I would advise you and all young preachers to commence at once to seek this glorious gospel experience, if you would do

good in saving souls and be ready to meet the Master at his call."

Dr. Riddick says of M. W. Glover:

Milton White Glover was born near Bowling Green, Warren County, Kentucky, January 1, 1813. He was licensed to preach on Brush Creek Circuit, Benton County, Mo., by W. W. Redman, presiding elder, in the year 1837; was married to Elizabeth Osborn, October 15, 1839. This faithful wife still survives him. She lives near San Bernardino, with her noble son James, calmly awaiting the summons to come up higher.

It was one of my chief joys, in visiting San Bernardino, to hold my quarterly meetings the past year, to meet this dear, good woman and mother in Israel. She was certain to be present at the Saturday morning service, and there was always a serene joy in her face that to me was an inspiration. She belongs to that illustrious company of women "of whom the world was not worthy," who in the earlier days of Methodism shared with true Christian cheerfulness the privations and toils of their husbands, and often by their unflinching fortitude braced them for more heroic endurance.

He was a member of the Missouri Conference for six years. He then located, but kept up regular appointments until 1850, when he came to California and remained five years, accumulating a very valuable property in Amador County in quartz-mines. In 1855 he returned to Missouri for his family, bringing them with him to California the same year. In 1857 he became involved, and surrendered his entire property to his creditors. Property is a dangerous thing for a Christian minister. A fortune acquired by mining often comes in a day, and as suddenly "takes wings and

flies away." The location of this good man was doubtless the result of delicate health, and yet it did not seem best in the eye of Divine Providence that he should accumulate earthly treasure. Who would have used it to better purpose, so far as all who knew him could see? and yet it was denied him. He was distinguished for his liberality, and yet God did not intrust him with wealth. It might have corroded his pure spirit and secularized him for life. Life at its best is a tangled web, but we may be sure that God has a plan for us—a plan which dominates all our fugitive impulses, our changeful purposes, and unconnected deeds. Event meets and answers event, wrong steps are retrod, broken threads are taken up and worked in, triumphs of faith are set over against failures in faith; and in and through all this strange and mingled discipline we see the grace of God at work to prepare us for the most honorable service and the highest blessedness.

Allow me to say in this connection that it is a dangerous thing for a traveling preacher to locate. Do not locate, my brother, if you have any reasonable evidence of God's blessing upon your past labors. Even if your health fails, and you cannot stand the thickest of the fight, do not ask that your name be stricken from "the roll," but go back to the rear for awhile and join the "ambulance corps." The Conference needs your presence and counsel, and while you are comparatively resting and recruiting your health, you may, by visiting the sick, cheering the afflicted, promptly attending all the means of grace where you live, and occasionally preaching the gospel of resignation and obedience, win your neighbors to Christ, and in God's good time your health may be regained and your way opened for active use-

fulness again in the regular work. I am quite sure that if statistics could be prepared on this subject, the result would show that location "at his own request" in four-fifths of the cases has proved disastrous.

But to return to the subject of this sketch. He accepted the situation, and like an honest man surrendered all he had, and with renewed consecration gave himself for life to the one work of an itinerant preacher. In 1858 he joined the Pacific Conference, and was sent to the Santa Rosa Circuit. He remained in this Conference until the organization of the Los Angeles, in 1870. His last appointment and his first in the Los Angeles Conference was San Bernardino Station. The next year he was sent to Los Angeles City, and then was re-appointed to San Bernardino, making the third year at that place. During this year he built the church (or rather rebuilt it) in which our people there now worship.

His next appointment was San Luis Obispo, where he built another church, now called Glover's Chapel. He was emphatically a church-builder. It was no easy matter in that day to build a church in Southern California. There was no Church-extension then, and the Mission Board was embarrassed—the membership was small and poor, for the most part—and if the preacher did not know the use of tools, and have the will to work, church-building was out of the question. If he were living to-day, you could track his ministry by the churches built.

In San Luis Obispo his health began to decline, and yet in weariness he toiled on, preaching, visiting, and doing with his own hands much of the work upon that house. The next year, 1873, he was sent to San Ber-

nardino Circuit as a sort of mission-work, on which his health utterly broke down. There was no provision made for his support during the year, but that generous, large-hearted man, Dr. Barton, and his excellent wife, invited Brother and Sister Glover to their hospitable home, and kindly cared for them until the next Conference. A thousand blessings upon them for such tender and considerate attention to two of God's aged servants! Dr. Barton is a Baptist, and yet for a whole year he gives a home in his own house to a Methodist preacher and his wife. This very day I was reading an account in the *Argonaut* of his wonderful vineyard and orchard, and as I read, I felt my pulse beat faster, and in my heart I thanked and blessed him for his kindness to these dear old people.

At the next Conference Brother Glover was granted, at his own request, a superannuated relation, and so continued until his death, which occurred April 3, 1877, while he was eating breakfast. His great desire, in regard to his last days on earth, was that he should not linger in a protracted sickness, and his request was granted. Those who were about him in the evening of his life have told me that the nearer the end, the more eager he was to reach it. He never complained of his lot, but delighted to suffer as well as to do God's will. "I glory in my infirmities," said Paul, and blessed be the Lord, thousands of his suffering people have realized a like experience—to die daily, and yet to live; to submit, and yet to conquer. How often it occurs that the most eminent saints pass away without a word of dying testimony! The best testimony is that of the life. What need had those who were nearest this holy man to have a dying message? His daily walk and conversation

gave the most conclusive evidence of what his humble soul contained. I shall never forget his venerable and feeble form, as I saw him at Los Nietos, in 1876. He was a man of fine presence, and there was a seriousness of practical purpose in his very carriage. He was an experimental Christian, and consequently a practical and pointed preacher. We want more of such preaching—that which bears the impress of individual experience—a living gospel that has been felt by the man who proclaims it.

No tribute is worth more than the words which, like the offering of a simple white flower, were uttered by an old friend to the memory of Father Glover: "He was first a true Christian, then a true minister. His mantle has fallen upon a worthy son, who, like his ascended father, is a pillar in the Church of God, and loved by all who know him. We have no more devoted and useful layman in the Los Angeles Conference than James B. Glover, who is liberal to the farthest extent of his ability, and adds to his many noble qualities the highest of all—a tender care for his saintly mother in her declining years."

Of R. A. Latimer Dr. Riddick says:

R. A. Latimer is our stand-by at Santa Ana. To him more than to any other man are we indebted for the neat and comfortable house in which our people worship there. His wise and brotherly counsels were of great service to me when on the district. In former years he was one of our most useful and laborious workmen, and wherever he went as preacher in charge signs of growth and improvement were sure to follow. He and his most excellent wife have a beautiful home at Santa Ana, and the neatness with which that house

and premises are kept is a study and example to every visitor. The Rev. Dr. Finley, so long an esteemed President of Pacific Methodist College, married their only daughter, who, I am told, partakes largely of the sterling qualities of the parents.

Dr. Riddick says of Abram Adams:

Among the most prominent of its members, and the only one of its original number now on the effective list, is the Rev. Abram Adams. John W. Allen is still effective, but he was not then in full connection, but on trial, as we Methodists phrase it. Brother Adams came to California on account of delicate health, and though never robust, he has regularly received an appointment, and been a laborious itinerant from the day of his transfer to the Pacific Conference, in 1869. He displayed good judgment, I think, in buying a valuable home at the outset, and placing his family upon it. He is capable of filling acceptably any pulpit in the Connection, and yet he has been content, since he came West, to travel hard circuits, with meager support in almost every case, discharging the duties of his high vocation without murmuring or hesitancy. "None of these things move me," has been the impelling power of his ministry, and wherever he has gone he has won, by his spotless life and able ministrations of the gospel, the admiration and esteem of the people. By speech and pen he is a keen and ardent controversialist in the lists with whatever seems to him narrow or intolerant, or in any other way untrue. He is a man of vigorous logic, and possesses in no ordinary measure that power which the metaphysicians call "association of ideas." Though not liberally educated, he is a strong thinker, and deeply versed in the theological questions of the day. He is wonder-

fully gifted in fluency of speech, and yet never takes a superficial view of any subject. By diligent study he has become an accomplished and critical expounder of the Scriptures, ranking with the first men of the Church, and, best of all, behind none in the irreproachable consistency of his daily walk.

He was born in Lowndes County, Alabama, March 8, 1831. At three years of age his parents moved to Mississippi, where he grew to manhood. In his fourteenth year he was converted to God, and joined the Church. In April, 1856, he was licensed to preach, and the following December received into the traveling connection. His first year was spent as junior preacher with J. E. Newman, now of Brazil. At the close of that year he was put in charge of Little Zion, at Mobile. The next two years he spent at Wesley Chapel, in the same city. He continued to receive the best appointments in his Conference—such as Columbus, Eutaw, and Marion Stations, and the Tuscaloosa District—among the preachers of which was the now sainted Bishop Wightman. Then followed a year of ill-health, and the following summer he was transferred to the Pacific Conference, and stationed at Los Angeles. Here he organized a Church of eleven, which grew to fourteen—a slow growth to inexperienced eyes, and yet in that year was laid the foundation of the prosperous Society now in that city. In October of the same year the Los Angeles Conference was organized, and he was made Secretary for that and the three following sessions. In 1873 he was elected a delegate to the General Conference which convened in Louisville the next May, and was an active member of that body until sickness prostrated him in the midst of its session. His appoint-

ments in Southern California have always been within the bounds of Los Angeles District, and though he has traveled the entire field, he still retains his popularity as a preacher and his strong hold upon the confidence of the people. He is a most genial companion—at times a little absent-minded, sensitive in his make-up, rather shy of responsibility unless duty imposes it, honorable to the last iota, and generous to a fault in dispensing the hospitality of his quiet home at Savannah. "The string of the latch" is always out at that house. It has always been a wonder to me how Methodist preachers, often with a mere pittance of salary, entertain so much company. It must be a great strain on the good woman of the house, and I am afraid there is sometimes a want of considerateness on our part in placing these burdens on preachers' wives. Sister Adams is one of the excellent of earth, and her worthy and devoted husband will agree with me that, without her wise administration of affairs at home, he could never have maintained his active and useful position in the regular work. She is a model in all respects—intelligent, discreet, practical, "a keeper at home," and, above all, adorning in her daily life the excellency of our holy religion. I thank her to this hour for kindness to me in the by-gone years. I think they have eight or nine children, and such nice children! ranging all the way from eighteen years down to the babe. May the mantle of the father fall upon that dear boy, the eldest son!

To this sketch the Doctor adds: The Rev. Samuel Adams, his brother, is almost one of the original members of this Conference, having joined it the year after its organization. I am sorry my space and time will not allow an extended sketch of him. He and his

brother married sisters, and were alike blessed in the union. He also has eight or nine children, and charming children they are! I never knew a more delightful family. Some people say Abram is far superior to Samuel as a preacher. I think they make the difference too great between the two men. I never heard the latter when I was not profited and instructed. He is not impassioned in the pulpit, but always methodical and true to the text. The love of the two men for each other is simply beautiful.

In writing of P. O. Clayton, Dr. Riddick says:

In his personal appearance he always reminded me of the picture I have seen of the Apostle Peter; and there is some resemblance in the moral characteristics of the two men. I do not think he would have quailed before his accusers, but he would surely have drawn his sword and cut off the ear of Malchus. He has an impetuous devotion to any cause he espouses, and a personal directness of speech that has always made him a man of mark among his brethren. He is every inch a gentleman of the old school. He has an intense hatred of all shams. His natural abilities are of the first order, and he is capable of mastering any subject upon which he bestows his thought. He reads strong books, and but for a physical defect in his utterance, which he has earnestly striven to overcome, he would be a most interesting speaker, and stand in the front rank of expository preachers. One thing is worthy of especial note in his history as a preacher—souls have been converted to God, and on all his charges are to be found the seals of his ministry.

He was licensed to preach in 1846, in La Fayette County, Missouri, and was received on trial into the

St. Louis Conference the same year. He continued to travel in this Conference until 1852, when he was transferred to the Pacific Conference, and sent by the Rev. Dr. Jesse Boring to Napa and Suisun Circuit as junior preacher, B. H. Russell being the preacher in charge. He was appointed the following year by Bishop Soule to Murphy Camp Circuit, then a flourishing mining-town not far from Sonora. This was the first and the only time he ever failed to obey the appointing power. His mother was old and feeble, and required his constant attention at home. I have often heard him refer to this fact in his itinerant life, and the mental conflict he underwent in deciding the question. Duty to his aged mother prevailed. From this time to 1866 he filled various appointments, when he was appointed Presiding Elder of Petaluma (now Santa Rosa) District. The next year he was put in charge of the Mary's (now Colusa) District. He traveled this district for three consecutive years.

In 1872 Bishop McTyeire transferred him to the Los Angeles Conference, and appointed him to New River Circuit. He traveled every year until 1881; from that to 1883 he sustained a supernumerary relation. This year (1884) he is on the Florence Circuit. As I have already said, my acquaintance with him began in 1875, when he was Presiding Elder of the Los Angeles District. The country then was comparatively new, the compensation small, the population sparse, organization imperfect, and yet at the close of his two years on the district there was a manifest improvement in every department of the Church. I doubt if there have been as many conversions in any two years of the same district. Some people say Mr. Clayton is slow (I have

never found him so), that he gets to his appointments behind time, and that but for this he would be a model preacher. Good old Brother McGaw, who is one of his devoted friends, remarked to me once, "Well, if he is slow, he is sure. He always gets there, and we can't say this of every preacher; and when he does get there he always does you good." Mrs. Clayton—who is a genuine itinerant, full of energy, and jealous of her husband's good reputation—had heard this complaint of slowness, and she was determined it should not be so when the time came for the next quarterly-meeting. So on Saturday morning she moved the clock up thirty minutes. She knew her husband had been unjustly charged, that he always made it a point to be on time, and if the clock said eleven, nothing could keep him back. It was precisely so, and that morning he could not even wait for his wife, but hurried to the church, which was only a few steps from his home, and had the lonely pleasure of spending a full half hour in prayerful waiting for his congregation. I had occasion to pass the church-door about this time, and can recall now most vividly the anxious look that was on that presiding elder's face. He never went by that clock any more. His wife insists that he has never since been behind time.

He was one of the first who came to this coast, and is rapidly becoming one of the few who remain of that heroic band that planted our Church in California. Men like P. O. Clayton fill the world with the light of a great hope. What elements of power they wield! what reverence they win! what sanctity they diffuse! Their very presence is a grace, and to have known such men is itself a religion.

Dr. Riddick says of J. E. Miller:

Bear Valley, where we did have a beautiful church built by the indefatigable labors of the Rev. J. H. Sherrard, is about forty miles from the sea-coast. The recent storms did much damage to the house, but Brother Sherrard is already at work, and soon the necessary repairs will be completed. This valley is a large plateau at an elevation of several thousand feet above the level of the sea, nestling among the mountains that rise on every side, and destined to be a populous and thriving settlement. If the people living there possessed the means and the enterprise, this would soon become one of the most prosperous sections of Southern California. Here lives the Rev. Joseph E. Miller, the venerable pioneer, who preached the gospel under the auspices of our Church in that country before even the Los Angeles Conference had been organized. Some years ago he left Los Angeles County to seek a climate more congenial to his declining health, and that climate he found in the mountain-home where he now resides. He was then the only Southern Methodist preacher in San Diego County. Everybody that knows him loves Father Miller, and a brief sketch of his life will be read with interest by hundreds in California.

He was born in Kentucky, June 15, 1811, of Christian parents, who moved to the wilds of Arkansas when he was but a boy. There was no preaching in that part of Arkansas for several years after their arrival, but his religious training was in no wise neglected by his godly father and mother. At home he was taught the importance of dedicating himself in early life to the service of God, and at the age of fifteen joined the Methodist Church as a seeker of religion. He thus continued

until his marriage, which took place when he was about twenty-one years old, and then he gave himself more fully to God, and received the witness of the Spirit in answer to long and earnest prayer. Immediately he erected the family altar, which has been kept up to this hour, after the example of his sainted parents.

He was licensed to exhort in 1834, and to preach in 1837. In 1838 he was ordained deacon, in 1840 elder. He traveled fifteen years in connection with the Methodist Protestant Church in South-western Missouri and North-western Arkansas, during which time he was twice elected President of the Annual Conference. In 1854, on account of failing health, he came to California, and as a local preacher proclaimed the gospel in destitute neighborhoods as opportunity offered. He so continued until 1866, when he was admitted into the Pacific Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and appointed to Snelling Circuit. His next appointment was the Los Angeles District, embracing three counties, and he was the only Southern Methodist preacher then in that vast territory. To him we are largely indebted for the planting of our Church in Southern California. His next appointment was the Santa Barbara District—then the Santa Clara, Los Nietos, and Santa Ana Circuits. The last he traveled three consecutive years, until, at his own request, on account of extreme feebleness, he was granted a superannuated relation. He was present at the organization of the Los Angeles Conference in 1870, from which time he has always been one of its leading and most honored members. During the last four years of his active itinerant life there were added to the Church on the circuits he traveled about four hundred names! What

a record for California! What a splendid commentary on the power of the gospel to save even where the conditions seem so unfavorable! What a pleasing close to a long life of active and laborious service! But his successful ministry did not cease when he became a superannuated preacher. For more than three years he has resided in San Diego County, and there his labors have been crowned with the happiest results. When he settled in Bear Valley our Church was comparatively unknown there—the field had been abandoned; but immediately he began to preach, souls were converted, and the nucleus formed for what is now called Bear Valley Circuit.

Brother Miller did not enjoy the advantages of an early education—not even the instruction of the Sabbath-school. He is one of the many remarkable proofs of the efficiency of the itinerancy as a training-school for the pulpit. He would be regarded in any Conference as a theologian of more than ordinary ability, and a most acceptable preacher. His language is chaste and well chosen, his style concise and perspicuous, his argument well conceived, his exposition spiritual and true to the text, his manner pleasing, and his application of the subject in hand always good, and at times truly eloquent. I shall never forget the prayer of dedication offered by him at the opening of Sherrard Chapel. It was a glad day to him to see a beautiful house of worship completed and paid for in the neighborhood where, two years before, there was no preaching-place, not even a school-house. He had been a true co-laborer with the tireless pastor, the Rev. J. H. Sherrard, in bringing about this happy consummation, and it did seem as if he had immediate audience with God as he

poured out from a full heart devout thanksgiving, and besought the blessing of the Most High upon all the services of that house. No Israelite, as he beheld the flashing splendor of the ancient temple, ever felt a deeper joy than did this aged man of God when he knelt on that beautiful Sabbath morning to present unto the Lord a house set apart exclusively to his worship.

There have been two camp-meetings held by Brother Sherrard in the neighborhood—one in 1882, and the other in 1883—at each of which Brother Miller preached with the fervor and power of his earlier years. I had the pleasure of attending the second, held on the farm of the pastor, beneath wide-spreading oaks perhaps a century old, and beside the two finest springs in all that country. The prayers of David Huckaby, the son-in-law of Brother Miller, still linger in my memory, and the voice of Sister Miller I still hear shouting the praises of God as she beheld her children and grandchildren turning to the Lord; and the venerable form of Brother Miller I still see, as in his quiet way he looked on with a face serene and radiant with a light such as never shone on sea or shore. I thank God that I have never gotten so far as not to be moved with an intense delight when I behold scenes like these.

These dear old people—the veteran preacher and his wife—are quietly and happily spending the evening of life on a beautiful little ranch, which they took up as Government land about three years ago, and by their industry have converted into a comfortable home. I wish I had a drink of that delicious water from their well this moment, and could spend another night beneath their hospitable roof, talking over the by-gone

years and antedating the blessed rest that remains for us in our Father's house in heaven.

Of A. Groves we have written elsewhere Dr. Riddick says of him: "Alexander Groves, now a local preacher in Arizona, was one of the earliest pioneers in this section. He was an eccentric man, but greatly beloved by his brethren. The history of his life in Arizona would make a most romantic book."

Great changes have taken place in this Conference since its organization. It has grown steadily in numbers and influence. The number of preachers in the Conference is now 23, with a membership in the Church of 1,185. There are 19 churches within the bounds of the Conference, valued at $70,950. They have 12 parsonages, with an estimated value of $10,830.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE twenty-first session was held in San Jose, October 4, 1871, Bishop J. C. Keener presiding. Bishop Keener had been on the coast but two months, and yet when he met us in this Conference he seemed to know as much of the preachers and of their work as if he had been with us for a year. His perceptions were keen, and he looked and inquired into every thing, and seemed to forget nothing. His plans and suggestions were all comprehensive and far-reaching. While in the bounds of the Los Angeles Conference he secured some of the most eligible lots in the city of San Diego, foreseeing that that was to be an important place in the near future.

Only two were received on trial into the Conference at this session—R. F. Allen and Alfred E. Layson.

R. F. Allen is still with us. From a timid, bashful youth he has steadily advanced in ministerial worth, until he now ranks among our most useful members. Looking carefully after his own personal piety, and then guarding the Church with a jealous care, he inspires all with confidence in himself and his work. Being religiously opposed to all clap-trap performances, such as amateur theaters, festivals, etc., with which to raise money for the Church, he throws its claims squarely upon its merits as a religious institution, and rarely if ever fails. No man that we have ever had in our ranks stands more firmly upon the grand platform of the Methodist

Episcopal Church, South, in its non-interference with all political questions than he. While exceedingly smooth and affable in his manners, yet he is uncompromising; and when principle is involved, he has the courage to stand alone, if need be.

A. E. Layson was a man in the prime of life, and having recently received a bountiful baptism of the Holy Spirit, entered the work with every prospect of usefulness, but fell during the year, dying with the glory of God shining all around him.

Dabney Ball had been transferred from the Baltimore to the Los Angeles Conference, and on his way to his new field of labor met with us at this Conference, and after reviewing the work carefully, Bishop Keener stopped him with us and appointed him to San Francisco Station. He was a man of great worth, a fine preacher, full of courage and endurance. He was in rather feeble health, and remained on the coast but a short time.

A. F. Trousdale, a man well along in years, was received at this Conference as a licentiate from the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He remained in our communion but a few years, when he returned to his mother Church.

This year we lost by death a useful member—G. W. Wood.

Bishop Keener introduced a new feature in connection with the memorial service of deceased brethren. Heretofore some member of the Conference was appointed to preach a stated sermon in memory of the dead. But when the Committee on Memoirs were ready to read their report, the Bishop rose in his place, and selecting the hymn—

Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ—

announced it, asking all the Conference to unite in singing it. When this service of song had mellowed and melted all hearts, amid the hush of deep emotion the chairman of the committee read his report. Short speeches were made by a number of the brethren, and then all kneeled in prayer.

T. K. Howell, the principal and agent of the Visalia Seminary, in presenting his report, represented the institution as involved in debt, and the creditors on the eve of a foreclosure of mortgage. At this juncture ten brethren—viz., S. Brown, W. F. Compton, T. C. Barton, T. H. B. Anderson, L. C. Renfro, L. D. Hargis, J. W. Leach, T. K. Howell, Jesse Wood, and T. D. Clanton—came forward and paid off the mortgage, and took possession of the property in their own names. But notwithstanding the help afforded by these brethren, the Church was never able to redeem the property, and it was finally lost to us.

The public-school system in California is so complete, and the resources of the school department of our State government are so great, that it is a very difficult matter to sustain a denominational school. It is hard to persuade men to pay for that which they can get free of cost. And it will take the experience of a generation to wake the Church to the importance of Church schools. Education is lauded to the skies; it is looked upon as the foundation-stone of our Government. But the time is coming, and now is in some places, when it will be seen that education in the possession of a man devoid of moral principle is a two-edged sword in the hands of a madman. Education only empowers a vil-

lain to be more successful in his villainy. The Church can never afford to relegate the education of her children to the State. There is scarcely any direction in which money can be spent to more advantage, and that will be more far-reaching in its influence for good and the glory of God, than in building up and sustaining denominational religious institutions of learning.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE twenty-second session was held in Santa Rosa, October 2, 1872, Bishop H. N. McTyeire presiding. The hospitable people of Santa Rosa are always glad to entertain a Conference of our Church. The college, located in their midst, has drawn around it many of our most devoted friends from all parts of the State, who have gone there to educate their children in our own school. Besides, this has for many years been a strong point for our Church.

Bishop McTyeire had been for some months on the coast, and had drawn around him the affections of preachers and people.

This year there was not a single applicant for admission on trial into the Conference. Several names were added to our roll, however, by transfer. E. E. Hoss, from the Holston Conference, had come to us in the midst of the year to take charge of the Church in San Francisco, D. Ball's health having failed.

W. H. Mason came to us from the Baltimore, T. L. Moody from the Tennessee, John Anderson from the Missouri, and W. A. Finley, D.D., from the Columbia Conference.

E. E. Hoss was one of the most brilliant young men we had in our Conference; besides, he had a good experience of conversion. He was thoroughly consecrated to God and his Church. But San Francisco had tried the metal of older soldiers than he. We were

struggling against strong prejudices in that city, and, above all, we were laboring to build in a part of the city in which the best mind and heart of the Church could never have succeeded. After three years of hard labor he was called to a professorship in Pacific Methodist College. After teaching for a time he returned to the East, where he has steadily risen—first, from a professorship to the presidency of one of our leading colleges, and then to a chair in Vanderbilt University. In his prosperity and success none rejoice more than his co-laborers in California.

W. H. Mason was an architect as well as preacher, and when pastor of the Church in Stockton he drew the plan and superintended the erection of our beautiful house of worship in that city. Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald had raised a large subscription for a church, and Brother Mason completed the work of building the house. It became deeply involved, and would have been finally lost to us had not the Mission Board come to our rescue.

Brother Mason was never robust, and finding his health giving way, returned to his native Conference, and in a few years ceased to labor and live.

John Anderson was a vigorous, energetic young man, with a mighty voice. He was quite successful at several points, but in 1875 he returned to Missouri, where he is doing good work.

T. L. Moody was a good preacher, a man of fine address and appearance, but the work in California was so different from the home work that he pined to return, and did so in a short time, to the Tennessee Conference, where he is much loved and honored as an able and consecrated minister of the gospel.

W. A. Finley had first been a member of our Confer-

ence, and after a connection of a number of years with the Columbia Conference, as President of Corvallis College, he returned to us.

The visit of the venerable Dr. Sargent, of the Baltimore Conference, greatly enhanced the pleasures of this session. He captured us at once. He was like a St. John among the disciples. His familiarity with the Scriptures, and with the hymns of our Church, was to us a marvel and a joy. He seemed able to give expression to almost any thought, either in Scripture or in verse. His very appearance was an inspiration.

From the organization of the Pacific Conference W. R. Gober had been with us, and was recognized as a leader. He had three times been called to preside over the deliberations of the Conference in the absence of a Bishop; had been again and again elected to the General Conference; had filled the most responsible positions, and served our best charges; but for reasons best known to himself he this year severed his connection with us. And here we would let the curtain fall, did not a sense of responsibility as a faithful historian compel us to give the last act in the scene of his connection with us. This year he had been stationed in the city of Sacramento. In September, some two or three weeks before the session of the Pacific Conference, the California Conference of the M. E. Church met in the city of San Jose. The Saturday of its session he made an announcement in the Sacramento *Union*, a daily morning paper, that he would preach his farewell sermon in our church on Sunday morning, and in the evening he would deliver an address in which he would show that there was a necessity for but *one Methodist Church in California*. The trustees of the church

held a meeting immediately, and, locking the door of the church, called on Brother Gober and informed him that he could not preach again in the church. He then announced through the *Bee*, an evening paper, that he would deliver his address in the M. E. Church, which he did, and the next day went to San Jose, and, by request of the California Conference of the M. E. Church, delivered the address there, and then formally united with that Church and took an appointment at their hands.

When the Pacific Conference assembled in Santa Rosa in October, he repaired to that place, prepared to represent his charge in Sacramento City. "When the name of W. R. Gober was called, J. C. Simmons, the presiding elder of the district, gave a brief history of his case, in connection with the Church in Sacramento during the past year, and also stated that rumor had it that he had united with the M. E. Church, and had taken an appointment in the California Conference of that Church, but that he had received no official notification of the fact. He therefore moved that the matter be referred to a committee of investigation appointed by the Bishop. E. K. Miller, W. F. Compton, and George Sim were appointed said committee." This committee, after a careful investigation, brought in the following, which was adopted:

Your committee, to whom was referred the case of W. R. Gober, beg leave to present the following report:

1. We find upon his own admission that he united with the California Conference of the M. E. Church (North) on the 23d of September, 1872, and received an appointment from that body.

2. We find farther, that he has not given the necessary notice to his presiding elder nor to this Conference of his desire or intention to withdraw from the M. E. Church, South.

3. While the Conference has not lost its right to prosecute to the fullest extent any bill of charges framed against W. R. Gober, and based upon his conduct during the year, yet the committee do not recommend the Conference to assert that right. A trial, or any farther prosecution of the case, we deem unnecessary, nor would it in our judgment promote the end of discipline. We suppose there is but one opinion as to his course.

4 We therefore recommend the case to be dismissed by ordering the name of W. R. Gober to be struck from the roll of the Conference.

E K. MILLER,
W F. COMPTON,
GEORGE SIM.

Santa Rosa, Oct. 3, 1872.

No one questioned the right of Brother Gober to change his Church relations. But when he, without consultation with, or permission of, the official members of his charge, deliberately planned to attack the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and question its right to an ecclesiastical existence in California, in one of our own pulpits, all felt that he had overstepped the bounds of propriety, and that the least we could do was to strike his name from the roll of the Conference. But while we did this, it was not our purpose to forget the many noble acts he had done, and the heroic suffering he had endured in building up the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, on this coast.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE twenty-third session was held in Colusa, October 8, 1873, Bishop D. S. Doggett presiding. This was the first time our Conference was ever held in the town of Colusa, and right royally did the good people entertain it. This was the first visit of the scholarly Bishop Doggett. He had been with us for some weeks before the session of the Conference, preaching at camp-meeting, and in town and country, and everywhere charming the people with his eloquence and fervor. Nowhere in the land is good preaching more appreciated than in California. Californians, as a rule, take no man on his past record. If it be said he is a grand orator, an eloquent speaker, a magnificent preacher — that he has enraptured thousands by his masterly efforts—Californians, instead of taking it all for granted, fold their arms, and throwing themselves back, look up, as much as to say, "Now, let us see you do it." And just to the point to which he rises will they rate him, and no more. And yet no people are more ready to estimate a man for his full worth than these same Californians.

C. C. Snell, recommended from the Plainsburg Circuit, and T. R. Burkett, from the Woodbridge Circuit, were received on trial.

C. C. Snell continued in the work till 1877, and having never been received into full connection, was discontinued, at his own request.

T. R. Burkett was a young man of more than usual promise, but from some cause he discontinued at the close of the first year.

Eli H. Robertson, of the Kansas Conference of the M. E. Church, made application for admission at this Conference, and was received as an elder. He is a good man, faithful to his work, and in full sympathy with us as a Church.

Richard Pratt was transferred to us from the North Mississippi Conference; J. M. Lovell, from the Columbia Conference: and G. W. Fleming, from the Texas Conference.

Soon after the war some of the Wesleyan Methodists of England had their attention turned to the South. They knew nothing of the Southern Methodist Church, save as they had received intelligence through Northern channels. They sent out a man to examine and spy out the land for himself, and to report. This report was so favorable that quite a number of preachers came out and entered the work in the North Mississippi Conference. Among them was R. Pratt. After remaining for a time in Mississippi, he concluded to come to California, and was regularly transferred to the Pacific Conference. After laboring with us for a few years he removed south, and joined the Los Angeles Conference, where he is still at work.

J. M. Lovell had formerly been a member of the Pacific Conference, and, after laboring for a few years in Oregon as a member of the Columbia Conference, he returned to California.

G. W. Fleming was a young man of energy, and some little experience in the itinerancy. He continued to labor with us for a few years, and then located He,

as a local preacher, is a zealous worker and an ardent lover of the Methodist Church, South.

This had been a hard year on our paper, the *Pacific Methodist*, and it was reported some $1,400 in debt. An effort was made on the Conference-floor, and the sum of $1,180 was raised. W. M. Winters was also appointed to act as agent for the paper in raising an endowment of $10,000 for it. He entered earnestly upon his work, and in a few months had secured endowment notes, to be paid in annual installments for ten years, for $8,350, when his health failed to such an extent as to force him to desist. This endowment proved a great blessing to the paper as long as it lasted.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE twenty-fourth session was held in Stockton, October 7, 1874, Bishop G. F. Pierce presiding. The Rev. J. B. McFerrin, D.D., the Secretary of the Mission Board, came with Bishop Pierce. Many of us had never seen him before, and his visit was both pleasant and profitable. He was perfectly at home with us, and gave us much good counsel and advice. He made frequent talks during the session of the Conference, and was always listened to with the greatest reverence.

The preachers received on trial at this session were: William O. Askins, Timothy S. Paul, John S. Clark, and Milton McWhorter.

W. O. Askins traveled two years, and then discontinued. Subsequently he joined the M. E. Church, and is laboring with them still.

T. S. Paul, after laboring with the Pacific Conference for a few years, went to Oregon, and is now connected with the Columbia Conference.

J. S. Clark, after working in the bounds of our Conference till 1879, transferred to the Los Angeles Conference, where he still labors.

M. McWhorter remained several years in the itinerancy, and then located.

C. C. Chamberlin was transferred to us from the Mississippi Conference. He was born in Natchez, Mississippi, September 23, 1839, was converted while

in college in 1858. Two years later he was licensed to preach. He came to California on account of his health. Although he was delicate, and never well, yet somehow he was ever able to do full work. He was a lovable man. Genial in his disposition, he won and held the hearts of his brethren. He was sent first to Sacramento; remained there two years, when he accepted a call to a chair in Pacific Methodist College. After remaining there a year he was sent to San Francisco. His success at this point was very marked. He added quite a number to the Church, and brought up the finances in a most remarkable manner. He filled other important charges in the Conference. His preaching always abounded in original thought and striking illustrations. He was ever on the lookout for something with which to enforce religious thought. He found his illustrations wherever he went.

Sometime during this year W. J. Mahon was transferred by Bishop Pierce, and stationed in San Francisco. He came to us from the Memphis Conference. He is a man of strong mind and will, and perfectly fearless when acting under what he esteems to be duty. He grasps with great power the fundamental doctrines of Methodism, and stands ready to defend and preach them on all occasions.

When he took charge of the Church in San Francisco we were worshiping in the little church on Minna Street. During the year he found that the Baptists, who had a large church on Russ Street, were forced to sell their property at a sacrifice. With the aid of the Mission Board he purchased that property, having disposed of the Minna Street church to the Campbellite Christians. But a new and large building did not

bring an increase in congregations. This church was no improvement in location on the former, and it was not until this portion of the city was abandoned, and the Church moved to its present location, that any degree of success marked our labors in San Francisco. For a number of years Brother Mahon has been Presiding Elder—first of the Visalia, then of the Santa Rosa District. On both these districts he has left his mark.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE twenty-fifth session was again held in San Jose, October 13, 1875, Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh presiding. This session was remarkable in view of the large number of transfers that came to us, the Memphis Conference alone furnishing six: R. H. Mahon, T. L Duke, R. A. Sawrie, H. B. Avery, W. D. Senter, and T. A. Atkinson. The South-west Missouri gave us two—C. P. Jones and C. C. Wright; the North Georgia one—A. Odom; and the Western one—J. C. Hyden. We had room for all. We have never been jealous of transfers. In fact, we have never had as many as we wanted. The nature of our work is such that we have ever had more territory inviting our labors than we were able to occupy. These brethren, who had been doing faithful service in the Master's vineyard, and who came to us with the full indorsement of our sister Conferences, were taken at once to our hearts.

Nothing exhibits the unity of our Church more than this movement of our preachers. We are one in aim and labor. Every living stone added to the walls of our Zion adds to the glory, security, and defense of all. Every traveling preacher has to undergo his annual examination, and has to answer to the question, "Are all the preachers blameless in their life and official administration?" The preacher never gets too old not to undergo this searching ordeal; and wily must he indeed

be who can long escape detection, if his heart be not right with the Lord and the Church. A man's name printed in the Minutes of an Annual Conference is his indorsement. Not only so, but it is an evidence that he is in sympathy with the whole Church.

There were admitted on trial at this session, Perryman F. Page, William P. Andrews, and Tilford A. Miller. These were all promising young men.

R. H. Mahon, the son of W. J. Mahon, was a prominent and scholarly man. He was placed in charge of San Francisco—the station that had tried so many men's souls. For reasons that were satisfactory to himself and to his brethren he returned to his native Conference.

T. L. Duke is a man of sterling worth, and has done us good service. He is a clear, logical preacher. His subjects are always well arranged, and so presented as to leave a lasting impression upon his hearers.

He has had a sad experience amongst us, having had the misfortune to bury two wives, besides having sore affliction in his family—one of his children being hopelessly ill—and yet he has done full work. Taking whatever charge is committed to his hands, he goes forth, labors the allotted time, and comes in at Conference with his report, and has ever received the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

R. A. Sawrie was born in Maury County, Tennessee, January 15, 1840. His parents were both members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and although his father died while he was quite young, yet the golden truths he taught by precept and example served as beacon lights to his boy, and these, followed by his pious mother's prayers and teachings, led him

early to Christ. When nineteen years old he felt it his duty to preach the gospel, but alas! he refused for twelve long years. But at last he yielded to the call of God, and gave himself to the work. He was licensed to preach in August, 1871, and was received on trial into the Memphis Conference the same year. He filled three appointments in the Memphis Conference, and was then transferred to the Pacific Conference, where he has been laboring acceptably and profitably ever since.

H. B. Avery was born in Gibson (now Crockett) County, Tennessee, June 24, 1839. His parents were both religious, and proved the power of God to keep them through a long life. His father was a local preacher for thirty-six years. His mother lived beyond the allotted time of three-score years and ten. He was converted in 1858, and was soon put to work as a class-leader and steward. In 1860 he was licensed to preach, and joined the Memphis Conference, where he labored till transferred to the Pacific Conference.

He was an earnest, good man, and a faithful worker. As presiding elder, he looked well to all parts of his district, and brought up a good report at each Conference. He was in feeble health when he came to the coast. Consumption had already begun its deadly work. Bravely he stood up against it — traveling, preaching, and working for the Saviour when all his physical man cried out against it. Realizing at last that he was growing no better, but rather worse, he turned his eye to Florida, and after five years of faithful, useful work in the Pacific Conference, transferred to the Florida Conference, where he ended his days in peace and holy triumph.

A line of his personal testimony, given before he left our Conference, will do more to photograph the man than any thing we can say: "I often think if I could pass through life again, with my present experience, I could improve it in very many instances. But I could not repeat the journey if I would, nor would I if I could. If I have done any good in the world I am thankful to God. If I am saved in heaven at last (and I expect to be), I shall be a sinner saved by grace."

W. D. Senter was also in feeble health when he came to the Pacific Conference. He had been a local preacher in our Church for nineteen years. He graduated in medicine in 1865. When called to see the sick he often ministered to both soul and body. Soon after joining the Memphis Conference he was transferred to the Pacific Conference. He was sent first to the Princeton Circuit, where he labored in great feebleness of body, and at the ensuing session of the Conference he was granted a superannuated relation, and that year he died in great peace at the residence of W. O. Rucker, of Merced.

T. A. Atkinson was born December 2, 1849, in Fayette County, Tennessee. He was converted in 1867. Two years after he was appointed class-leader and superintendent of a Sunday-school. In 1871, while at college, he was licensed to preach, and the following year he was received on trial into the Memphis Conference. During the year 1874 he was transferred to the Pacific Conference, and stationed in Visalia. Since then he has proved himself one of our most efficient, laborious young men. He has filled some of our best stations, ever aspiring to usefulness.

C. P. Jones was a man well advanced in life, and had had experience in the work of the ministry. He remained with us for a few years, and changed his Church relations—uniting with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is still a member of the California Conference of that Church.

C. C. Wright was a man fond of books and reading. He labored for a number of years, when his health declined, and he returned to his native State, where he recovered, in a measure at least, his health. He now belongs to the Los Angeles Conference.

A. Odom was born in Forsythe County, Georgia, May 4, 1841. He was born of pious parents. He says his educational advantages were not good—the common-school system in his day not being nearly perfect. The first school-house he attended would be considered a novelty now—being built of round logs, *dirt* floor, door without a shutter, and if there was a window, it was made by leaving out one of the logs. The benches were made of pine slabs, with wooden pins for legs, and they so long that no small boy could expect to touch his feet to the floor from early morn to hungry noon. Thus "scrunched up," a curved spine was the least evil to follow—as may be seen upon him or any one who had the constitution to endure and live. With such disadvantages as these he entered the school-room in his fifth year, and left it in his tenth year, being promoted to the corn-field. After this he was in school two weeks at one time and four weeks at another. "The course of study" consisted of Webster's Speller and Definer, having cultivated the art of penmanship and unraveled the science of mathematics at home during spare moments "mornings." The last four months

in school he took a more advanced course—viz., Smith's Grammar to page forty, and Davies's Arithmetic, and lessons in penmanship. Aside from these, his farther attainments are to be attributed to personal application, observation, and experience.

He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in his twelfth year; was converted in his seventeenth year, and was licensed to exhort in his nineteenth year; was married to Miss Elizabeth M. Finley, October 1, 1861, and in the following March was transferred from the corn-field to the battle-field; served two and one-third years in the Confederate army as a private soldier—first under General Bragg; then under General Pemberton, at Vicksburg; then under General Joseph E. Johnston, in Georgia. His license having expired while in the war, he was licensed again to exhort in 1865; was licensed to preach in 1867. In 1879 he labored as a supply on the Stilesboro Mission, under W. P. Harrison, presiding elder. This mission embraced four counties, making a circuit of one hundred and fifty-four miles, which he traveled, not as a circuit-*rider*, but as a circuit-*walker*! During the year he held four protracted-meetings, at which there were over twenty accessions to the Church. The next year he was promoted, to his surprise, to the Rome Circuit. Success attended his earnest labors here, and 217 members were added to the Church through his instrumentality. He was transferred to the Pacific Conference by Bishop Pierce, and put in charge of Fresno Circuit. He had the honor of being the first Methodist that ever preached in Fresno. Upon organizing in Fresno, nineteen united with the Church.

He is a zealous worker—looks to, and labors for, the

salvation of souls, and is never disappointed. There has never been a year of his ministry in which there have not been additions to the Church.

In the history of this good man we see what God can do with one that is willing to labor with an eye single to his glory. With but limited educational advantages, his early life clouded with the sad experiences of a cruel and bloody war, beginning his ministerial life under the most disadvantageous circumstances, serving a people financially prostrate, and yet with a firm faith in God and the training and advantages of the itinerancy, he has proved himself worthy of his high calling, and written his name among those who "turn many to righteousness," and of whom it is said, "They shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

J. C. Hyden was born in Roane County, Tennessee, March 14, 1827. His venerable parents were of Virginia birth and education—Methodists of the McKendree order. He joined the Church, April 14, 1844; but did not profess religion till August following. He was licensed to preach, September 27, 1849. In October of that year he was received on trial into the Holston Conference. He traveled twenty-one years in that Conference, when he was transferred to the Western Conference, and stationed in Leavenworth, Kansas. He was presiding elder two years, and then transferred to the Pacific Conference. Since his admission into the itinerant ranks he has never failed to answer roll-call, and seems good for many more years of service in the ministry.

P. F. Page was converted in California. He is a Canadian, and when converted knew nothing of Methodism, or, in fact, any thing with reference to any of

the denominations. It is said when he was ready to join the Church he delayed, because he thought he did not have money enough to pay his initiation fee. But some brother, like Aquila, took him and expounded the way of God more perfectly unto him. He soon felt a call to preach, was licensed, and has made us a most useful preacher.

How wonderfully apostolic is Methodism! While it can use the mightiest minds, and men of the greatest learning—men that have been brought up at the feet of our modern Gamaliels—yet she can utilize the talents and experience of all who have found Christ in believing. When one has truly been enlightened and tasted of the heavenly gift, and been made partaker of the Holy Ghost, and has tasted of the good word of God and the powers of the world to come, he is ready to point others the way to the cross and the blessed fountain at which he has drunk.

Brother Page was a printer by profession, and though not learned in theology, was possessed of a fund of information much of which could be turned to account in the work of God.

W. P. Andrews is a Mississippian. He began his work as a preacher in California, and after preaching here a few years returned to his native State, married, preached a few years there, and came back to the Pacific Conference.

T. A. Miller was a young man of delicate mold. From infancy he had been feeble. His history during his minority was somewhat remarkable. He was made Sunday-school superintendent when but eleven years of age; was received into full connection in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in his sixteenth year.

At the age of seventeen he was licensed to exhort, and at nineteen to preach. When he was twenty-four he was received into the Conference on trial, and for three or four years he labored in feebleness of body, and then was forced to locate.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE twenty-sixth session was held in San Francisco, October 11, 1876, Bishop E. M. Marvin presiding. The Bishop was on his way to visit the Mission in China. One of our most saintly Superintendents, this visit was looked to with the deepest interest by him and the whole Church; and we felt it a peculiar privilege that ours was to be the last Conference he was to preside over before starting to visit this distant Mission, and then to complete the circuit round the world, touching in his trip the Holy Land, the home of the incarnate Saviour. A hallowed influence seemed to pervade all his work, and he impressed all who came in contact with him that he felt and enjoyed the presence of God in a high degree.

J. O. Branch, who had been transferred from the South Georgia Conference during the year, and stationed in Santa Rosa, met with us for the first time. We also received A. L. Hunsaker, transferred from the Memphis Conference; also Philip Tuggle, from the Los Angeles Conference; and M. C. Field, from the Texas Conference.

T. D. Lewis, George H. Newton, and Samuel A. Whipple were admitted on trial.

James O. Branch was one of Georgia's best preachers. He was a clear thinker and forcible speaker. Every sermon he preached gave evidence of careful study and prayerful arrangement. He brought none

but "beaten oil" into the sanctuary. He remained with us but two years, when, on account of his health, he returned by transfer to the South Georgia Conference.

A. L. Hunsaker was born in McCracken County, Kentucky, July 31, 1831. At the age of twenty-two he was powerfully convicted, and happily converted to God. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1854, and August 19 of the same year he was licensed to preach, and received on trial in the Memphis Conference that fall. For twenty-one years he labored in that Conference, and then transferred to the Pacific Conference. He has been somewhat hindered in his work on this coast on account of family affliction. He is a man of great resources, and succeeds well in any work given him. To him the work of the ministry is a labor of love.

Philip Tuggle was a preacher well advanced in years. He had been but a short time in the Los Angeles Conference. He was placed on the supernumerary list. He has never been regarded as effective, and yet he has supplied several charges. He made his presence and influence for good felt in San Francisco, where he died in 1886 in great peace.

M. C. Field is a young man. A part of the time since his connection with the Conference he has been in the local ranks. He is fully in the work now.

T. D. Lewis came to us from the M. E. Church, remained but a short time, and returned to the East.

G. H. Newton, while well advanced in years, is able to do good and efficient work. He has had great success since he has been in the Conference. He looks well to all the interests of the Church. He is a clear

thinker and fearless advocate of the truth. A man of strong convictions when he makes up his mind, he does not often alter it.

S. A. Whipple remained with us but a little while, and returned to his native State, Texas.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE twenty-seventh session was held in Santa Rosa, October 10, 1877, Bishop H. N. McTyeire presiding. We were favored with the presence of Dr. W. R. Lambuth, our young missionary to China. His father was at one time Superintendent of our Mission in that land. His son, following in his footsteps, bids fair to be even more useful than his father, being a physician as well as preacher. He will often have a way of access opened up to him through the afflictions and diseases of the people. His talk before the Conference concerning his work in China, and what he had witnessed in that land of superstition, was deeply interesting, and had the effect to stir the missionary zeal of the members of the body.

We had but a single applicant for admission at this session—A. L. Paul. He has made us a useful preacher. He was born in Dubuque County, Iowa; converted at sixteen; but when, three years afterward, he felt a call to the ministry, and he refused to obey, he lost his comfort and drifted into sin. Coming to California in 1876, under the faithful labors of J. H. Neal he was induced to yield to his convictions of duty. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was licensed to preach in February, 1877. He is still with us, abounding in good works.

G. W. Humphries came to us from the Free Methodist Church. He was of English birth; came to America in

1851, and was converted in the State of New York, and joined the M. E. Church. He was ordained both deacon and elder in that Church. It is not known when, where, or why he joined the Free Methodists. He came to California, October 13, 1873; joined our Church of choice, and worked with great zeal for its advancement. He was very earnest, and sometimes abrupt, in his manner. He was one of the best of men; and very many souls were converted under his ministry.

The physical afflictions that produced his death were peculiar. He suffered from a stricture, or closing of the esophagus, or swallow. For weeks he could not swallow even a drop of water, and he perished of hunger, with provisions all round him. He said to the writer, who visited him in his last sickness, "O Brother Simmons, I want you to pray for *one* thing—that the Lord will not let me die of starvation." But though his body was refused its necessary food, his soul was replenished from day to day. He said, "The prospect before me is glorious; every thing is bright; I am happy as a king." His last message to his fellow-laborers was, "Tell my brethren of the Pacific Conference that the great salvation makes me happy. I have no mere emotional sentiment, but the real salvation." On November 2, 1882, the Master called for his servant. Raising his hand at the call, he shouted, "Glory! glory!" and then whispering, "Jesus!" fell asleep to wait the resurrection trump.

The year of which this Conference formed the close had been a most successful and prosperous one. Over 700 souls had been added to the Church, and the material interests were greatly advanced.

C. P. Jones, D.D., who came to us by transfer in 1875,

left us and united with the M. E. Church, and took work in the California Conference.

The delegates elected to the General Conference this year were—J. C. Simmons and O. P. Fitzgerald, clerical, and C. P. Berry and Wick B. Parsons, laymen.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE twenty-eighth session was held in St. Paul Church, San Francisco, October 16, 1878, Bishop W. M. Wightman presiding. For many years E. K Miller had been the Secretary of the Conference, always prompt and accurate, his records passing unchallenged under the eagle eyes of the General Conference Committee. This year he was absent, having returned to his native Conference in Missouri. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Conference:

Whereas, the Rev. E. K Miller, for fourteen years an able and efficient member of this Conference, has been transferred from us to the Missouri Conference; therefore be it

Resolved, 1. That in his departure from us this Conference loses one of its strongest members, the Church a faithful pastor, and the State an estimable citizen.

2. That we will most cordially welcome him back whenever, in the providence of God, he shall so purpose to return

Three were admitted on trial into the Conference at this session—A. R. Reams, recommended by the Salinas Circuit; H. M. McKnight and J. T. Howard, recommended from the Princeton Circuit.

A. R. Reams was a graduate of Vanderbilt University, and came to devote his life to the cause of Christ on this coast. He has a fine analytical mind, and is developing considerable talent as a polemic. He has written a treatise on the Christian Sabbath in answer

to the views held by the Sabbatarians, who have a following in many parts of California, which is a very creditable work.

A preacher in California has to be prepared to meet error of all sorts. And while, as a general rule, the simple preaching of the gospel is the best reply to all errors of faith or practice, yet a preacher should ever be fortified with the best arguments on all subjects likely to come under his hand as a pastor.

In some parts of our State the Seventh-day Adventists have, by their zeal and persistence, taken from our Communion some of our best members. Their wild, conflicting theories and vagaries, the frequent and utter failure of their predictions as to the second coming of Christ, will not stop their teachings or prevent a following on the part of some. They have one of the largest of their publishing houses in Oakland to be found in the United States, and they are pushing their papers, books, and tracts upon the attention of the reading people with a persistence that can but be productive of fruit.

These troublers of Israel laid siege to the community in which A. R. Reams was laboring. He met them in debate, and the sharp conflict through which he passed brought forth the treatise referred to.

Brother Reams was born in Nashville, Tennessee, December 31, 1859.

H. M. McKnight was also born in Tennessee, but to all intents and purposes he is a Missourian, his parents moving to that State in his infancy. Trained in his infancy by pious parents to love and serve God, he has the highest respect and love for the good, and especially for those engaged in the Christian ministry. When converted there came over him that strange feel-

ing so unexpected yet so familiar to many who have experienced a call to the Christian ministry. In his own language: "A feeling of loneliness, responsibility without ability to meet it, developed itself distinctly into a duty to preach the peace to others. But how *could* I? For long years I pined in sadness, and almost to spiritual *ruin*. I might have been seen wandering, day or night, with book in hand, to the solitude of the silent grove, or reclining upon one favorite clefted rock. At last I surrendered, and was made joyful again."

How frequently have we, in studying the experience of the men who figure in these pages, found them fighting against, or flying from, a call to preach the gospel! The callings of God are without repentance. The command once issued is never recalled until probation ends, and a man's peace, if not his salvation, depends upon obedience. He may stifle his impressions by the roar and clatter of secular business, but always, when his thoughts turn to God, he feels the impression, and hears the still small voice whispering of duty—a duty the demands of which can only be satisfied by obedience. No other service can be substituted for it; no gifts can buy off the King.

After traveling a few years, Brother McKnight, being young, felt that a course of theological study at the Vanderbilt would not be wasted, and so he went to that institution and graduated in that department. On his return he was connected with Pacific Methodist College as teacher in the primary department, but in 1885 he again took his place in the regular itinerant ranks.

J. T. Howard was from Canada. His father was a traveling preacher in the M. E. Church in Canada.

Here was another instance of an effort to fly the call

of God to preach. He was converted at fourteen, and realized it to be his indispensable duty to preach when he was nineteen. He was not obedient to the heavenly calling; strove to rid his mind of such impressions; plunged into business, and, of course, under the neglect of duty, necessarily lost that peace of mind he once enjoyed. He fled to California; sought for gold; found it—lost it. Misfortune came. It was sanctified to his good. Yielding at last to duty, he had his lost peace restored, and for several years was useful in the Conference. Difficulties surrounded him, and he retired from the ministry, but he is not happy.

J. S. Hutton is not afraid of work, or of hard appointments. For three years he traveled the Tres Pinos Circuit, which involves as much of hard mountain travel as any other in the Conference. Each year he brought up a good report of his work.

W. M. Prottsman remained with us but a short time, when he returned to his native Conference, where he is doing good work.

C. Y. Rankin was born in Wilson County, Tennessee, August 25, 1848. His was a religious family, a spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion being characteristic of the children, two of his sisters—Misses Lochie and Dora Rankin—being found among that devoted band of women-workers in China. Just after the Civil War his father moved to Milan, Tennessee, where, at the age of sixteen, he went to work to earn money to finish his education, having been interrupted by the war. He worked at the carpenter's trade. In the fall of 1870 he entered Milan College, desirous of fitting himself for the Christian ministry, for which he felt called of God. He took the degree of A.B. in this

school, and afterward entered the Southern University, Greensboro, Alabama, from which institution he graduated in July, 1873, having taken, in addition to the regular A.B. course, about two-thirds of the A.M. course, as prescribed by this university. In the meantime he had been licensed to preach. He first entered the Memphis Conference, in November, 1873. He labored in this Conference till 1877, when he was transferred to the Pacific Conference, and stationed in Sacramento City. At a very early age, when a mere child, he felt impressed with a call to preach, and grew up with that impression.

He has been stationed in Santa Rosa, taught for a time in Pacific Methodist College, and is now in his third year as presiding elder. He is extremely conscientious. Duty, duty to God, stands ever between him and every thing else.

M. B. Sharbrough came to us from the Mississippi Conference, having just been admitted into full connection in that Conference. He belonged to the family of Levi, his father—F. W. Sharbrough—being an honored member of the Mississippi Conference. He was converted before he was quite ten, and while he had a season of coldness on account of neglect of duty and some sinful practices, yet he ever intended to be a Christian. When he was about sixteen years old he reconsecrated himself to God, and his peace was restored. From childhood he felt an impression to preach. This impression grew in intensity as he grew in years. At the age of twenty he gave his full consent to be a preacher, and began adjusting himself to his life-work. He attended Centenary College, Jackson, Louisiana. For nearly two years he remained at this school. While

there he was licensed to preach, April 26, 1875, and in the following December he was admitted on trial into the Conference. After two years' work in Mississippi he transferred to the Pacific Conference, where he expects to end his days. He is an earnest, faithful preacher, doing good service.

L. C. Renfro, who had served as Assistant Secretary, was now elected Secretary of the Conference, and to the present has made us as faithful, painstaking, and correct a Secretary as did Brother Miller.

The Committee on the State of the Work gave a most encouraging report, and after reviewing the entire field, say in regard to the material advancement of the Church: "During the year our people have not been indifferent to the acquisition of Church-property. At Willow two lots have been secured, and a comfortable church has been erected by Brother McWhorter. At Arbuckle, on the line of the Northern Railway, J. S. Clarke is building a church which, when finished, will be an ornament to the town and a blessing to the community. Trinity church, at Colusa, will be finished and furnished within the next two months. A church, comfortable and commodious, has been erected at Lemoore; a parsonage at Mountain View, and one at Occident."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE twenty-ninth Conference met at Sacramento, October 8, 1879, Bishop J. C. Keener presiding. Four young men were received on trial at this Conference—J. M. Brown, W. H. Cooper, J. F. Roberts, and H. Neate. We received by transfer W. H. Richardson, H. A. M. Henderson, and F. M. Featherstun.

J. M. Brown was recommended by the Salinas Circuit. He had been working as a supply for a year or two. He is a young man of strong constitution, ready to go anywhere the authorities may see proper to send him.

W. H. Cooper has done good work so far, and is destined to make a very useful member of the Conference.

J. F. Roberts had preached some years before admission into the Conference. He is something of a writer, is quiet and unobtrusive, but is none the less worthy for that.

H. Neate is an Englishman, and is making us a useful man.

W. H. Richardson transferred from the South Carolina Conference. He had been sent out and put in charge of Stockton Station, but after a few months' trial returned by transfer to his native Conference.

H. A. M. Henderson came from the Kentucky Conference. He was put in charge of the San Francisco Station, but after a little over a year's trial went back,

lodged in Missouri for awhile, and then went North and joined the M. E. Church.

F. M. Featherstun came from the Mississippi Conference; remained with us until 1884, doing good work, and returned to Mississippi, where he is highly esteemed.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE thirtieth session was held in San Jose, October 27, 1880, Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh presiding. Bishop D. S. Doggett had been assigned to our Conference, but ere it met he had been called to his reward on high. But our faithful friend, who was ever ready to visit our shores, came in his stead, and at the appointed hour opened the Conference by reading the Scriptures, singing, and prayer. His remarks on the death of his honored colleague as the cause of his coming were very touching. Arrangements had been made to begin the session with the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Dr. H. B. Heacock, and a few other members of the M. E. Church being present, were introduced to the Conference, and Dr. Heacock invited to assist Bishop Kavanaugh in the administration of the sacrament. It was a sweetly-solemn occasion, and put all hearts in tune for the duties of the Conference.

We were favored at this session with the presence of Dr. A. W. Wilson, then Missionary Secretary, now Bishop. We took him to our hearts at once as a Methodist preacher. He gave us a talk upon the general interests of the Publishing House, showing perfect familiarity with that institution, and then enlarged on the subject of Missions.

We received by transfer J. C. C. Harris and L. R. Featherstun, both from the Los Angeles Conference;

on trial, M. J. Gough, W. H. Layson, D. W. Yokum, and C. C. McVeigh.

Lewis R. Featherstun was the son of F. M. Featherstun. He came originally from the Mississippi Conference; came west for his health, and after remaining in the Los Angeles Conference but a single year, he came to us. He did good work while with us. He built a beautiful church at the South Buttes, on the Yuba City Circuit, the last work he served. He attended the Conference that held its session in Colusa, 1883, and was appointed to Galt Circuit. But before he had time to change from one appointment to the other, he received his summons to go up on high, and without a fear he laid down his armor and went into the presence of his King. He said: "I feel I am going to die; but it is all right with me—I am ready." As he neared the final hour, the scene took on a more heavenly type. Once, in broken accents, he spoke of the angels, and then, as if watching and recording each movement of his heavenly conductors, he exclaimed: "Nearing heaven—at the gate—entering paradise!" And then as if overwhelmed with the sight shut out from the eyes of his anxious friends of earth, but in full view of him on whom the change was coming, he shouted: "Glory! glory! the angels! the angels! good-by! good-by! farewell! farewell!" And thus in one breath he bade farewell to earth and greeted heaven.

How these Methodist preachers die! Spending a lifetime in preaching of heaven, God sometimes lifts the veil before all the fastenings that bind us to this life are cast off.

Matthew J. Gough is an Englishman by birth. He is diligent in his work, and bids fair to make a useful man.

J. C. C. Harris remained with us till 1884, when he retransferred to the Los Angeles Conference, and after one year's labor there, located.

William H. Layson is a graduate of Pacific Methodist College—a nephew of T. H. B. Anderson. He is a close student. He entered upon the work with zeal; was first sent to Biggs Circuit, but during the year was changed and sent to organize our Church in Oakland. He was young and inexperienced, but succeeded beyond expectation for one so young; was returned the second year, gave up the work in the midst of the year, and at Conference was discontinued, at his own request.

Daniel W. Yokum was admitted on trial, received an appointment, and when next heard from he was in Oregon. He has since been laboring in that State.

Charles C. McVeigh was expelled during the year for immoral conduct.

Sunday afternoon of this session was devoted to a memorial service in honor of the late Bishop D. S. Doggett. J. C. Simmons led in religious exercises, and made some remarks upon the death of the Bishop. A suitable preamble and resolutions were then introduced. Bishop Kavanaugh made a few touching remarks, when Dr. Wilson delivered a lengthy address on the life and character of his friend, Bishop Doggett. A page on our record-book was set apart as a memorial page to his memory, and the preamble and resolutions in reference to him were spread upon it.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE thirty-first session was held in Petaluma, September 28, 1881, Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh presiding. This was the seventh time the dear old Bishop had sat as President of our Conference—first in 1856, twice spending a year at a time with us, and presiding over two Conferences in succession. This entwined him very closely in all our hearts. Once he came to us when we were entirely cut off from the home Church, suffered with us and for us, and to say that we loved him would not express all our feelings. We venerated him, and now, as he sat and guided our deliberations this the seventh time—the complete number—though to outward appearance hale and strong, yet we did not know that we should ever see his face again in the flesh. His sermon on Sunday, though a little more disjointed than formerly, yet gave no sign of dimming fires or wasting strength. As of old, he stood before us the prince of pulpit orators. Reaching his peroration by the most masterly flight, he turned his eye heavenward, and shot upward with a daring and splendor of flight never excelled in his younger days. When he read the Appointments at the close of the Conference, and pronounced the apostolic benediction, his work on the Pacific Coast was done, and, like Moses still in strength, he turned from us to meet his God and die before we should see him again.

This year we had no admissions into the Conference.

Steps were taken at this Conference to secure an Episcopal residence on the coast, and a strong petition was sent the General Conference to "designate San Francisco as an Episcopal residence on account of its central position on the highway of nations, the facilities of communication which it affords not only to States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains, but the empires of the Orient."

We have had our full share of Episcopal supervision —perhaps some might think more than our share. Several times have we had a Bishop to spend the entire year with us, visiting at all points and preaching for our people. But then ours has been, and is yet, a peculiar work, as any one can see by the perusal of these pages. And above all the Conferences, we of the extreme West needed the constant oversight and supervision of a Bishop. In the changes that often rapidly occur with us—changes unknown in the older Conferences—we needed a General Superintendent to adjust matters at once to these changes. Ours was not a fortification held for years, but we were on the open field, moving, changing with the ever-changing circumstances before and around us. We needed the influence of his exalted position and office. In a land like ours, where every thing is forced to stand on its merits, and nothing is gauged by its *past record*, a chief shepherd would have been worth more to us than half a score of preachers. We have ever felt this, and have pleaded from the beginning to have a Bishop reside in our midst. We want no local or diocesan Bishop, but we want one placed within short call of our wants and the exigencies of any occasion that might arise.

Our brethren of the M. E. Church have moved in ad-

vance of us in this matter. But this year their Bishop, while in the midst of a grand work for them, was called away by death. Our Conference deeply sympathized with them in their loss, and adopted the following preamble and resolution:

Whereas, in the providence of God the M. E. Church on this coast has been during the past year bereaved by the death of their resident Bishop, the Rev. E. O. Haven, D.D., LL.D.; and whereas, Bishop Haven had endeared himself to our ministers and people wherever he was known, and that in his death the Protestant Churches on the Pacific Coast have lost one of their ablest advocates; therefore,

Resolved, That we sympathize with our sister Conferences in this their deep affliction, and hereby extend to them our heartfelt condolence.

For a number of years a strong feeling of fraternity has been growing between ours and the M. E. Church (North). Fraternal delegates have been from time to time exchanged between the two Conferences, and in many places preachers and people have worked harmoniously together. The year before Bishop Haven's death he had delivered a literary address at the Commencement exercises of the Pacific Methodist College.

The delegates to the General Conference elected at this Conference were: O. P. Fitzgerald and T. H. B. Anderson, clerical; and W. F. Goad and W. B. Brown, lay.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE thirty-second session was held in San Francisco, October 11, 1882, Bishop R. K. Hargrove, one of our new Bishops, presiding.

J. H. Collins, from the Memphis Conference; S. M. Godbey, from the South-west Missouri Conference; and H. Walter Featherstun, from the Los Angeles Conference, came to us by transfer. W. P. Andrews, who had once been a member of the Conference, returned, and D. M. Rice was re-admitted.

A class of seven noble young men were admitted on trial—namely, Paris N. Blankenship, David T. Belvel, Thomas J. Alexander, William A. Booker, Martin V. Howard, Edwin Palmer, and William D. Taylor. Already some of these young men have been tried on hard circuits, and they have stood the test. One (T. J. Alexander) left the work at the Conference of 1885.

J. H. Collins was a good preacher and an indefatigable worker. He was deeply pious, and his whole soul was in the work. His first year in the Conference was a success. He was stationed in Chico, where a glorious revival accompanied his labors. But while in the glow and ardor of the revival-fire a "holiness band" came, and he became involved in its peculiar workings, and lost much of his influence. The following year he was put upon the Shasta District, a new district organized in the northern part of the State. But the crotchets he had adopted from this peculiar

form of holiness clung to him, and in large measure prevented his usefulness. He was returned to the district the second year, but owing to affliction in his wife's family in Tennessee he returned in the midst of the year.

California has been greatly afflicted with a peculiar phase of the "holiness" movement. A set of men cutting loose from all Church responsibility have organized themselves into a "band," and travel all over the State, holding their meetings wherever they can secure a hearing. Most of the members of this association were formerly members of the M. E. Church. That Church at first fostered it, being commissioned as a Church "to spread scriptural holiness over the land." But they soon found that much of their teaching was not "scriptural," and by formal Conference resolution they ignored the whole thing. These men, without intending it, built up a sort of spiritual aristocracy. They look down with pity, if not contempt, on all who do not profess as they do. They are constantly making flings at "Churchianity," as they are pleased to call it. By a simple process they lead men and women to profess sanctification, make them trumpet it to the world as the "glory of full redemption," and when these loud professors are guilty of inconsistencies in their every-day life they do an incalculable amount of injury to the cause of Christ. The path that has been beaten hard and plain by the feet of the long line of the saints that were devoted to the organized Church of Jesus Christ should not be forsaken for any other, however highly recommended. If our enemy cannot overcome us by a direct assault he will enter our citadel in the guise of a friend if we are not watchful, and the disaster that

will inevitably follow will be none the less overwhelming because of the peculiar mode of his attack.

S. M. Godbey was put at once as Professor in Pacific Methodist College, and has proved of invaluable service to us. His quaint, quiet ways win for him the love of the students. He is a good preacher, and is destined no doubt to make his mark in California.

H. Walter Featherstun, also a son of F. M. Featherstun, is a highly educated gentleman and a good preacher. He was stationed in Sacramento, but at the close of the first year transferred to Mississippi, where he first labored.

This year a new venture was made in San Francisco. For years we had been struggling in that city, hoping against hope. A. M. Wynn, as related elsewhere, organized a Society before the formation of the Pacific Conference. But the very record of this first class is lost. Dr. Boring bought a building and had it erected on Powell Street, which was afterward sold and a more eligible site was secured. A building was begun. This proved to be on public-school property, and the school authorities paid us just what it cost us.

In 1852 J. S. Malone and Morris Evans, two of our very best young preachers, were stationed here with Dr. J. Boring, editor of the *Observer*, who was to render any assistance in his power in building up the Church in this city. In 1853 Dr. J. Boring was stationed here alone. In 1854 it was left to be supplied. In 1855 O. Fisher, just then transferred to the Pacific Conference, was sent here. He preached, as related elsewhere, in a Presbyterian church to a Presbyterian congregation, and nothing was done to build up our branch of the Church. In 1856 B. T. Crouch was appointed to the station,

meeting with no more success than his predecessors. At the second Conference held in this year—this being necessary in changing from the spring to the fall of the year—it was left to be supplied. In 1857 the *Pacific Methodist* was removed from Stockton to San Francisco, and O. P. Fitzgerald, the editor, received the nominal appointment to the charge. He did what preaching he could, but nothing was accomplished. We had a few members living in the city who clung to the shadow of an existence as a Church. The next year O. P. Fitzgerald was returned as preacher in charge and editor of the *Pacific Methodist.* Accordingly, November 7, 1858, a small congregation met in the Chinese Chapel, corner of Sacramento and Stockton Streets, and had an appropriate sermon from Brother Fitzgerald from Nehemiah iv. 20. "In what place therefore ye hear the sound of the trumpet, resort ye thither unto us: our God shall fight for us." After which he proceeded to organize a Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Eight persons presented themselves for membership, namely, the Rev. D. O. Shattuck, the Rev. C. L. Newman, A. G. Kitchens, Wick B. Parsons, Mrs. Sarah B. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Mary Spencer, Mrs. M. G. Parsons, and Mrs. Margaret Woodhead. Brother Newman was appointed class-leader, and Brothers Shattuck, Newman, Kitchens, and Parsons, stewards. The record concludes. "The presence of God was felt by all, and every heart was strengthened for future duty." Thus the first *permanent* organization of our Church was formed in this great city. At the first Quarterly Conference for the station, held January 10, 1859, two probationers, J. W. Shattuck and G. P. Butler, and Mrs. Martha Newman, George White, Mrs. Melvina White, and

A. Klose by letter, were reported. Joseph Genella also seems to have been received, as he is among the official members. The congregation worshiped the greater part of this year in the Presbyterian Chinese Chapel mentioned, when a church on Pine Street, near Montgomery, was rented. In 1859 it was left to be supplied. O. P. Fitzgerald, editor of the *Pacific Methodist*, and L. Cately, book agent, supplied it. Regular services were kept up and quarterly-meetings held. In 1860 W. R. Gober was stationed in San Francisco. The troubles in connection with the Civil War that was then impending began to thicken, men's hearts were failing them for fear, and thinking our name would cut us off from many, an effort was formally made in the Quarterly Conference to change the name, as far as the Church in San Francisco was concerned. At the second Quarterly Conference, held February 3, 1860, M. Evans being the presiding elder and W. R. Gober preacher in charge, O. P. Fitzgerald, Charles Spencer, R. Larimore, Joseph Genella, and Wick B. Parsons, being present as members of the Quarterly Conference, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, 1. That this Society be forever hereafter known and called "Pacific Methodist Church."

2. That the Board of Trustees this day elected be incorporated as a religious corporation under the laws of the State under the said name—"Pacific Methodist Church."

3. That the presiding elder be, and he is hereby, requested and directed to make and file according to law a certificate of incorporation of our Society under said name.

At the fourth Quarterly Conference, held August 5, 1861, the preacher in charge reported: "There was considerable falling off in our congregation shortly after

the third quarterly-meeting, owing, doubtless, to political troubles." The following year W. R. Gober was returned to the station. We were in possession of a very valuable lot on Post Street, and at the third Quarterly Conference, July 17, 1862, it was resolved to sell or mortgage it. It was accordingly sold, and part of the price paid on preacher's salary, and the rest expended on other debts. Our people were greatly discouraged at the time. Our Nation was in the midst of a fratricidal war, and our Church and ministry were ostracised, and through the clouds and gloom there seemed to be no light falling upon the future. Under these circumstances we let slip from our possession one of the most valuable lots in the city of San Francisco. Morris Evans was sent to San Francisco in 1862. The brethren still held to their chosen name, and the record of the quarterly-meeting reads: "The first Quarterly Conference of the *Pacific Methodist Church*, San Francisco Station, Pacific Annual Conference, for the Conference-year of 1862–3, was held at the office of Brother Spencer, December 1, 1862, at 7 o'clock P M." We find in the Minutes of this Quarterly Conference the following: "On motion of Brother Evans, the tender of Brother J. C. Ayers of a church-lot on Mariposa Street was accepted, the church to be erected to be called the Summerville Methodist Church. On motion of Brother Evans, the following persons were elected a Board of Trustees for this Church-property: Charles Spencer, R. Cain, R. Larimore, J. C. Ayers, C. L. Newman, C. A. Klose, P. W. Taylor; and said trustees were authorized to take the deed of said property to themselves from Brother Ayers, and thereafter the presiding elder is authorized and requested to make and file in the proper office a

certificate of incorporation of said trustees, as a religious society, under the corporate name of ———. On motion, Brothers Ayers, Larimore, and Klose were appointed a Building Committee."

During the pastorate of M. Evans the congregation left the Pine-street church, and rented a small hall on Mission Street, between Second and Third.

In 1863 Samuel Brown was appointed to San Francisco. At the first Quarterly Conference "the Board of Trustees were appointed a committee to estimate the cost of a building for a new church."

Brother Brown moved forward vigorously with the work of church-building. The Ayers donation comes no more in sight. Whatever became of the lot on Mariposa Street we are not advised. A lot was secured on Minna Street, a narrow street running parallel with Mission and Howard, and between these streets. The church-lot was between Fourth and Fifth Streets. The location was very unfortunate, and yet at the time it seemed the very place. In August the church was completed, and on the 7th day of that month (1864) Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh preached the dedication sermon.

Once more were we in a house of our own in San Francisco, and there was great rejoicing all over the Conference at the event. Brother Brown was looked upon as a hero, as he was. The mistake of location was not his so much as the official board. We had been tossed about by adverse winds so long that any haven seemed a blessing beyond estimation. The brethren took courage, and began once more to lift their heads, for it was, on motion of Brother Spencer,

Resolved, That this Society shall hereafter be called and known as the "Minna-street Methodist Church, South," and that

the said Board of Trustees and their successors in office be incorporated as a religious corporation under the provisions and act entitled "an act concerning corporations, passed April 22, 1850," and the acts amendatory and supplemental thereof, under and by the corporate name of the "Minna-street Methodist Church, South," and that the presiding elder, the Rev. A. M. Bailey, be, and he is hereby, requested and directed to duly sign and acknowledge, and cause to be duly filed and recorded, a certificate of incorporation to that effect.

The following year S. Brown was returned to the charge; but at the first quarterly-meeting, held November 7, 1864, with the consent of both parties, the presiding elder (A. M. Bailey) placed Brother Brown in charge of Suisun Circuit, and put O. P. Fitzgerald, who had been sent to the latter place, in charge of San Francisco.

The third Quarterly Conference for the charge was held April 17, 1865, just after the memorable assassination of President Lincoln. On motion of Brother Fitzgerald, the following resolutions were adopted by the body:

Resolved, That in common with our fellow-citizens of all parties we heartily reprobate the crime which has deprived our Nation of its Chief Magistrate by the hand of an assassin, and with them we deplore the consequences likely to result therefrom.

Resolved, That the thanks of this body and the congregation it represents are hereby tendered to Chief Burke, of the city police, for the efficient measures taken by him to secure our Church-property from injury on Saturday evening, the 15th instant.

Resolved, That the soldierly and gentlemanly deportment of the city police and the military while guarding the Church-property deserves, and hereby receives, the expression of our approbation and thanks

These resolutions will show better than any words we can use the state of feeling toward us as a Church

in this great city, when an obscure little church had to be guarded by police and soldiery from destruction. The mob raved like ravening wolves, and was hungry for some object upon which to expend its fury. No sound but the notes of the gospel of peace had ever been heard within the walls of this building. The record of our Church for fifteen years had been a record of peace and good-will to men on this coast. But all this went for naught when the eyes of the mob, hot with passion and urged on by those who should have known better, were set on the lettering "South," like a mad bull, with nothing but a red flag in view, ready to toss and gore friend and foe alike. But God was at our right hand, and out of all our troubles he brought us, and "there was not the smell of fire upon our garments." No one not present can imagine the perils of the hour, nor the wonder of the deliverance. On the Sunday following the assassination of President Lincoln a mob of many thousand men gathered at the intersection of Fourth and Minna Streets, with cries of, "Tear down the Rebel church!" "Burn it!" "Hang Fitzgerald, the Rebel preacher!" etc. Dr. Fitzgerald was warned by personal friends of Northern birth and sentiments that he would be mobbed if seen on the streets that day, but he passed through the howling rabble unharmed and unfrightened, and preached to an audience of forty-three persons, mostly women. The caprices of popular opinion find illustration in the fact that two years afterward Dr. Fitzgerald received a majority of fifteen hundred votes in San Francisco for the office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction, to which office he was then elected.

Over $1,600 was raised and paid to the presiding

elder and preachers by the charge this year. During the war men of business were afraid to be seen attending our church, and some of our warmest friends, not members, would slip in the church at night after services began, and out again just before the close. They would meet the preacher on the street, and slipping a piece of money in his hand, would say, "Don't say any thing about it." They were afraid for it to be known that they contributed to the support of a Southern Methodist preacher.

In these days of peace and prosperity we can scarcely realize these facts. But we know whereof we affirm. Doubtless many that opposed us in an early day, and during the war, are now heartily ashamed of it. We trust God has as freely and fully forgiven them as we have, and only a desire to be faithful to history induces us to record the facts in these pages.

In the year 1865 O. P. Fitzgerald was returned to the charge.

W. R. Gober, O. P. Fitzgerald, and J. C. Simmons were elected delegates to the General Conference. By Conference resolution the one receiving the highest vote was to have his expenses met first, so that we might have at least one representative in that body. W. R. Gober had gone, when the Church in San Francisco determined that they would send their pastor, and they raised the money for that purpose, and O. P. Fitzgerald was added to the members of that memorable Conference which met in New Orleans, and which made such radical changes in the economy of the Church. While away, his members and the friends of the Church refitted the parsonage with new carpets and furniture, and gave him such a welcome on his re-

turn as to make him feel that he was their pastor, and fully appreciated as such.

At the fourth Quarterly Conference, September 7, 1866, the Sunday-school is reported with a membership of 65, 8 regular officers and teachers, 600 volumes in library, and $200 raised for Sunday-school purposes. Besides this they contributed the sum of $1,500 to the support of the preacher in charge, $100 to the presiding elder, and $50 to defray the expenses of W. R. Gober to the General Conference. What was given to defray the expenses of their pastor to the General Conference and to fit up the parsonage is not known.

E. K. Miller was preacher in charge in 1866–7; 1868–9, Jesse Wood; 1870, A. M. Bailey. During these years there was no marked change.

At the Conference in 1871 it was left to be supplied. In the midst of the year Dabney Ball, of the Baltimore Conference, was sent out and put in charge. His experience did not differ from that of many of his predecessors. He was a physical sufferer, and did his work under great bodily pain. He did not remain the whole year. But when E. E. Hoss was transferred to us he took charge. For two years he battled with the difficulties of the situation, when W. J. Mahon was sent out by Bishop Pierce as the preacher. During his administration the church near Columbia Square, on Russ Street, owned by the Baptists, was offered for sale. Application was made to the Mission Board, who made a donation of $5,000, and we sold the Minna-street church to the Campbellite Christians, and moved into our new quarters, which cost us $17,000. To all appearance this was a grand move. The building was 65 by 90 feet, with basement, all well furnished. But the

little congregation which made a very good show in the cozy little chapel on Minna Street were almost lost in this great church, and we found it took more than a building, however well furnished, to make a successful Church. In 1875 R. H. Mahon was transferred with the understanding that he would be the man for San Francisco. He remained but a few weeks, when he returned. In 1876 C. Chamberlin took charge. He was more successful than many that had preceded him. A. M. Campbell was appointed the following year, but failed to take charge. J. C. Simmons had been appointed College Agent that year, and failing to realize his expectations, he was appointed by Bishop McTyeire in his place.

At the following Conference W. M. Prottsman was transferred by Bishop Wightman and put in charge. One year convinced Brother Prottsman that San Francisco was a hard place, and H. A. M. Henderson was sent to take charge. No man ever entered with higher hopes than he. But the same fate awaited him that had befallen others before him. He fought the difficulties for one year, and when re-appointed the second year, he gave up and returned to the Eastern Slope, and again was J. C. Simmons sent to take charge.

This brings us to this Conference, when Bishop Hargrove made two appointments in San Francisco instead of one. J. C. Simmons was left in charge of St. Paul's, as the Russ-street Church was called, and appointed T. H. B. Anderson to California Street, an entirely new charge. Dr. Anderson hired a hall and went bravely to work. A number of the best members of the Church were at once transferred to the new charge. This greatly weakened St. Paul's. After a four-months' trial, it

was thought best to abandon the Russ-street location and concentrate our forces on the California-street charge. Just then a petition was circulated in Oakland, praying the Bishop to send J. C. Simmons to that city to organize a Church. The change was made.

P. Tuggle, C. C. Clay, S. B. Wakefield, W. F. Goad, and others took hold of matters with energy. An eligible lot on Bush Street, between Octavia and Gough, was purchased, and a plan formed to move the church from Russ Street. It was an immense building, 65 by 90 feet, wider than most of the streets inside the curbing. But a responsible party contracted for the sum of $8,000 to move it and set it in good shape on the Bush-street lot. The church was first cut in two, but it was found necessary to take off some ten feet more from one of the parts. It was then moved some two miles through the city, put together, and is as good if not better than ever. The whole of the inside has been thoroughly renovated, and the entire building put in the best of order. Since the removal it has greatly prospered under the pastorate of Dr. C. B. Riddick, who is now serving the people his third year. The building was moved during the pastorate of Dr. T. H. B. Anderson. A word more in regard to the locality on Russ Street. It may, to the uninformed, seem strange that some one of the many able preachers that have from time to time filled the pulpit there, did not succeed. But there were various causes that operated to prevent success. In the first place, it was on an obscure street, only a block and a half long, and in a city like San Francisco such a street is unknown, except to those in the immediate vicinity. Ask any one, even a policeman, in any other part of the city, for Russ Street, and he would

have to refer to the Directory to tell you where it is. We have known members to be in the city for weeks trying to find our church, without success. And time and time again have we heard the expression, "This is the hardest place in the city to find." Again, it was in the midst of a foreign population, made up of Jews and Catholics. During Mr. Moody's revival the whole city was districted, and committees sent to every house to inquire after their religious predilections. The block on which the Russ-street church was situated contained about 200 families, of whom *only seven* were nominally Protestant, and not one in sympathy with us. This is but a sample of all that portion of the city. There were other reasons that we could mention, but this is enough.

In 1883 J. C. Simmons organized a Church in Oakland, preaching in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, on Broadway, near Seventh Street. He was followed the next year by S. Brown, who secured a beautiful church in the best part of the city for $10,000, the Church Extension Board helping with funds.

A most fraternal spirit between ours and the M. E. Church has been growing up for the past few years. Each year fraternal delegates visit the Conferences. We understand each other fully. The expression is often indulged in, "We do not seek or want organic union. There is room enough for both our Churches on this coast. We want fraternity—joining of hands and hearts to fight sin and save souls." The following resolution was adopted at this session:

Whereas, as God seems to have set his hand to bring the different tribes of Methodism into more friendly relations; and whereas, the two Conferences of the M. E. Church have appoint-

ed delegates to meet and confer as to the best means of effecting greater fraternity; therefore,

Resolved, That the Bishop be requested to appoint a delegate from the Pacific Conference to meet with delegates of other Methodist Churches.

J. C. Simmons was appointed.

A very fraternal resolution touching the death of Dr. Guard, an eminent minister of the M. E. Church, and once a member of the California Conference, was passed.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE thirty-third session was held in Colusa, October 10, 1883, Bishop R. K. Hargrove presiding. J. W. Atkinson, who had been away from California but a year, returned by transfer from the North Texas Conference. He was glad enough to get back to the Pacific Conference and among his old friends, and the joy was mutual.

T. D. Bauer came as a transfer from the St. Louis Conference. He is an earnest, efficient man, and bids fair to make us a valuable member.

G. B. Winton came by transfer from the South-west Missouri Conference He is a young man full of zeal, and comes with a good record.

W. T. Grove, H. M. McKnight, and M. McWhorter were re-admitted.

W. T. Grove located after one year. H. M. McKnight came back after a course at Vanderbilt, where he had been sharpening his ecclesiastical sword. He was put at the head of the primary department of Pacific Methodist College, but at the last Conference took work as a station preacher. M. McWhorter has gone back to the local ranks, after a year's labor.

James M. Brown was admitted on trial. He is a young man of vigorous constitution, and is ready for any work the Church may assign him.

At this session the Conference made a radical change in the constitution of the Board of Trustees of the col-

lege. From its organization it was composed of twenty-five members—thirteen clerical, and twelve lay. This body was unwieldy, and we never could get them all together at the same time. So the number was changed to eleven, composed of five clerical and six lay members. A majority of the latter were to be members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE thirty-fourth session was held in Santa Rosa, October, 8, 1884, Bishop J. C. Granbery presiding.

We received by transfer C. B. Riddick, from the Los Angeles Conference; G. B. Winton and G. M. Winton, from the South-west Missouri Conference; H. C. Christian, from the North Georgia Conference; J. W. Folsom, from the South Georgia Conference; and C. O. Steele, from the Little Rock Conference. W. H. Townsend was received on trial. A. L. Hunsaker was re-admitted.

C. B. Riddick came to us early in the Conference-year, and was stationed in San Francisco. He is now filling his third year in that station, and is doing a noble work.

The Wintons, father and son, will no doubt greatly strengthen us, as they are pious, faithful workers. G. M. Winton is employed as professor in Pacific Methodist College. His father is in the traveling ranks.

H. C. Christian also came early in the year, and was stationed in Sacramento City. He found the Church in that city in a most discouraged condition. Some of the leading members had about abandoned hope, after long years of struggling. Soon after his arrival a gracious revival began that lasted for weeks, in which the membership was greatly revived and their num-

bers more than doubled. He is serving them the third year.

J. W. Folsom came about the time Brother Christian did, and has served us faithfully since his arrival.

C. O. Steele has served the Princeton Circuit since his coming, and has more than doubled the membership of that charge.

W. H. Townsend was from Vanderbilt University, and remained with us but one year.

The Pacific Synod of the Presbyterian Church sent us a fraternal delegate this year in the person of the Rev. J. B. Warren. The California Conference of the M E Church, as has been their custom for years, also sent a fraternal delegate, and messengers were sent from the Pacific Conference to each of these bodies.

"At an evening session, when there was a congregation of less than three hundred present, Dr. T. H. B. Anderson—who had been acting in the threefold capacity of station preacher, college president, and college agent—made a showing of the affairs of the college in the most masterly document that was ever presented to the Pacific Conference with reference to the college, and made in conclusion a stirring appeal to the friends present to raise the balance of the debt, amounting to $6,000, and let the institution go free. His appeal met a hearty response, and before the meeting closed the whole amount was subscribed, the preachers giving their full share of it. In recognition of the services of the Doctor, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Dr. T. H. B. Anderson has, by most earnest and laborious effort, succeeded in doing a noble work for Pacific Methodist College, and as financial agent has conducted us to the

dawn of a brighter day in the history of the institution, in the twilight of which we now stand, and rejoice in prospect of the perfect day; therefore,

Resolved, That as a Conference we tender to Dr. Anderson a most cordial and earnest expression of thanks and grateful appreciation of his valuable services in the arduous field from which he now retires.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE thirty-fifth session was held in Sacramento, October 7, 1885, Bishop R. K. Hargrove presiding.

At first roll-call fifty-seven out of sixty-seven clerical members, and fourteen out of twenty lay delegates, answered to their names; and of the ten clerical absentees on the first day seven came in subsequently, and of the six laymen three came in before Conference closed.

Robert Boynes was the only one received on trial. He is a vigorous, earnest Englishman, who had served the Stockton Station very acceptably the year before.

The vote on the change of name was 4 ayes and 70 nays.

Drs. T. H. B. Anderson and C. B. Riddick, clerical, and C. C. Clay and T. H. Bell, lay, were elected delegates to the General Conference. The session was harmonious and delightful. We stationed this year sixty-eight preachers.

And now, after the toils of thirty-four years as an Annual Conference, we number 42 local preachers: 4,598 white, 17 colored, and 8 Indian members. Infants baptized the past year, 176; adults, 205. We have 94 Sunday-schools, with 580 teachers; 4,689 scholars. We collected last year for Conference claimants $1,068.55; for Foreign Missions, $1,006.75; for Domestic Missions, $1,017.40; for Sunday-schools, $1,818.31;

for building and repairing churches and parsonages, $10,182.48; for Bishops, $170.10; for the poor, $636; for Woman's Missionary Society, $57.50; for the support of the ministry, $33,943.40; for Church Extension, $629.85; for Educational Sustentation Fund, $314.05; and for other objects, $6,096.88—making an aggregate of $56,876.07 that was raised by the preachers within the bounds of Pacific Conference. We have 64 churches, valued at $222,305; 43 parsonages, valued at $34,430; while we have other Church-property, valued at $45,405.

Then in the Columbia Conference there are 31 local and 15 traveling preachers; a membership of 1,363; 17½ churches, valued at $22,375; 10 parsonages, valued at $3,750. They have 20 Sunday-schools, 121 officers and teachers, 781 scholars, 626 volumes in library; value of college-property, $10,000; value of other Church-property, $1,360. They collected last year for Bishops, $49.55; Conference claimants, $73.85; Foreign Missions, $339.65; Church Extension, $69.01; preachers' salaries, $3,312.82—making a total of $3,844.88.

In the Los Angeles Conference there are 23 preachers, 1,185 members; Sunday-schools, 25; officers and teachers, 198; scholars, 1,559; number of churches 19, valued at $70,950; 12 parsonages, valued at $10,830; collected on preachers' salaries, $5,233.48.

These figures show where we stand to-day, after thirty-four years of labor. But who can estimate the numbers that have been connected with our Church during these years, or that have been brought under our influence, or saved through our instrumentality? Thousands have gone into other Churches that were converted under the labors of our preachers and people. The work has been constantly enlarging, and calls for our

Church and ministry are constantly heard, and as opportunity offers we are extending our borders.

Had we been able to write the true history of the preachers, as many of them have gone forth amid privations, toils, and suffering, bearing precious seed, sowing as they had opportunity, and often forcing opportunity, we would be ready to conclude that the heroic age had not passed. There is no spot of earth so uninviting, no land so destitute, if inhabited, but that preachers could be found in our midst who would respond to a call to go and declare unto them the word of life.

And now with an earnest prayer for a blessing upon all who may read these pages, we lay down our pen, and start with a fresh consecration, determined to devote the remnant of our days to that God whose hand hath led us thus far.

THE END.

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Printed in the USA
238767LV00001B/85/P

9781115554909
12/27/2019 13:39-2